

R. L. Mutton (M. C.) Clerk of Ambury

MEMOIRS

OF THE

Court of ENGLAND.

In Two Parts.

By the Countess of *Dunois*,
Author of the ingenious and di-
verting Letters of *The Lady's Tra-
vels into Spain*.

Writ during Her Residence in that
Court.

Now made English.

To which is added,

The Lady's Pacquet of Letters,
Taken from her by a French Privateer
in her Passage to Holland. Suppos'd to
be Written by several Men of Quality.
Brought over from St. Malo's by an
English Officer at the last Exchange
of Prisoners.

L O N D O N :

Printed, and Sold by B. Bragg at the Raven
in Pater-Noster-Row. 1707.



T O

• Thomas Boucher, Esq;

S I R,

IT is not to be wonder'd
that Merit so exalted as
yours draws the Addres-
ses as well as the Admiration
of the World: That which is
only singular is, that I have
attempted publickly to tell,
what all privately acknow-
ledge, Your extraordinary Ac-
complishment in those Vertues
which claim the Admiration
of all such as are qualify'd
for Judges of what is Ex-
cellent

Epistle Dedicatory:

Excellent : So solid an Understanding, so refin'd a Conversation, such Wit and Fire in the Divertive Part, so much Reason in the Serious, so many undeniable Acts of Generosity, back'd by so considerable a Fortune as yours, gives us a just Expectation that Time will produce Something greater than has as yet appear'd to the World.

A Capacity so extensive as Yours, fits you for all things that you can but think worthy of your Care ; since whatever you were pleased to undertake, you were always certain to succeed in, and of becoming entire Master of the Subject you espous'd.

This

Epistle Dedicatory.

This Capacity of Mind, that fits you for a Judge of all Things, brings before you these following Memoirs, Written by that Ingenious and deservedly Admir'd Lady who was Author of The Travels into Spain, and of The Memoirs of the Court of Spain. The Reputation these Memoirs have in several Editions gain'd abroad, made us hope they would not meet with a worse Reception here; since tho' originally of our own Growth, yet transplanted by a foreign Hand, and one so Excellent, made me not improbably conceive Thoughts of Success from the warm Sunshine of the Court of France. The Letters at the latter end, are part of a Parcel that was taken, as the Title says, from an English Lady in her
Passage

Epistle Dedicatory.

Passage to Holland: The Officer, of whom I purchac'd 'em, told me, that they were shew'd him by a Privateer Captain, who desir'd him to let him know what they were. The Exchange happening immediately after, the French-Man not remembring to ask for 'em, they remain'd with him. I justly thought 'em so easie, so natural and entertaining, that knowing none to be offended by them, I quickly resolv'd them for the Press: But the Translation of the Memoirs swelling to a larger Bulk than was imagin'd, gives me no room to insert here the most beautiful part of them, which is deferr'd till the next Term, when they will be printed in a small Volume by themselves. And now, Sir, I hope for the
Merit

Epistle Dedicatory.

*Merit of the Offering you will
forgive the Offerer; whose
highest Ambition is to please
one on whom Nature and For-
tune have agreed to bestow
their most darling Favours.*

I am,

S I R,

With Respect,

Your most obedient,

and most humble

Servant,

J C.

Epistle Dedicatory.

Myself of the Offering you will
perceive the Offerer; I hope
highest Attention is to be paid
one on whom Nature and Art
have bestowed talents to perform
their most exalted Functions.

I am,

SIR,

With Respect,

Your most obedient,

and most humble

Servant,

J. C.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

English Court.

PART I.

Dear Cousin,

THE Time I spent in *London*, and the Intimacy I had with the Dutches of *Richmond*, and my Lady *H—*, furnish'd me with the Opportunity of being acquainted with the most agreeable Adventures, and private Intreagues of the Court of *England*.

The Dutches of *Richmond* (who was the Duke of *Buckingham's* Sister, and by Marriage nearly related to the King,) was extremely Beautiful, and of a Mien and Presence very Noble and Majestic. My Lady *H—* was Sister in Law to the late Dutches of —, by her Marriage with the Lord *H—*, now Earl of *R—* second Son of the Lord Chancellor of *England*.

You, who are not unacquainted with the Dutches of *Mazarine*, must allow her to have

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Charms,

Charms, that render her the most agreeable of her Sex, which made her House the Rendezvous of all the Men of Wit and Quality, and the Scene of all the News of the Town, of Gaming, Entertainments, and all manner of Diversions.

Monsieur St. Evremont was pleased to continue to me that Friendship he had for my Father, and I having often seen the Dukes of *Monmouth* and *Buckingham*, the Earl of *St. Albans*, and the Lord C— at my House in *Paris*, introduc'd me into their Acquaintance; Monsieur *Barrillon* our Ambassador was one of my Friends, and *Don Pedro Ronquillo* the Spanish Ambassador, and Count *de Thun* the Emperor's Envoy paid me their Visits. The Acquaintance of so many Persons of Distinction gave me opportunity of knowing a thousand diverting Stories, of which I have composed these *Memoirs*, and, according to your Desire, put them into as regular a Method as I could. I have concealed some of the Ladies Names I was oblig'd to mention, being unwilling to injure them while I have nam'd others, hoping what I speak in their Favour, will counterballance what the Malice of their Enemies should say against them.

'Tis impossible to know the Duke of *Monmouth*, and not to allow him the Character which his Perfections challenge from all his Acquaintance: He was very handsome, extreamly well made, and had an Air of Greatness answerable to his Birth; he was brave, even to a Fault, and expos'd himself
in

in the Service abroad, with a Courage not to be excelled: As no Man had better Natural Qualifications, so care was taken in his Education to give him all those that were to be acquir'd by Art: He danc'd extreamly well, and with an Air that charm'd all that saw him: His Heart was always divided between Love and Glory: He had in short all the Accomplishments of a fine Gentleman: But it must be allow'd that they were allay'd with too much Ambition, which Passion engaged him in an unhappy Undertaking, that brought him to an End too untimely and unfortunate.

It is no wonder he was so much addicted to Love, being the Son of *Charles* the 2d. This Prince had many Mistresses, yet none whom he so tenderly lov'd as *Madam Barlem*, Mother to the Duke of *Monmouth*; she was so perfect a Beauty, and so charm'd and transported the King when he first saw her in *Wales*, that amidst the Misfortunes which disturbed the first Years of his Life and Reign, he enjoy'd no Satisfaction or Pleasure but in loving and being beloved by this charming Mistress.

The Equipage he allowed her, the Care he took to please her, and the Complaisance he had for her were so exceedingly great, (this being his first Passion, and he being in the Bloom of his Youth, a time when the Heart throughly possess'd with the Power of Love attempts every thing it is capable of for the Person beloved) made the World believe he had promised her Marriage. This Error so agreeably flattered the Vanity of the Duke of *Mon-*

mouth, that tho' he was satisfy'd there was nothing of Truth in the matter, yet he acted as if he was fully assur'd of its Reality; and there were not a few who sooth'd him in this mistake: And this surmise, joyn'd with the tenderneſs the King expreſs'd for him, ſet a particular diſtinction betwixt him and thoſe other young Noblemen the King of *England* had own'd.

The Personal Advantages of the Duke, and the King's Favour, drew after him ſo great a *Levee*, that the Preſumptive Heir of the Crown could not be treated with more deference or reſpect: He poſſeſs'd the beſt Places in the Government; was Rich, Young, Gallant, and (as I have already ſaid) the Handsomeſt and beſt Shap'd of Men. It will not after this appear ſtrange, that many Ladies made it their buſineſs to engage his Heart; this good fortune he was ſenſible of, and knew how to make uſe of it, but never had ſo delicate a taſte of Love to be ſtrongly engag'd to any one in particular; he was incapable of conſining himſelf to one Intreague, there being hardly a day in which he got not a new Miſtreſs; and there appear'd more Affectation and Vanify, than Love or Sincerity, in all his Intrigues.

The King thought it proper to fix him, and pitch'd upon the Daughter of the Duke of *Bucleigh* and Counteſs of *Wembs*, for his Wife. She was the greateſt Fortune in the Kingdom of *Scotland*, and had all that was to be wiſh'd for to make her agreeable; ſhe had Virtue, Wit, Riches, and Birth, and tho' ſhe

she was not extraordinary Beautiful, and a little Lame, yet in the main she was very desirable. Perhaps had the Duke been oblig'd to have been at the trouble of this Conquest, and had he undergone the Fatigues of Love and won her by his Merit and Assiduity, he had esteem'd himself happy in obtaining her, but receiving her from the King, without the expence of a sigh or a tear, that which ought to have been his Felicity, proved his greatest Inquietude.

He imagin'd his Liberty to be taken from him, and that he should be oblig'd to keep such measures with a Wife the King had imposed upon him, that if ever she should have any cause of complaint against him, the King would always be Judge, and would not fail to decide it in her favour : In short, he had little inclination for the Yoke, *Hymen* had laid on him, and he obey'd only in submission to, and for fear of displeasing the King his Father. Marriages of this kind are not always happy. The Duke thought it sufficient to keep a fair Correspondence with his Wife, and as she had a great deal of Wit, and could easily discover her Husband's Inclinations, so hers became less vehement, and she contented herself, for her part, to do her Duty, without being at the expence of a fruitless tenderness.

The Duke being weary of this Confinement, resolv'd to deliver himself, by giving his Heart entirely up to Love ; and the Person he fixt on for this purpose, was one of the Maids of Honour to the Dutcheſs of Y—,

whose Youth and Beauty were equally charming; she had a Wit and Humour so sprightly and engaging, that the Duke would have been unwilling she should have chose any other Master but himself, to have taught her the Art of Love. The name of her Family being of no use, I shall content my self with calling her *Emilia*. The Duke lost no opportunity of seeing and entertaining her, but it was but seldom, by reason the Governness of the Maids of Honour often interrupted them, because she knew him a dangerous Person to her Sex.

One day this watchful Guardian being confin'd, by an indisposition, from attending the Dutchess of —, who was to take the pleasure of the Evening on the *Thames*, the Duke of *Monmouth* would not let slip this favourable occasion of conversing with *Emilia*; and when every one in her Highness's Barge had seated themselves, he plac'd himself near *Emilia*, and, full of confusion, said to her, *I cannot (Madam) be content with my Destiny; you will not love me! and I know you do not hate the Earl of A—n. My Lord, (reply'd she, blushing) those who pretend to give your Grace this Information, have little acquaintance with my Affairs. The Earl of A—n thinks not of me, I know, he has a Mistress who deserves and takes up all his Heart; and I could assure you, were I capable of preferring one of your Sex before another, my heart would determine in your favour. What you tell me (reply'd the Duke) would comfort me, could I be contented with a Compliment; but I expect something more solid.*
Ha!

Ha! cry'd she, briskly, *what more can you desire? I desire* said he, with a grave Air, *that you would Love me; can you give too much in return of a Passion so violent as mine? Yes,* reply'd she, *it is too much; and you are to blame to ask it; and I were much more if I should consent to your indiscreet Desire.*

She spoke this with such a Grace, and with so much Sweetness, that notwithstanding the Dutcheſs of *M——* was in the same Barge, engag'd at play with her Highness, he could not forbear seizing the hand of *Emilia*, and kissing it with an exquisite Transport. The Dutcheſs perceiv'd it, and tho' her love was not so great as to cause a Jealousie, yet she found he had too much Passion for another, and too little Consideration for her.

Her vexation at this sight made her Eyes sparkle with anger, which added to their Lustre; but the Duke was so taken up with *Emilia*, that he minded not his Wife.

The Earl of *A—n*, with several other Persons of Quality who attended her Highness, followed in another Barge, and notwithstanding the care he took to hide his uneasiness, it was impossible for him to remove his Eyes from the Barge where the Duke and *Emilia* were: He lov'd her entirely, but conceal'd his Passion, because of the particular Engagements he had with my Lady —. This Lady was of the first Quality, and made use of it so much in his favour, that without the share of Beauty and agreeable Wit she was Mistress of, the Obligations she laid

on him were sufficient to create Love: But Alas! when a Lover is retain'd only by Gratitude, he is soon lost.

The Earl of *A—n* thought of nothing but how to interrupt the Duke of *Monmouth* and *Emilia's* Conversation. He had brought with him a little Dog, well known to all the Court; he took him in his Arms, and in caressing him, let him fall into the *Thames*, and presently cry'd out for help to save his Dog. All the Ladies were concern'd at it, especially my Lady —, who was in her Highness's Barge, and who could not be indifferent in what so much concern'd the Earl.

One of the Watermen having sav'd the Dog, my Lady — looking out on one side of her Highness's Barge. *Come, Come, my Lord, (said she) and congratulate with us the saving your faithful Melampus: Her Royal Highness's gives you liberty.* The Earl, who desir'd no more but to get into her Highness's Barge, presently got in, and having first paid his Duty to her Highness, went and plac'd himself by my Lady —, But being soon weary of his place, by making a false Confident of her, seeks a pretence to remove.

Do you not see (said he) the Duke of Monmouth? I have a great fancy to play him a trick. And what wou'd you do, said she? I will interrupt the Conversation he has with Emilia; and you will find it very diverting. You seem to take but little satisfaction in my Company, reply'd she, with a melancholy look, *since you wou'd quit me for so trivial matter* Ha!

Do

Do you think it a matter so trivial, said he, all in confusion? Have you forgot Madam, a thousand little malicious Tricks he play'd us at Hampton-Court, and can we do too much in return to punish them? You are (reply'd she coldly) more revengeful than me, or to speak plainer, I am not so blind as you imagine; Go, my Lord, (continu'd she) go to Emilia: Your design of revenging your self of the Duke of Monmouth, is not for what happen'd at Hampton-Court between him and us, but what rather happens now between him and Emilia; you look on him as a Rival, and a very dangerous Rival too.

You are too suspicious, Madam, (cry'd the Earl, forcing a tender look) you turn the most innocent things into a Crime, and you render (Madam) the Chains of Love so uneasy, by a confinement so disagreeable, that it will be impossible to preserve them long entire: Methinks you ought to depend more on my Fidelity, than to quarrel with me for a little Gallantry. My Lady —, whose heart was full of anger and jealousy, rose briskly without returning any answer, but she could not refrain Tears, which she conceal'd with her Handkerchief, as if her Nose bled, and to disguise it the better, with her hand she threw a little water on her Face.

The condition she was in, had not so great an effect on the Earl of — as to hinder his first design, but going towards Emilia, and bowing, *Am I not a troublesome Intruder, Madam,* said he, and will you not wish me the same misfortune of Melampus? All the Ladies had the goodness to be concern'd at it, but
you

you, Madam, you alone were insensible of my uneasiness. Great cause of complaint (said the Duke of Monmouth, vex'd at this interruption) your Dog is fallen in the water, and Emilia did not squeak! You ought, my Lord, to have been satisfied at what my Lady — did. The Earl would have return'd it after a manner that might have produc'd a quarrel, had he not been with-held by many Considerations; for, reflecting he was in her Highness's Barge, and that he had to do with the Son and Favorite of the King, he check'd the first motions of his Resentment, and forgot, that, as the Son of the Duke of Ormond, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, his Quality was of the first Rank. Emilia is much oblig'd to you, (reply'd the Earl to the Duke) for giving your self the trouble of answering for her, and the satisfaction you discover at her indifference for me. You quarrel with me, (interrupted Emilia, smiling) more out of a Capritio than Reason. 'Tis yet some comfort to me (reply'd the Earl) that you judge my Resentment stronger than my Understanding and — Here he was interrupted by my Lady —, who had in vain expected his return to her, having had made a thousand Signs, of which he took no notice: So that being unable to bear any longer his conversation with her Rival, she called him to shew him a Bracelet of Diamonds which she said she had bought. It vex'd him to leave Emilia, and he had not gone from her, had he not fear'd his incivility to my Lady — would have been too much taken notice of.

As

So soon as he came to my Lady —, who, after having mention'd her Bracelet, added in a low voice, *You will never forgive me the separating you from an Object you take so much delight in. No Object, Madam,* (reply'd the Earl, with a forc'd Air, which was too well perceiv'd by a Lady so discerning) *pleases me more than your Ladyship; but I must confess I was willing to divert my self at the expence of the Duke of Monmouth. I am much mistaken* (said she, briskly) *if he does not divert himself at yours: I perceive in his Eyes so much satisfaction, as easily gives room for this conjecture: But* (added she) *do you observe nothing, my Lord, in mine? Have you forgot your Custom, of knowing by them my very Soul? which if you look into, can you believe I can endure so much Indifference and Infidelity?* She look'd on him in saying this, and as it is difficult to sustain the Looks and Reproaches of a Person forsaken, without a cause, and who notwithstanding ceases not to love, he blush'd and was confounded: My Lady — for her part, cast down her Eyes, and remain'd quite lost in Thought, from which the Earl did not hasten to recover her.

During the confusion of these two Persons, the Duke of Monmouth on his side had his disquiet from the young Emilia: *You can no longer,* said he, *disown the Passion the Earl of A—n has for you, and it is no difficult matter to perceive what passes between you, and with what care you endeavour to conceal it from me: Do you think it an easie matter to deceive me?*

That is what I never design to do, (answer'd Emilia fiercely) *and I have no desire to engage*
your

your Inclinations more than they are; your fickleness would but ill agree with my temper, should I be so weak as to give you any preference; and I must declare to you, that you do not touch my heart enough, to make me capable of deceiving you. The Duke thought this answer so rude that he was confounded, and knew not at first what answer to return, but his Passion soon overcoming his Anger, he put on a complaisant and smiling Air; I see then (said he) I must ask your pardon; the fair Sex has a right of doing injustice, and ours have not even the liberty to complain; but for all that, added he, I have a favour to beg, which you must promise me to grant it. I promise nothing reply'd Emilia, smiling, I will give you hopes and fears. Ha! Madam interrupted the Duke banish this error so common to your Sex, and so ill grounded; for my part, if any thing could disengage my Inclinations, it would be the Rivals I meet in my way. What reason have you, my Lord said Emilia to him to distrust your merit; in my opinion, a Person who deserves so much as your Grace, should always triumph over his Rivals, and never fear them. You endeavour in vain, fair Emilia, reply'd he, to restore my peace with so frail a comfort as Flattery. As I am perswaded you are less a coquet than another, so am I well assured you would be unwilling to lose none of your Lovers, and I am not Master enough of my Jealousie to suffer that without inquietude.

Her Royal Highness being with Child, and finding herself indisposed, the Barges were order'd to return sooner than was design'd. As soon as they were come
to

to *Whitball*, and the Ladies had waited on her Highness to her Apartment in *St. James's*, the Dutchess of *M——* went from thence in order to return to her own, but found neither her Chair nor Servants, they not expecting her so soon; and being too impatient to stay till they were sent for, tho' it was late, and only Moonshine, she went into the Park that separates *St. James's* from *Whitehall*.

She was entirely taken up with her Affairs, and that she might avoid those walking in the Mall, chose the shadiest and most retired places; she had pull'd her Hood over her Face, and walking fast, consider'd of the complaints she had to make to the King of her Husband's Conduct.

She was not the only Person tormented by Jealousie at this time; the Dutchess of *B——* had also her share of Afflictions: This Lady was Daughter of *Fairfax*, a name well known during the Troubles in *England*, he acted in concert with *Cromwel*, and was declar'd Generalissimo of the State, in the place of the Earl of *Essex*, in the Rebellion against King *CHARLES* the First. *George* Duke of *Buckingham*, Master of the Horse to the King, had married her out of a motive of Policy, which did no ways agree with the Grandeur and Liberty he profess'd. No Man was ever handsomer, or more nicely made, and there was something so engaging in his Conversation, as made him more pleasing by his Wit, than by his Person; and it would be difficult to speak what he cou'd
not

not understand; his words pierc'd the heart, and he was born for Gallantry and Magnificence, in both which he surpass'd all the Lords of the *English* Court.

The Dutchess of B—— has Merit and Virtue; she is little, brown, and lean, but had she been the most beautiful and charming of her Sex, the being of his Wife would have been sufficient alone to have inspired him with a dislike: Notwithstanding she knew he was always Intriguing, yet she never spoke of it, and had complaisance enough to entertain his Mistresses, and even lodge them in her House, all which she suffer'd because she lov'd him, and knew well he lov'd not her. But it sometimes happens, that Patience is stretch'd to a certain Point, beyond which it destroys and loses it self.

The Dutchess of B——, quite tir'd with the continual new Intrigues of her Husband, resolv'd to try by fear, to gain what she could not obtain by fair means.

She had observ'd this day, that the Duke was very uneasy, that one of his *Valet de Chambres* had come several times to whisper him, and that afterwards the Duke went out. He told the Dutchess he was going to the King, but she, who did not believe it, follow'd him, and took care, by the distance she kept, not to be perceiv'd by him; she observ'd, that instead of going towards the King's Apartment, he directed his Steps towards the Park, and walk'd softly up the Bird-cage Walk, where it was not difficult for the Dutchess to hide herself among the Trees.

The

The Duke of *Buckingham* had no sooner turn'd into a Walk more retired than the rest, but he perceiv'd a Lady whom by her stature he guess'd to be his Mistress whom he there expected to meet; he made up towards this Lady, who was indeed the Dutches of *M——*, and who knew him as soon as she saw him, he not being disguis'd.

She was willing to know what brought him to this place, her Chagreen giving way to her Curiosity, she resolv'd to unfold this Mystery, so hiding her Face with her Hoods, and disguising the Tone of her Voice, *What do you think, my Lord Duke* (said she to him, so soon as he came up to her) *I have expected you here this hour.* My Countess, reply'd he *my Wife hindred my coming so soon as I would, and has entertain'd some Chimera in her head, which made her resolv'd not to quit me; I never was so perplex'd.* When we have an impatient desire of seeing the Object we love, reply'd the Dutches of *M——*, *we do not want excuses of disengaging from whatever interposes.* The Duke being perswaded that his Mistress was angry, threw himself at her Feet to appease her, but she bursting out into a loud Laughter, undeceiv'd him, and made him sensible who it was he had entertain'd.

The Dutches of *B——*, who at that distance could only see and not hear them, being at this sight certain of the Infidelity of her Husband, remov'd from whence she was hid, and went directly to *Whitehall*.

The Duke of *Monmouth* going thro' the Park from her Royal Highness, perceiv'd, by
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the light of the Moon, a Woman alone, who appear'd well made, and who to avoid him went into another Walk. He was not so much taken up with *Emilia* to be indifferent to a new adventure; he therefore follow'd this unknown, with intention to speak to her as soon as she was farther advanc'd into the Park; but seeing a Man come up to her, he then no longer doubted but it was a Rendezvous. He drew nearer softly, and knew the Cloaths, which were very rich, to be the Dutcheſs. Never was Man ſo surpriz'd, and this absolutely destroy'd the good Opinion he always had of her; and ſince he was ſatisfy'd he was not ignorant of his Conduct, he believ'd ſhe contriv'd this Revenge for his Infidelity; he knew then that it was poſſible to be jealous without love; and had it been in another place, the effects of his anger had been more violent.

He liſten'd with attention to their Con-
verſation, and heard her ſay (in raiſing her Voice) *Keep your Council, my Lord, for others, and not for me; I am reſolved to complain to the King of the Duke of Monmouth's Proceedings; had you ſeen what paſs'd in her Highneſs's Barge between Emilia and him, and with what Paſſion he kiſs'd her hand, and the length of their Con-
verſation, you would own he had affronted me, and that my patience would be lookt on as an effect of Stupidity. I am going now to the King to be-
ſeech him to do me Juſtice.* The answer the Duke of Buckingham return'd to diſſwade her from this deſign, ſatisfy'd the Duke of Monmouth, that it was both the Voice and Heart of

of his Friend ; his mind was at rest on one side, but on the other hand he was not without some uneasiness. The King had more than once commanded him to remove all cause of Chagreen from his Wife, that might be occasioned by his Gallantries ; and he had promised to observe it so well, that his Majesty should never hear more of it.

He thought therefore it was his best way to prevent his Majesty, and without staying to hear any more of their Conversation, he went directly to the King's Apartment, where he was inform'd his Majesty was just then retired into his Closet with the Dutcheß of B——.

He had not waited a minute before he saw her come from thence, her Eyes all red and moist with tears. As soon as the King perceiv'd the Duke of Monmouth, and that the Dutcheß of B—— was retired, *there (says he to the Duke) goes an unhappy Woman, whose Husband has no consideration for her ; and should you use your Dutcheß so, I should never pardon you.*

Sir, (Reply'd the Duke) on the contrary, I am come to inform your Majesty, that I this minute left the Dutcheß of —— in the Park, in a nightly Rendezvous with a Man I know not ; and I own to your Majesty, I had reveng'd my self upon the spot, had not my just resentment given place to the respect I owe your Majesty. The King was much surpriz'd, and having paus'd some time, said he, Are you certain of what you tell me ? She can't (re-

ply'd the Duke) deny it, when I shall tell her before your Majesty each circumstance of their Conversation.

While he was saying this, the Duke of *Grafton* came to whisper the King, and let him know, that the Dutchess of ——— be-
seech'd him to grant her a private Audience. This Duke was yet but a Child, but notwithstanding perceiv'd by some words that the Dutchess let fall, that she came to complain to the King of the Conduct of her Husband. He did not love the Duke of *Monmouth*, tho' he was his Brother, for the Duke of *Monmouth* despis'd all the King's Children, and pretended to a great difference between himself and them; this was a sufficient Motive to exasperate them against him, and upon all occasion willingly to declare for the Party that opposed him. This Reason engaged the young Duke of *Grafton* to press the King for this Audience with the Dutchess of ———. The King ordering the Duke of *Monmouth* to attend, went into his Closet, and the Dutchess follow'd him.

The coldness with which the King receiv'd her, so contrary to his natural Goodness and Civility he always express'd to Ladies, very much surpriz'd her, and there appear'd something in him so cloudy and chagreen, as made her very uneasie. 'Tis from you alone, Sir, (said she to him) I expect to be deliver'd from the Misfortunes which overwhelm me, by the Indifference and unkind Usage of the Duke of *Monmouth*; my patience is quite tired out.

This

This contrivance (reply'd the King, interrupting her) is politick enough: You complain and appear Jealous, the better to conceal the Suspicions, and avoid the Reproaches of your Husband. But you ought, by managing better your Affairs, to know, that coming your self from a Rendezvous, it is not so proper a time to accuse your Husband. The Dutchess was so confounded at what she heard, that in spite of her Innocence, her confusion made her seem guilty. She nevertheless was not long in recovering herself from her surprise, and thinking more on her own Justification, than her Complaints, protesting to his Majesty, that she deserv'd not any Reproach, and that it was the Duke of *Buckingham* which she had met in the Park; that she had stopt him only to acquaint him with her Wrongs; and beseech'd his Majesty to send to find him, and that would justify what she had told him.

The King, who always had a good opinion of her Virtue, was easily perswaded to believe what she said; but willing also to satisfy the Duke of *Monmouth*, he order'd the Earl of — to go into the Park to bring the Duke of *Buckingham* to him.

This poor Gentleman found him, but too soon, and also what he little expected, his own Wife with him; she was a great Beauty at Court, and who till then had so well manag'd her affairs, that very few were acquainted with the Passion the Duke of *Buckingham* had for her. It is easie to imagine the surprise both of the one and the other, but the Earl had too much prudence to make

any disturbance in the Park, and was Master enough of his Resentment, to pretend a belief of what his Wife said, upon this accidental meeting in that place, and in excusing herself for being found so late with a Man, so handsome and so gallant. After which she retired in an unexpressible Confusion.

The Duke of *Buckingham* was much disturb'd at this unlucky accident, and so confounded, that without staying any longer in the Park, he immediatly went to the King, and there justify'd the Dutches of —.

The King being satisfied, call'd the Duke of *Monmouth*; he sent also for the Dutches of *B——*, who was return'd to her House; and being willing to undeceive and satisfy all Parties, *You have reason to complain of your Lady*, (said he, turning to the Duke of —) *having seen her with a Man in the Park; but notwithstanding the appearance this has of a Crime, yet is she altogether Innocent. The Dutches of B—— has also been strangely alarm'd; but she ought for the future to moderate her Suspicions; since she, as well as the Dutches of ——, are convinced by this Adventure, that Appearances are not always to be rely'd on. In my Opinion*, (contin'd the King) *you ought all to be pleas'd at the Troubles you have endur'd, since they may serve for a Remedy against Jealousie, which is the greatest misfortune of a Married Life.*

The Dutches of —— was so surpriz'd at what happen'd, that she answer'd not the King, but observ'd a melancholy silence, in
which

which there appear'd more of sullenness than temper : But the Dutchess of B—— lov'd her Husband too well not to be transported with Joy, to find herself deceiv'd ; she flatter'd herself that he was not so unfaithful to her as she imagined, and she felt for him such a return of a sincere Passion in her heart, that had it been answer'd as well on his side, he would have made her but too happy.

He for his part had such a secret uneasiness and concern for the Countess of —, that it depriv'd him of the pleasure he at another time would have taken, at the unfolding of this Adventure. As for the Duke of Monmouth, he appear'd better satisfied than he really was; for by this he discover'd a watchfulness in the Dutchess of —, which would for the future oblige him to such Measures, as would be difficult for him to confine himself to. The King, impatient to be gone to his Mistress, left them, and retired into his Apartment.]

The two Dutchesses went out together, and the two Dukes (it being fine weather) return'd into the Park. *What is the matter with you,* (said the Duke of Monmouth to the Duke of Buckingham) *your looks appear to me heavy and melancholy, and you seem to have something upon your Spirits that troubles and disturbs you.* Alas! (reply'd he) *in endeavouring to help you, I am ruin'd my self. I went not into the Park without design, and I must own to you, I there expected the Countess of —.*

The Countess of ——— (said the Duke of Monmouth, interrupting him) and to meet you! is it possible? You may believe me, (said the Duke of Buckingham) and the reason of my concealing the passion I had for her from you, is not to be imputed to my want of confidence in you, but she being nice, and jealous of her Honour, had engag'd me by a thousand Oaths never to make any Confident whatever. I kept my word with her as much as was in my power; she always told me, she would be both a Mistress and a Confident to me; desired me not to betray her to a Friend, who would certainly discover our affair; and be assur'd (said she) that if you are faithful to me in this, I shall always prefer your Interest before my own. Alas! I have done my Duty; and the first Confident we have had, (will you believe it?) was her Husband. Her Husband! (said the Duke of Monmouth) the same (added the Duke of Buckingham.) He coming by the King's order to look for me in the Park, found me at his Wives Feet: Judge you of our surprise, or rather judge it be possible to conceive; and only consider, my Lord, what your Gallantries have cost me.

The Duke of Monmouth answer'd nothing to this, tho' the Duke of Buckingham had kept silence for some time, but walk'd about with a perplext and thoughtful Air. Is it possible (said the Duke of Buckingham) that you should be so sensibly mov'd at my Misfortunes? Another (reply'd the Duke of Monmouth) might perhaps on such an occasion impose on you, but I cannot think of deceiving my best Friend: No, (continu'd he, your Affliction does

not at all concern me; for I am wholly taken up with my own. Know (my Lord) that this Countess who is so very jealous of her Honour and Reputation has said the same kind things to me, she expressed to you; and I thought her worthy of my Inclinations, but believed her capable of Infidelity.

The Duke of Buckingham was extremely surprized; What! (cry'd he) are we then Rivals? Has this Woman Cunning and Falshood enough to deceive us? It disturbs me, reply'd the Duke of Monmouth, but I am not at all surprized; for since she may imagine that we love others beside her, it does not appear strange to me that she deceive us. You are too indulgent, said the Duke of Buckingham, and undoubtedly you love her much less than me, since you bear with so much Indifference what I cannot think on but with Horror. I do my self Justice, reply'd the Duke of Monmouth, and I cannot believe a Woman who merits the Passion a Gallant Man has for her can patiently suffer him to divide it, and rob her of half her due. It may happen (interrupted the Duke of Buckingham) that during the time of a long Amour one may sometimes make use of a favourable Opportunity when it happens in ones way: But it is certain that these little Treacheries are of no Consequence, and that one always returns to the Object beloved, as to ones only good. It is for this Reason that no reasonable Woman ought to be offended at them. I thought (said the Duke of Monmouth) that the Laws between them and us ought to be equal, and that the Privilege we assume to our selves of engaging from time to time in new Intrigues,

trigues on a Condition to return at last to our first Amour, is a Trick we put upon them, which never relishes well with them, and which they must certainly return to the purpose when they find occasion. You would infer then (reply'd briskly the Duke of Buckingham) that the Countess of — has done well in deceiving us, and that we ought both to thank her for the Trouble she has taken about it. No, said the Duke of Monmouth, I should not conclude in that manner, for it distracts me to find my self fooled by a Person I esteemed even more than I lov'd, and whom I have lov'd so long: But yet I cannot but think she would have been faithful to either of us, had either of us been constant to her. Good God! (said the D. of Buckingham) was I not constant, or did I love any one but her? But yet I am such a weak Fool, added he, that I cannot forbear being uneasy for fear of any Misfortune that may happen to her. Her Husband's Moderation appear'd to me more suspicious, and troubles me more than if he had resented it in the most violent manner. Come, come, (replied the Duke of Monmouth) let us endeavour to assist her, and not look upon one another as Rivals. Alas! (cried the Duke of Buckingham) what can we do in a Business of this Nature? We shall never see her more.

They continued walking while they were thus discoursing, when the Duke of Monmouth perceived something shining on the Ground, he went and took it up, and finding it to be Tablets adorned with Diamonds, addressed himself to the Duke of Buckingham, Have you not, said he, a Curiosity to see what these Tablets contain? One must be then (answered the D. of Buck-

Buckingham) the most careless and most coquet of Mankind; for my part I have other Thoughts in my Head. I will keep them (said the Duke of Monmouth, smiling at his Friend's Chagrene) and if I find any thing in them worth your Knowledge, I promise to communicate it to you. I desire nothing of you at present, reply'd the D. of Buckingham, but a History of your Amours with the Countess of ——. It is too late, said the Duke of Monmouth, to begin now; but to morrow, if you please, I will satisfy you. The D. of Buckingham thank'd him for his Complaisance, and each retired to his Apartment.

Notwithstanding the little Concern and Carelessness the Duke of Monmouth expressed, yet was he sensibly touch'd with the Infidelity of the Countess of ——. He thought himself the only Person belov'd, and in this Opinion was so well satisfied with her, that he found it no easy matter to bring himself to a Belief of what had happened; he reflected upon all her Charms, and never thought her so beautiful, as at this Moment; but these Reflections made him only more sensible of his losing her: Yet as he was not apt (by his natural Temper) to lay any thing to Heart, he remember'd himself of the Tablets he had found, hoping to find in them what might either amuse or divert him, he there read these Word.

Do not upbraid your self with the Uneasiness you have given me? And is it possible, that after having flattered me with a Preference somewhat particular, that you could take such Pleasure in entertaining the Duke of Monmouth, and even before

before my Face? Think not to excuse your self by telling me I at the same time was in Conversation with my Lady ——. You know the Case is different, and that I am obliged to keep some measures with her, when you for your part have no Pretence for engaging my Rival. If you wish not my Death, appoint where I may see and entertain you in private.

The Duke soon perceived these Tablets belonged to the Earl of A—n, and that the Billet was directed to Emilia: But the following Lines writ under the first, absolutely confirm'd him.

Complain not of me, my Lord, when you have no Reason to suspect my Heart; if I had any Complaisance for the Duke of Monmouth, it was out of a politick Design, in which I consulted most your Advantage: For I was willing to divert the Suspicions of the jealous Lady ——, and give her some Reason to surmise I preferred another before you. I cannot meet you till to Morrow Evening, and then in the Gallery at the end of the Queen's Apartment I shall expect you. Fail not.

This Infidelity of Emilia almost distracted the Duke of Monmouth: Was it not sufficient, said he, to know that the Countess of —— lov'd the D. of Buckingham, but must I also at the same time find that a Girl I love is so inclinable to sacrifice me to the Earl of A—n, who, tho' 'tis true, loved her first; yet had I flatter'd my self with being able to oblige her to prefer me before him. He found in his Mind a thousand Designs to revenge himself, and with these Resolutions went to Bed, without being in a Condition of taking any rest.

This

This Night seem'd to him to be dedicated to Troubles and Afflictions: The Countess of —, as soon as she got to her House, called one of her Women, in whom she put the greatest Confidence. *My poor Esther, says she to her, I am undone; such an Accident has happened to me this Evening, so unlucky and so cruel that it is past Imagination. My Husband just now has seen me in the Park with the D. of Buckingham: His Moderation and affected Calmness threaten and foretell the worst of Misfortunes. Good God! added she, What shall I do to deliver my self from them? You ought, Madam, said Esther, without deferring a moment, go to your Sisters, and by that means avoid the first motions of your Husband's Passion, which are always the most dangerous. But what Pretence, said the Countess, can I make for going out so late? Would not that be confessing a Crime, and should I not be confounded and overwhelm'd with Shame? When danger is so near, reply'd Esther, give me leave to tell you, one must not be so scrupulous. Your Sister, Madam, will advise you, and be as tender of your Reputation as of her own. But what shall I say to the Duke of Monmouth, reply'd the Countess, when he comes to be acquainted with what has happened? Will he not be my greatest Enemy? He never has loved you well enough, Madam, answered Esther, to hate you, and if you continue longer these unnecessary Reflections, my Lord will return, and it will be then too late to escape his Anger.*

The Countess went from her Chamber to the Stair-Case, but as she was descending, and just going into her Chair, her Husband appeared.

She

She seem'd not at all confus'd, but told him her Sister was not well, and had sent to desire her to come to her. It did not appear whether he believed her or not ; he seem'd unconcerned, and only said it was too late for her to range the Streets, and that an able Physician would comfort her Sister better ; and then with a Chagrene Look which seem'd to forbode Mischiefe, ordered her to return with him to her Chamber.

So soon as she was in her Chamber, he told her the King had ordered him the next Morning to go down into *Pembroke*shire to compose some Disorders there, and that he intended to take her down with him : It is impossible to express the Surprize this caused in her ; she told him she believed 'twas some Rising, and that she should be always in Fears, to be among disaffected Persons. He told her he would soon qualify all things. She added it was yet too soon, and too hot, to go into the Country : He promised to provide cool Apartments for her. She answered, she should infallibly fall sick; he reply'd, we have good Physicians there. She still insisted how much 'twould impair her Health : He desired her not to trouble her self. And in fine, all her Reasons were useless ; he let her know, that without troubling her self with more evasions, it was his Pleasure, and that it was her Duty willingly to obey, because he would depart at break of Day.

Tho' the Duke of *Buckingham* was ignorant of this mischievous Determination, yet was he no less uneasy and perplext at his House.

House. He found his Wife on his coming home in his Chamber where she had staid expecting him; she flew into his Bosom, and throwing her Arms about his Neck, (which added to his Chagreen) she protested she could not have slept, had she not seen him before she went to Bed; that she was willing to excuse her self for what had happened in his Majesty's Closet, and to own her self in the wrong; but if he would only consider the Cause of her Complaints, it would incline him to love her more. He agreed to whatever she said, that she might the sooner return to her Chamber: He told her he feared her sitting up so late would indispose her, and that he was too much concern'd for what might prejudice her Health to suffer it, and so almost whether she would or no waited upon her to her Chamber. He fancied himself quit of her, and was pleasing himself with this Imagination, when he perceived her returning after him. One of her Pages laying up a *Hungary* Water Bottle had by chance let it fall by the Bed-side, and the Smell of it was so strong, — or rather the Dutcheſs made this so good a Pretence, that she came to desire the half of her Husband's Bed, which he could not well refuse her, whatever Inclination he might have to the contrary.

On the other hand, my Lady —, in going out of her Highness's Barge, not able any longer to withhold her Grief, feign'd an Indisposition, that she might remove to her Apartment, and there give Liberty to those
Tears

Tears she had with so much Trouble confin'd. Shame and Anger to be so much concern'd for an ingrateful Man, added much to her Afflictions. *Shall I not overcome this Passion*, said she, to the Countess of F——, who was her intimate Friend, and whom she had sent for? *I love a Traitor who knows not how to value my heart; he leaves me for Emilia, tho' she cares not for him, and has sacrific'd him to the Duke of Monmouth.* Yes Madam, continu'd she, the Earl of A——n has seen my grief and uneasiness with a barbarous Indifference, he has made me a Witness of his Treachery, and yet I persist as it were to determine against my own Eyes, and to love him in spite of so many reasons I have to hate him, and by this weakness make my self the most unfortunate Creature in the World.

The Countess of F—— was extremely pleas'd at what her Friend had told her; *At last (said she) you perceive, what I have seen long since; and I begin to hope your pride and disdain will overcome this passion: For is it not a despicable thing, that you who are Mistress of so much wit and merit, should be always fool'd by this Earl of A——n. Alas! cry'd my Lady —— (shedding a torrent of Tears) am I Mistress enough of my self to avoid it? You speak like a Woman who knows not what it is to love, and who is ignorant that its power is the most tyrannical of all the Passions. Let us talk no more of what you ought to do to cure your self* answer'd the Countess of F——, embracing her) *but at least, my dear Lady, promise me to make advantage of those Lessons of Indifference*

rence the Earl of A——n gives you: I shall not forget them, reply'd she, tho' I cannot propose to my self the tranquility I desire: But if I should still be so weak as not to be capable of banishing him from my heart, I shall yet have pride enough to keep it secret from him, and resentment enough to revenge my self on my Rival, and to let her see, that the affronting of a Woman of my Birth and Character, will not long remain unpunish'd. I understand you, reply'd the Countess of F——; you resolve entirely to dispose your self to torment Emilia. Oh! my dear Lady (continued she) how much a stranger are you to that temper of mind I could wish you. The Conversation had continued longer, had it not been interrupted by one, who came to acquaint the Countess, that the Queen had ask'd for her.

The Earl of A——n, among all those I have already mention'd, was the only Person free from uneasiness and chagreen; the answer he had receiv'd from Emilia in his Tablets, entirely satisfy'd, and compos'd him; for he knew not as yet that he had dropt them in the Park.

The Amorous and Jealous Duke of Monmouth, wholly employ'd his Thoughts on disappointing the Earl of A——n of his agreeable Rendezvous; and resolved to engage my Lady —— to be one of the Party. He went early to her House, and when he saw her, perceiv'd in her Eyes a certain languishing Air, which made her appear so very charming, that had he not fear'd displeasing her, he had certainly in this moment desired her for ever to have forgot the Earl
of

of *A——n*, and to have accepted of him in his place.

Our Interests ought, Madam, said he, (entering her Chamber) to be common, and we are both of us fool'd by Persons who deserve not our Consideration. I understand you, my Lord, reply'd she, you speak of the Seene acted Yesterday in her Royal Highness's Barge; I must own I play'd but a very indifferent part in it, and it is not without blushing I hear it mentioned. Is it possible (said the Duke) that a Man for whom you have so particular an Esteem, can have so much ingratitude and ill nature? He endeavours still to deceive me, added she, by a thousand Protestations, which have now no effect upon me: For example, what did he not say to me Yesterday? My accusing him with loving Emilia, was, in his opinion, doing him wrong; and injustice in me, for believing my own Eyes, the faithful Witnesses of it. But (continued she smiling) I am not so easily deceived. I am a stranger to what you tell me, said the Duke; but these Tablets Madam, which chance has put into my hands, may confirm my just Suspicions, and convince him of Ingratitude. I need not (said she, taking them after a scornful manner) I need not more proof to perswade me of his Treachery.

She read the two Letters, and chang'd colour several times in reading them; she then return'd the Tablets to the Duke, without having power to speak, except with her Eyes, which express'd themselves intelligibly enough. Let us not lose this opportunity (said he to her) of disturbing this agreeable Rendezvous. Go you, Madam, into the Gallery,

lery, and personate there Emilia, and draw from his own Mouth an acknowledgment of his Infidelity; while I for my part will take care of the rest. She had much ado to resolve upon this undertaking, she well knew she was neither desired nor expected by the Earl of A—n; she dreaded also being surpriz'd with him by some one, who would perhaps put an ill construction on it; but all these Reasons gave place to the Intreaties and Reasons of the Duke of Monmouth; she pleas'd her self, that she should be able to convince the Earl of A—n of Infidelity, and resolv'd absolutely to break with him, and treat him with disdain and contempt. She then promis'd the Duke not to fail meeting in the Gallery; and he being assur'd of her going, went to the King, to know how he design'd to divert himself that day.

He was then inform'd that the King intended to hunt, and that the Earl of A——n was one whom his Majesty had order'd to attend him: After this the Duke went home, and counterfeiting as well as he could the Earl of A——n's Character, from some Letters he had of his, he writ the following Lines in the Tablets he had found.

“ I cannot go into the Gallery without
 “ passing by the Queens Chamber, who I
 “ fear may stop me and engage me at play.
 “ I think therefore it would be better to
 “ meet in the little Apartment of the Princess ——; you can come there unobserved, and at my return from Hunting I will with all hast wait on you there.

The Duke of Monmouth order'd one of his

Valet de Chambres, who was not known to *Emilia*, to find out some way of giving these Tablets to her, as from the Earl of *A——n*. He return'd presently to the King, and on the Stairs met the D. of *Buckingham* going down in a hurry, upon some affair that required extraordinary hast; he consider'd whether it were proper to stop him, but at last running after him, and taking him by the Arm, *Where are you going*, said he, *my Lord*, *in such extraordinary hast?* Read this Note *my Lord*, (answer'd the D. of *Buckingham*,) which I just now receiv'd from the Countess of —, and then judge if I have not reason: The Duke of *Monmouth* then read these words:

“ You may easily comprehend my Affliction, when I shall tell you, my Husband designs to carry me down into *Pembroke-shire*; and that my Tears and Prayers have had no power over him: What will you do, my Lord, to stop this Journey so fatal to my repose, if not my life? Consult your heart, 'tis that alone will furnish you with means, which my condition will not permit me to conceive.

The Duke of *Monmouth* return'd the Duke of *Bckingham* his Letter. *Her misfortunes*, said he, *sensibly affects and moves me, notwithstanding the cause I have to complain of her; but I cannot assist her in so nice an affair, and I advise you to let this matter take its natural course. Heav'n defend me*, (cry'd the D. of *Buckingham*) 'tis sufficient that she desires my help, and I will assist her. You intend then to turn Knight Errant, (said the Duke of *Monmouth*?) I am not so Chymetical as that, interrupted the D. of *Buck-*

Buckingham; but I cannot with patience see your indifference for a Woman, who not four and twenty hours ago you thought lov'd you. And then I fear'd the contrary, reply'd the Duke of Monmouth; my thoughts which have been so much deceiv'd in so material Point, have work'd out their own cure.

I have been deceiv'd as well as you, and perhaps more (reply'd the D. of Buckingham, smiling) but she has still an invincible Power over me; whether it be generosity, or love, or both, I cannot tell; I am resolv'd to deliver her from the hands of her Husband. You are going to make a terrible disturbance, reply'd the D. of Monmouth; let me consider what is best to be done. The D. of Buckingham return'd no answer; And the Duke of Monmouth after having some time consider'd on ways and means the most practicable, No time is to be lost, said the Duke of Monmouth; go my Lord, go, and conjure the King to assist you; he is too Gallant, and too Generous to refuse you.

The D. of Buckingham approv'd of this expedient, and went up directly to the King's Bed-chamber, and desired a moments Audience. As soon as he was alone with the King, he related to his Majesty the whole adventure of the Rendezvous he had in the Park, the misfortune of being surpriz'd by the Earl of —. He then shew'd the Countess's Letter. The King chang'd colour several times during this relation, and the Duke perceiving it, was quite confounded, and began to fear that he should find in the King a more dangerous Rival, than in the Duke of Monmouth.

After the King had for some time kept si-
D 2 lence

lence, *It surprises me*, said he, *that the Countess of ——— should not have address'd her self to me, rather than to you, in desiring protection from the ill nature of her Husband; but she has her Reasons to conceal from me her Conduct and Affairs.* The D. of Buckingham having had the honour of being brought up with the King, had so agreeably insinuated himself into his Majesty's Favour and Intrigues, that he took a greater liberty of Speech in his Conversation with the King, than any other Person belonging to the Court.

Conceal not your thoughts from me, Sir, said he to him; *for I already penetrate into them, and this contributes to make me compleatly miserable: You love the Countess, and you are displeas'd and jealous at our Rendezvous in the Park; but this is a matter too important to permit of time to examine now, whether she had reason or no of her side. Stop her departure, Sir, and think only of that.* Oh! the Ingrate, (cry'd the King, fetching a profound Sigh) he was then silent for some time, and seem'd to consider; after which, *No*, (contin'd he) *she deserves neither my Anger nor Protection: I'll have nothing more to do with her, nor will I have you speak any more of her.* The Duke was amaz'd and thunder-struck; he perceiv'd the King was entirely possess'd with a just Indignation, which would not suffer him to be any ways aiding or assisting to his Mistress; he therefore respectfully withdrew from his Majesty's Closet.

He found the Duke of Monmouth, who waited for him in the Guard-Chamber; he pass'd by him, and took no notice of him, and

and went down Stairs: The Duke was surpriz'd at this, but overtaking him, ask'd him what he had concluded with the King? *I have made a new Blunder, (said he briskly to him) and all by your Council; for you are unlucky to me in my Intreagues: The King loves the Countess, and I have acquainted him with my Passion; imagine then how unfortunate I am. Last night I found you to be my Rival, and this morning know the King to be so too: And yet the Infidelity and Treachery of my Mistress, is so far from allaying the violence of my Passion, that it rather increases, and seems as if I alone was destin'd to commit extravagances for a Woman, that deserves to be hated and despised by me.*

As the Duke of Monmouth was prepar'd to tell him, that we never lov'd more than when we are in likelihood of being the object beloved, he was inform'd the King wanted him. *Will you stay here for me, said he to the D. of Buckingham, perhaps the business the King has sent to me about may be for your advantage? I shall lose time, reply'd he, the Countess is gone before this, and I must follow her. What! cry'd the Duke of Monmouth, would you take her away by force! I know not what I shall do (added the D. of Buckingham) but follow her I will. You are going upon an unadvis'd and indiscreet Affair; interrupted the Duke of Monmouth; refuse not the staying here for me, and I will return in a moment. The D. of Buckingham turning into a low and dark Gallery which had several Apartments, belonging to the Officers, here, said he, I will expect you.*

The Duke of Monmouth hasten'd to the King; he was inform'd he was in his

Gloset, he entred softly, and perceiv'd his Majesty leaning on his Elbows, in a thoughtful posture, who hearing some noise, turn'd himself towards the Door and saw the Duke. *Come hither James (for so he often call'd him) and answer me what I demand, without hesitation; it is concerning the Countess of —. The Duke of Monmouth doubted not but that his Majesty was apprised of the Passion he had for this Lady. Sir, said he, you demand of me an ingenious Confession of my Inclinations for her: I owe too much respect to your Majesty, not to be sincere: It is true therefore that I have lov'd her, and should not I believe have been hated, had I been more assiduous and constant in my Addresses. The King was surpriz'd at this unexpected Confession, and looking gravely, Finish, said he, what the Duke of Buckingham has begun.*

The Duke found, but too late, his imprudence in answering the King, before he was satisfied what he intended to ask him; and his thoughts were so perplex'd and troubled, and so much disorder'd, that he had not power to answer any thing.

The King then breaking silence, *I had chose you for a Confident of my Afflictions, cry'd he; I would have told you, that I had a Passion I was asham'd of, since no Lover ever was more unfortunate than me; that I lov'd the Countess of — with so discreet a Passion, that having observ'd her desires for having it an inviolable Secret, I had taken all possible care to conceal my love, and was satisfied in discovering only to her the violence of my Passion: I expected that time would make me happy, in deserving a*
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Blessing which I would have had owing only to my care, and her acknowledgment. She cunningly avoided giving me the least encouragement, and tho' my heart could but ill brook this usage, yet was it no small satisfaction to me to find so virtuous a Woman. My Esteem encreas'd my Passion; but in truth, I have been the Bubble of this Intreague; since you, and Buckingham have triumph'd with success; while I have languish'd and sigh'd without complaint.

The Duke of Monmouth having recover'd himself, answered with a respectful Look, that the Affair he had with the Countess, ought not to trouble his Majesty, since he would never see her more. When one begins to love the Son, interrupted the King, it is seldom one returns to the Father; I should be much in the wrong should I think it; and I must own (continu'd he) I look on the D. of Buckingham as a Rival much less to be feared; for we are near of the same Age; but for you it is quite otherwise. I know not, reply'd the Duke, what I might have expected from the Countess; but I know well, Sir, that it is a fortune I have long since neglected. That is your fault, and not hers, said the King; she is not, in my opinion, either more innocent or more excusable; she has deceived me by a thousand Artifices, nevertheless I pity her misfortune; for her Husband is going to confine her in the Country. What will she do there? She will never get there three such Lovers as she leaves behind her at Whitehall. Go, James, Go, I give you orders to send the Guards and bring her back, and acquaint her Husband, that it is my Pleasure he return, and that I have occasion for him here.

MEMOIRS of the English Court.

The Duke immediately left the King, well pleas'd with his Commission, and went to find out the D. of *Buckingham* in the Gallery, where he expected him: He walk'd some time without seeing him, but at last perceiv'd him stooping and list'ning at a Door. As soon as he saw the Duke of *Monmouth*, he made a sign to him to come to him without making any noise; when he was near enough, *I know not*, said he, (whispering) *whether I dream or am well awake, but I swear I hear the voice of our Countess. You are so full of her*, reply'd the Duke of *Monmouth*, *that you believe you always hear her. I will be judg'd by your self*, added the Duke of *Buckingham*, *do but listen.*

The Duke of *Monmouth* heard presently a Womans voice, which said, *Alas! my Lord, the timely help you have given me, is not enough, for I find my circumstances more cruel and embarrass'd than ever, what will become of me? and what will not they say of me at Court, for an adventure so extraordinary as mine? Trouble not your self Madam*, (said he to whom she had spoke) *you are in a place of safety, and where you are Mistress; the Marquess of — knows not what use we make of his Apartment; nor will he return till the King comes from Hunting: In the mean time I will find out some private and convenient House; after which you may take such measures as you think proper, towards a reconciliation with your Husband. But Madam*, (added he, in a passionate Voice) *dare I ask you, what will become of me? will you always use me with so much rigour? and will not the Service I have now done you, deserve something from you?*

I am not in a condition to answer you, my Lord, (said the Countess of —, for it was really her) and you ought not to ask me such questions, at a time I have so much occasion for you; it is detracting from your Generosity, and my Niceness.

Ah! Madam, said the Lord, (fetching a deep sigh) the respect and love I have always shewn you, has been evident enough; but you have slighted my Passion; and notwithstanding the violence you have done your self in concealing from me your Inclinations, yet have I penetrated into them. But if at last you admit me to no place in your favour, I shall yet have the sad comfort to say, have fail'd in nothing in respect to you.

He added some other words, which the D. of Monmouth, and Buckingham could not well hear, because perceiving him to be just coming out, they had retired to the head of a private Staircase, which belong'd to my Lady F——'s Apartments.

They might easily from this place see who it was went out of the Chamber: They saw it was my Lord —. The Duke of Monmouth could not forbear saying to the D. of Buckingham, (smiling) *Behold another Rival; but after what we have heard him say, I believe he is not much to be fear'd.*

He then gave the D. of Buckingham an account of his Conversation with the King, and the order he had receiv'd for the bringing back the Countess. *Ah! my dear Friend, said the D. of Buckingham, you may do me a most particular Service: You have the Key of the Marquess of — Chamber. It is true, reply'd the Duke of Monmouth; being Captain of the Guards, I have the Keys of the Chambers of both*
the

the Lieutenants, in case of any Orders in the Night, that I may the more readily go to them.

For Godsake, continu'd the D. of Buckingham, lend it me, and I will take the advantage of this moment to see the Countess. Should the King know it, (said the Duke of Monmouth) it would be sufficient to make me lose his favour. Who shall acquaint him with it, interrupted the D. of Buckingham? Should I betray you after having been so much oblig'd to you! No, said the Duke of Monmouth, it must not be you, but it may be my Lord ——. He cannot divine, (added the D. of Buckingham, smiling) and otherwise cannot imagine that I should happen to come in this moment into this Gallery, and that you should there trust me with your Key. Nay, he must do more than divine, reply'd the Duke of Monmouth, to imagine I should neglect making use of this opportunity for my self, and to grant it to you, when I know you to be my Rival. Were you not well cured of this Passion, interrupted the D. of Buckingham, I should rather die than desire such a Sacrifice from you; but from you your self; know the condition of your heart.

The Duke gave him the Key conditionally, not to make use of it till the King was gone a Hunting.

As soon therefore as the D. of Buckingham had seen the King take Horse, he ran to the Gallery with the utmost Concern, a thousand different Thoughts imploy'd his Mind; he went to find out a Woman he tenderly lov'd, but he was jealous of her, and even almost hated her, when he reflected upon the number of her Admirers, and that perhaps she had sacrific'd him to them.

Taken up

up with these different Reflections, he advanced in the Gallery, sometimes walking slow, sometimes fast; his Thoughts jarr'd, and he was strangely disorder'd.

The Dutchess of *B——* having spent part of the Morning with the Countess of *F——l*, descended the little Staircase coming into the Gallery, and there perceiv'd her faithless Husband. She did not doubt, since he followed not the King a Hunting, but he had some Intreague, and she therefore stop'd at the Door at the bottom of the Stair-case.

She perceiv'd then, that he open'd the Marquess of *——* Lodging, and went into them: She following him softly, and stopping first at the Door, considering whether she had best knock, observ'd that it was not quite shut; well-pleas'd with this accident, she slip'd into the Chamber.

The D. of *Buckingham*, taken up entirely with his Passion, had forgot to take the Key out of the Door; the Windows of this little Apartment were shut, the Countess had taken this precaution when she enter'd, fearing to be perceiv'd. There was a Closet on one side of the Chamber; the Duke not seeing the Countess in the Chamber, went into the Closet: The Dutchess of *B——* not knowing where to hide herself, laid herself on the Bed, the Curtains being drawn: she thought she should die with chagreen and grief which this imprudent Curiosity had given her.

One could see better in the Closet than in the Chamber: The Countess no sooner saw the Duke, but she skream'd out; *What, my Lord,*

Lord, cry'd she, is it you? and dare you appear before me, after having refus'd me the help I desired and expected only from you, and which I wish'd with so much eagerness? I was as careful to conceal my retreat from you, as from my Husband, and wonder at the indiscretion of my Lord —, in discovering it to you.

Were you less unfortunate, or had I less zeal for you, Madam, reply'd the Duke of Buckingham, I should have greater reason to complain than you: I have neglected nothing on this occasion that might be of peculiar Service. I was just ready to mount on Horseback to follow you, and snatch you from your unworthy Husband, and to expose my self to my Wives Jealousie, and perhaps to the greatest Troubles, when chance discover'd to me that you were in these Chambers. Yes, faithless as you are, continu'd he, spight of my Rivals, and the care you take to keep them conceal'd; spight of your Infidelity, and my just Resentment, I love you still, and with so much Passion, as to be transported with the Happiness of finding you.

I could not think, reply'd briskly the Countess, that you would add new Afflictions to those which already overwhelm me, since 'tis you alone have been the cause of this my deplorable Condition. Was there a Woman at Court had more Reputation, or was less envied, till that unhappy Assignment in which I was discover'd with you? 'Tis for you I suffer, and it is you Insult over me! Go, my Lord, go, I desire neither your heart nor your pity, and your sight is troublesome to me.

The Duke of Buckingham was too much mov'd to desire an Eclarissiment, he threw himself at her Feet, and embracing her
Knees

Knees with a violent Transport, *I am not in a condition*, said he to her, *to withstand your Anger with Reasons which would offend you; you would not approve of my reproaching you with your affairs with the King, Duke of Monmouth, and Lord ———, which are come to my knowledge, and which give me a mortal Displeasure: No, Madam, I will not say any thing may displease you; nay I will own my self to blame, provided you will pardon me.*

The uneasiness of the Countess of ——— is not to be express'd, at the liberty the Duke had taken in speaking to her, she believing her Intreagues had not been discover'd, and instead of appeasing her, she flew into so great a passion, that it was impossible for him to pacifie her: *I will never see you more*, said she, retiring from him; *either do you depart this minute out of the Closet, or I will, whatever hazard I run; I will expose my self willingly, rather than stay here with the most ungrateful of Mankind*

In saying this, she ran to the Chamber-Door, which finding open, she presently went out. The Duke remain'd in the Closet, contriving which way to appease the fury of his Mistress; after which he removed into the Chamber, where he believed her to be, and hearing a noise towards the Bed, he doubted not but she was there, and accordingly advanc'd towards her.

It was the Dutches of B——, who had kept herself still there, and who being as much exasperated as the Countess, thrust the Duke rudely from her, when he was going to throw himself at her Feet, he seiz'd her Hands, and kiss'd them several times with

with the utmost Transport ; but the more Passion he express'd, the more was she displeas'd. *How unhappy am I, (said she to herself) that cannot deliver my self from this Traitor, and that the tenderness he shews, which at another time would be so agreeable to me, doth now but encrease my present Grief and Trouble! I owe all this to my Rival, and these are poisoned Sweets which mortally offend a Heart so delicate as mine.*

These Reflections encreas'd her Chagreen ; she snatch'd her hands from the Duke, and pushing him from her, would not mind him. This usage from a Person belov'd, encreases rather than quells a Passion ; and as submissive and respectful as the Duke was, he had not quitted his design of qualifying her anger, had he not perceiv'd, that the Person with whom he was had little dry and lean Arms, which did not at agree with those of the Countess ; it was not possible to imagine how a few hours grief could produce such a surprising alteration: he was amaz'd at first, and going to the Window to open it, when my Lord — return'd, in order to take the Countess to a House of his own.

He was much surpriz'd to find the Door open, and pushing it softly, he thought he had lost his Senses : Perceiving a Man with a Woman, jealousy threw a mist befor his Eyes, and notwithstanding the difference there was between the Dutchiefs of — and the Countess of —, he believed it was the last, who rewarded his Services with this Infidelity ; he was so struck with amazement, that he had not the power of moving forwards the

the better to be confirm'd in what he saw.

The Duke, for his part, perceiv'd by the light that came from the Door my Lord — open'd, that it was his Dutcheſs with whom he was; but the Dutcheſs of — more concern'd for him than her ſelf, threw her Arms about his Neck.

The Duke, not Maſter enough of his Paſſion, thruſt her diſdainfully from him. What a Sight was this to my Lord —, who had ſtaid at the Door! and who imagining it to be the Counteſs had certainly made ſome Diſturbance had he conſulted only his Fury and Reſentment, but he was not willing this Affair ſhould make too great a Noiſe, or have more Spectators.

He had time enough to obſerve and know the D. of *Buckingham*: He then retired with the greateſt Uneaſineſs imaginable, during which the Dutcheſs of — for her part made a thouſand Reproaches to the Duke.

What! ſaid ſhe to him, *can neither my Fidelity nor Love obtain the leaſt Kindneſs from you? Another poſſeſſes your Heart; and that Heart which belongs to me, and which is the only Satisfaction of my Life, is continually engaging it ſelf in new Amours; and my unhappy Fortune has brought me here to be witneſs of your Tranſports for another, and of my own Diſgrace. Nevertheleſs I love you with ſo much Tenderneſs and Complaiſance, and without any Conſideration, that I have the Weakneſs to concern my ſelf for you even when you wrong me, and your Grief is more ſenſible to me than my own: Comfort me only with a Look, or a Word: But what do I ſay?* cry'd ſhe, perceiving his Coldneſs) *alas! you deny me all.*

The

The Duke mov'd more by Acknowledgement than Love, drew near unto her, and answered her Reproaches after so sweet and insinuating a manner that he a little calm'd her Anger; and perceiving her Mind to be more at ease and quiet, he left her, and went to look after the Countess of ———.

In going out of the Marquis of ——— Chamber, the first Person he met was the Confident to the Countess of ———. Heaven has sent you to help me, said he stopping her, Tell me, Dear *Esther*, where your Lady is? I ask not the Secret, but to serve her; and to shew the Affection I have for thee, here is a Ring, which I must oblige you to accept of. This staggered her Fidelity: I do not doubt, my Lord, (said she to him) but you love my Lady well enough to endeavour at all Methods to deliver her from the Troubles she is in, but this is not a Place to speak to you without Danger. You have put on your Mask to avoid being known. Reason, said the Duke, follow me at a distance;

He was too impatient to put off this Conversation, which would discover to him what he wanted to know; and passing by the Apartment of the Earl of C——, Great Chamberlain to the Queen, and knowing that he was not there, he and *Esther* went in. After having carefully shut the Door, this Woman began to acquaint him with the Affliction of her Lady, for having been found by her Husband in an Affignation with you in the Park: She then told him the Resolution she had taken of going to her Sister, and after what manner her jealous Husband had

stopt

stopt her, and his Design of carrying her down into the Country ; that not knowing how to avoid this Misfortune she had writ a Note to him, which had been carry'd to the King ; but for fear of any unforeseen Accident, she had also sent to my Lord — to conjure him to find out some way to hinder her Journey into *Pembrokeshire* ; that she grieved extreemly at the Uncertainty of what might happen. Her Husband at break of Day oblig'd her to depart ; she sat disconsolate in the Coach, looking every moment, and expecting some one to help her, when my Lord — came in his Coach full gallop, and in passing by us at one shock overturn'd us, and descending from his own Coach came to assist my Lady, he drew her out, and whisper'd her to retire, and at the Entry of the Wood she would find a Coach and a Gentleman who would conduct her to *Whitehall*. She went directly into the Wood: During this time the Earl of — was endeavouring to come out of his overturn'd Coach, and my Lord — to hinder him made him a thousand Compliments, in asking Pardon for the Brutality of his Coachman, and endeavoured all he could to gain time. My Lord, I, and one of his Gentlemen, were all one upon another, without being able to get our Heads out of the Coach, by reason of the long and continual Civilities of my Lord —, who could not resolve to leave us. But my Lord, in a violent Passion, cry'd, *Is it not enough that you have overthrow my Coach, but would you also stifle me ? If you desire it, answer'd my Lord — coldly, I will turn off my Coachman*

and my Postilion; for there is nothing I would not do to preserve the Honour of your Lordship's Friendship. In ending these Words, which had put my Lord quite out of Patience, he went into his Coach, and we set up ours.

'Tis impossible to express the Fury of our jealous Husband, when turning round about him, every where he miss'd his Wife; and having ask'd his Servants, they said, they knew nothing of her: He did not question in the least but that she had taken this Opportunity of giving him the slip; but as he had thought it most proper to persist in his first Resolution of making no Noise or Disturbance, he put a serene Countenance upon the matter, and with an audible Voice told them, that without doubt she was gone back to London. We took the same way immediately, and I found his Mind distracted with a thousand various Agitations. He was no sooner come home, but he shut himself up in his Closet, whilst I laboured under a thousand Inquietudes to know whither she was gone, till a Gentleman of the Countess of F—— came to tell me, that I must come to her thither. I went immediately, and meeting with her in the Countess's Chamber, she told me part of what I have been relating just now to you; and discovered much Uneasiness at the Discharge of the Lord ——, who had promised to return likewise. She bid me go and find him out; which I did immediately; and because I will hide nothing from you, I must tell you, I found him in a most cruel Passion. Go, said he, go tell thy Mistress, she is unworthy of the Addresses of a Man of Honour.

What

What has happened this Day will not be easily forgotten by me; and beg of her by all means not to trouble me any more. I was just returning, continued *Esther*, to bring her this glorious Answer when I met you. The D. of *Buckingham* sigh'd at these Words, with all the Marks of Sadness and Affliction in his Face; and how can it be imagin'd, said he, my Lord — should not disclose more of this matter? His Pretence is, That happening to open the Door of the Marquis of — in the dark, he discovered my Mistress sitting with a Gentleman upon the Bedside, he turned back full of Despair, as imagining it could be no body else but you. Alas! said the Duke, interrupting her, it was I, but without being so happy as to be with her: Thou seest, continued he, the Frailty of my Heart for this ingrateful Woman, for, Good God! what other Name can I bestow upon her: The King, the Duke of *Monmouth*, and my Lord — are in Love with her; she entertains them, and conceals it from me; for had she no Inclination of bestowing some Favours upon them, she would have told me what I have learnt from others. I have several times represented to her, said *Esther*, she ought to impart the matter to you: But she feared to put you into a Fit of Jealousy; and I can protest to you, that if she has shewn any more favourable Disposition for the Duke of *Monmouth* than the rest, you must thank your self for it, since she had no other Design than to raise a jealous Emulation in you. After your falling out at *Tunbridge*, you know you were

entirely reconciled together, and she received your Services with all possible Acknowledgment and Esteem, and the D. of *Monmouth* (who had got another Mistress) being become altogether indifferent to her, she thought she had best not to mention any thing further to you upon that score. As to my Lord — she had so much Indifferency for him, that she look'd upon him as next to nothing; and the King himself with all his Greatness could never obtain any Favours from her. How dextrous thou be'st, said the Duke interrupting her, in endeavouring to alleviate my Grief, and justify thy Mistress! Go, offer her all that is in my Power, tell her that since I could love her, when I thought her inconstant, I can do every thing now I flatter my self of not being hated. Come, return, make haste to tell me; know what course she intends to take. Whilst the Duke of *Buckingham* was at Supper in the Earl of — Lodgings, he expected with much Impatience the return of *Esther*, but it growing late, he went himself to the Countess of of *F* — to be inform'd in Person of what he was so desirous to know. He found her laid upon a Couch with a Handkerchief in her Hand, and her Cheeks bathed with Tears, O! my Lord, cry'd she, so soon as she saw him, you come too late; the poor Countess of — is gone. The Duke stood mute, having no Power to speak, and the Colour of his Face chang'd several times; I am going, continued she, to relate to you the Consequence of the most unfortunate Accident that ever happened.

Whilst

Whilst you were with Esther, at the Earl of —, where she related to you several material Passages relating to her Mistress, her Husband was at the same time in the next Room, overhearing every Word that pass'd betwixt you, and consequently is become Master of those Secrets he was ignorant of before. The King being in his Wife's Interest, he has not thought fit to crave his Protection, as he intended to do; but having got Intelligence that after her coming out of the Marquess of — Lodgings she came into mine, he came and surprized us together; Esther coming in at the same moment, he forced her to confess in my Presence every thing she had told you before; and then turning to his Wife, with a Countenance full of Anger, Madam, said he, there needs no further Consideration in the matter, I am resolv'd to take you with me, either by fair or foul means, make the best or the worst of it, as you find it most convenient, and as may be most proper to keep up some remnants of your Reputation: Don't act your part so much in publick. I have shewn a great deal of Moderation, to conceal both my Shame and Trouble, but if you force me to publish it, remember you are lost for ever. The Countess bursting out into Tears, look'd upon me with a melancholly Air, and so did I upon her, without being able to advise her in the matter. Her jealous Husband told her, that if she did not go along with him, he would break off with her for good and all. To be short, after a great many Heats and useless Prayers, she told me she would rather submit to any thing than to come to an open Rupture with her Husband; and so she went after him, with Esther, but where he intended to carry her I was not able to learn.

The Duke of Buckingham having kept Si-

lence all this while, began now to break out into the most passionate Expressions in the World ; *Why, Madam, cry'd he, would you not send for me? Do you think that this unreasonable Husband of hers ought to take her away against her will? Before I would have suffered such a thing I would have lost my Life.* 'Twas my Opinion, reply'd the Countess of F——, I ought to expose neither of you to such Hazards; you are so little Master of the first Motions of your Passion, that perhaps you might not have remember'd that Place you were in; and tho' the King has a singular Kindness for you, yet you know that he will have a due respect shewn unto his House. *Alas! Madam, said the Duke interrupting her very hastily, is this the Respect to be shewn to suffer a poor Woman to be taken away by a mad, furious Husband? She sought for shelter in your Arms, and you had not Courage enough to keep her there, nor to let me know of her Misfortune. But, continued he, what signifies trifling away the time with vain Reproaches, we must consider of means for her Service.* He was going away, but was met by my Lord —— upon the Stairs: This Lord not able any longer to resist his Passion, in spite of the indifferent Treatment he had received at the Countess's Hands, and at the Jealousy conceived at the private Correspondence he thought to have found out betwixt her and the Duke of Buckingham, had taken a Resolution to sacrifice his Vexation to his Love and Generosity; but was extremely surprized at the Sight of the Duke; for seeing him coming out of the Countess of F——'s Lodgings, he did not question but that the Countess of —— had sent for him thither. He began again to upbraid himself with,

with, and to be ashamed of his Weakness, and so with a firm Resolution of vanquishing his Passion, went away hastily.

Stay a moment, cry'd the Duke accosting him, I know in some measure what it is disturbs you; I am under an Obligation of justifying to you an unfortunate but guiltless Person; then relating to him the Story told just now, he continued, Perhaps looking upon me as your Rival you judge me not a very proper Instrument to procure your Satisfaction, by justifying the Conduct of the Countess; but there is at present an absolute Necessity of uniting our selves at this time, till the Countess being put again into a State of an entire Liberty to follow her own Inclinations, we will manage our Pretensions, every one as he best can. Till then, let us act jointly in order to do her effectual Service. If my Lord — had not been inclined to what the D. of Buckingham proposed, the last had so happy a Gift of Nature, of perswading People to his Sentiments, that few were able to withstand him: My Lord being fully convinced of the necessity of the case, joined with his Rival to do all possible Service to their Mistress, carry'd away by her jealous Husband with an Intention to carry her to the Hague.

We will leave them for some time, and see what became of the Duke of Monmouth. His Mind had been (whilst they were a hunting) distracted with very different Fancies; he could not give himself a sufficient Reason why he should be so sensible of the Infidelity of the Countess of —, and of Emilia, knowing that his Inclinations for them did not amount to such a pitch, as to create either Envy or Jealousy in him, as it happens

in violent Passions, and that consequently being at Liberty to assume new Chains, in case he could meet with any he liked better, he nevertheless suffered the indifferent Treatment of these Ladies; he concluded at last that Vanity sometimes produces the same Effects as Love. Sometimes he would contrive a way to be even with the Countess, sometimes what Reproaches to bestow upon *Emilia*: He felt a secret Pleasure to think how his Intriguers with this young Lady might take vent at Court, and furnish him with matter of Revenge; but soon after, repenting of this Project, he was for keeping their Appointment private, in hopes that by his obliging and engaging Words he might raise a solid and sincere Love in her Heart. These were his Amusements during the Hunting-match. As for the Earl of *A——* he was extremely impatient to see *Emilia*, and to have an opportunity of talking with her, which was no easie matter to do, considering the Governess of the Maids of Honour afforded them but little leisure. As this Lady was naturally of a jealous Disposition, so she had found means to get intelligence of the intended Interview betwixt the Earl and *Emilia*, which she resolved to spoil at any rate; besides considering, that if she could catch them together, she would have a fair pretence of Reprimanding her in the most bitter Terms that well could be: So the satisfaction she proposed to herself, of convincing this young Woman of her fault, carrying it above all other Considerations, which might have perswaded her to act with more moderation, she was so far from keeping

ing so watchful an Eye over her, as she used to do, that she allow'd her more liberty than ordinary. *Emilia* was ready enough to improve it; she pretended to go into her Chamber to write, but slipping down a pair of private Stairs, got into another Room, without being perceiv'd by any body. It being a clear Moon-light Night, she shut the Shutters, and then placed herself in one corner of the Room, to avoid being seen, in case some body else should happen to come that way.

The Duke of *Monmouth* was too desirous to see her to let her tarry, but entred the Room exactly at the appointed time; whilst *Emilia*, who feared less any body but the Earl of *A——n* should come in, kept close in her Corner, hoping he would open the Shutters and discover himself; but the Duke, whose business was not to be seen, kept in the dark, asking only with a low voice, *are you there? Pray answer me:* *Emilia*, who did not question but that it was the Earl, answered, *Yes I am.* 'Tis hard to guess at the various motions this adventure rais'd in the Duke's Heart: He was overjoy'd at so favourable an opportunity of entertaining this young Lady, but almost distracted to think that the appointment should not be of his own making: He look'd upon it as inglorious, to usurp thus his Rival's place; and more than once was in a mind to go away, but at last drew nearer: She told him, *Do you see, my Lord, what I do for you, only to speak with you? Is not this sufficient to convince you that you have the preference in my Heart? and hereafter I hope you will not torment me, on ac-*

count

count of the Duke of Monmouth. Is it possible, said he, (with a disguised Voice) that you can Sacrifice him for me? and that you have no Inclinations for him? I will Sacrifice him to you with all my Heart, reply'd she; but as I love to deal upon Honour, I won't deny but that he appears worthy of Love to me. I have observed, said he, interrupting her, that he loves you, and that he is very fond of telling you so; nay there appears a certain languishment in his Eyes, when he is with you, which is not observable in him, in the Company of other Ladies. I have my self taken notice of that, added Emilia; I believe I am not altogether indifferent to him. He has made his brags, said he, that you have promised him a share in your Heart; and that if he will continue to serve you, you would break off with me. I am surprized, replied she, how he dares to say such an untruth! And you are surprized thereat, (said the Duke, reassuming his natural Voice) you are surpriz'd, ungrateful Woman? And you are come hither to sacrifice my Passion, and your Oaths.

Emilia discovering him to be the Duke of Monmouth, with such a commotion as is easy to be imagined, stood for some time like one struck dumb; and the Duke was going to leave her, when she stept to him, and said, Oh! my Lord, hear me one minute! I am a going to tell what you will not dislike: 'Tis you alone I Love, and you alone have all my Esteem. That is plain, Madam, answered he, it appears so; you could have taken no better method to convince me. What would you have me do, said she, with tears in her Eyes? I was no sooner brought to Court, but the Earl made his most passionate Addresses to me, and quitted my Lady ———, who
lov'd

lov'd him most dearly. Seeing my vanity, and my self thus flatter'd, by the preference given me to so lovely a Lady, my heart, then as yet in the first State of its Innocency, received with pleasure the sighs of this new Lover, who I thought would have Married me, after the Death of his Countess, who had been very Ill for a considerable time. Flattered with these hopes, I was the sooner induced to receive his Letters, and send him some of mine. Alas! I am disclosing to you such matters as are much to my disadvantage, on purpose to make you sensible at least of this, that after being engaged so far with a Person of so little Moderation, and of so cholerick a Disposition, I saw my self obliged, in spite of my self, to tread in the path I had so imprudently chosen. Would you, my Lord, have me exposed to his ill Tongue? and would you think me worthy of your Affection, after having lost my Reputation in the World? These words being accompanind with tears, the D. of Monmouth was actually perswaded of her Innocency. He had lov'd her since her Engagement with the Earl of A—n, and he had too good an opinion of his own deserts, as not to believe himself to hold the best place in her Heart beyond his Rival. His only care was now how to maintain this favourable Disposition in her. Whilst they are taking proper measures for the continuing of their Intreague, we must see what passes in the Queen's Gallery, betwixt my Lady — and the Earl of A—n. He was no sooner return'd from Hunting with the King, but he dress'd himself as nice as he could, to appear the more amiable in the Eyes of his Mistress. My Lady — on the other hand, the better to counterfeit Emilia, who was then in Mourning

ning, had dress'd herself in a Night Dress, which almost cover'd her Face: Thus she entred the Gallery thro' a By-door, but the Earl thro' the Queen's Apartment; there being no other light but what proceeded from the clearness of a bright shining Moon. My Lady — had posted herself in one Corner; the Earl drawing nearer, took her by the Hands, and kifs' them; *Charming Emilia*, said he, 'tis at this time you dispel all my Jealousie; so that now I should be distracted with the very Thoughts of it, were it not an undeniable proof of my Passion and Tendernefs; for which you ought to stand indebted to me. Good God! what strange and cruel Emotions did these words cause in my Lady —'s Heart, to see the only Man in the World, for whom she had had the greatest Tendernefs, to play her such a Game? She had not strength enough left to return an answer; but the Earl being not much surpriz'd at her silence, continued, *Tou are afraid, fair Emilia, lest this favour you have done me should be discovered; you seem to be uneasy, you tremble; take courage, and don't refuse to give me some assurance of your Friendship. Oh! what am I to tell you,* reply'd my Lady —, with a voice changed so far by her surprize, as not to need any disguise? *what must I tell you, my Lord? I am not so much affected with the apprehension of being found alone with you here, tho' my All lays at stake, as with the dread I have, that you are still in Love with my Lady —. I be in love with her,* said the Earl! *do you think I have lost my Senses? Is there any comparison betwixt your Charms and hers? betwixt a growing Passion, and one worn out before? betwixt a Woman continually out of humour with me,*

me, and a young Lady I adore? But my Lord, said she, interrupting him, you owe her a thousand Obligations, you have sworn to be true to her for ever, and if you can forget her so soon, what must I hope for from you? The Favours she has bestowed upon me, said he, were more the products of her own Capriciousness than her choice; 'tis to chance I was obliged for her Esteem; and notwithstanding she does not want wit, she herself can't give a good reason for it.

At these words my Lady ———, not able to contain herself any longer, O! thou most perfidious of all Men, cry'd she! Is it not enough for you; thus to forego your Duty, but you must also poison those Favours for which you stand indebted to me by turning them into Ridicule, and representing them as the effects of a capricious Folly? But after all, added she, you speak truth; for I must certainly be prepossessed with a most extravagant Folly, when I heard and believed you. Are these the Products of your Crocodile's Tears, and of your reiterated Vows? Go perjur'd Man, I leave you to your self, and the Remorses of your own Heart; I am sufficiently revenged, since I have Resolution enough left to tear you from my Heart. She had not put an end here to her just Reproaches, when my Lord standing all this while so full of Confusion as not to be able to answer one Word; and as these harsh Expressions gave some ease to her Mind, she was going to continue her Discourse, had not a most surprizing Accident put a Period to their Conversation.

This was occasioned by the coming in of the Governess and Deputy-Governess of the Ladys of Honour to the Dutchess of ———. These having posted themselves at the little
Door

Door of the Gallery, and seeing her pass by that way, took her for *Emilia*. Some time after entring the Gallery, they fell upon her like so many Furies, whilst the Earl of *A——n* little concern'd at what might become of her, took this opportunity of getting away as fast as he could, but not without being vex'd to the Heart, to have met with so vexatious an Encounter, instead of the Satisfaction he expected from the meeting with *Emilia*: Amidst all this he found some sort of Consolation at the coming in of these two Matrons, who did all they could to get my Lady — out of the Corner, where she stood upon the defensive, like in an Entrenchment, and that so courageously (for fear of being discover'd) that they could scarce come near her; at last finding her Hands insufficient to withstand their furious Attacks, she took hold of the Earls Cane, which he had forgot to take along with him when he left her, and laid them on with it so briskly, that they were forced to have recourse to their Clogs or Caloches, (such as the *English* Ladies then wore) which after having served some time for defensive Arms, at last turned into offensive ones, and most cruelly maul'd the poor Lady; who beginning now to have much the worst of it, began to be heartily weary of the Sport. At that very Juncture the D. of *Monmouth* brought thither by his Curiosity to see the event of this Night's Appointment, enter'd the Gallery, attended by a Footman with a lighted Flambeau in his Hand. Had the Head of *Medusa* appear'd to them instead of the Flambeau, their Surprise could not have been greater than it was! The two Governesses stood as immovable

ble as two Statues at the sight of my Lady—, She on the other hand, was so full of Affliction at her being discover'd by these two Matrons, as well as at her Conversation with the Earl, that she did not know what to do; the Cane dropt out of her Hands, and at the same time the Governesses threw away their Caloches with great Indignation, muttering betwixt their Teeth, that those who had directed them thither should repent of having sent them upon such an errand, and so they went their ways.

They were no sooner gone, but my Lady — having order'd the Footman to keep at a distance, and falling into a Chair, and looking upon the D. of Monmouth with Eyes full of Tears and Anger, O! my Lord, said she sighing, *how much is an agreeable Mistake preferable before a cruel Certainty? I now am convinced beyond all Contradiction, that the Earl loves Emilia, that he is a perfidious Man, and that he deals with me after such a manner as can never be pardoned by me. Why are you dissatisfied, Madam, reply'd he, to be convinced in a matter you ought to wish not to be ignorant of? Would it not vex you to the Soul to preserve your Heart for an ungrateful Person? And who has told you, return'd she abruptly, that I am so indifferent as to be able to banish at once from my Heart a Man who indeed deserves to appear odious to me, but who still seems worthy to be beloved? My Reason tells me I should hate him, but my Heart pleads for his Pardon; this rebellious Heart of mine, so little concerned in the true Interests of my Honour, will still speak in favour of a Man, who would not as much as afford me one Sigh to appease my Anger. Had you but seen, added she, how quickly he got away, when these*

two old Croatures came in. You would have been out of Countenance to see me in so dismal a Condition. At these Words her Tears flow'd down all over her Cheeks and Face, which she endeavoured to hide with her Fan; and so arising from her Seat, the Duke gave her his Hand, and conducted her to her Lodgings.

The Earl of *A——n* was involved in no less Troubles of Mind, than her self; so to allay his Grief, he went to the Dutches's — to find out *Emilia*, and to reproach her with what she had done; being fully perswaded that no body but herself had contrived the Meeting betwixt my Lady — and himself in the Gallery. Thus he went with an intention to make her sensible how grievously he Resented the matter, but was no sooner come into the Guard Chamber, when he was told there was no admittance at the Dutches's —, she being not well; if he was out of humour in his being disappointed of the sight of *Emilia*, he flattered himself, that this accident had prevented this young Lady from coming abroad. A Lover never wants ingenuity to excuse his Beloved; he then began to imagine she had no hand in this Adventure with my Lady —, and consequently his Resentment was much allay'd.

In effect it was not from *Emilia* that the Governess had got notice of this matter, but from *Philadelphia*, one of her Companions, who having found out that Secret, could not keep it to herself, it being certain, that it was not out of Jealousie only, she had conceived against *Emilia*, she being as handsome as her self, and having a greater share of Wit, and what other Charms *Emilia* could boast of, viz. a certain merry and innocent Air, which was extremely pleasing.

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Philadelphia, as she was somewhat older, so she acted with more Circumspection; she covered her Passion for the Duke of *Monmouth*, under the Veil of a languishing State of Health; and under this disguise penetrated into the Sentiments and Actions of the Duke of *Monmouth*, in respect to her Rival; and finding him successful with her, she fell into a deep Melancholy; As she had conceived a mortal Spite against him, for loving another besides her self, she would often launch out into harsh Expressions. whilst at the same time her Heart declared in his behalf. Moreover, these ways, so directly opposite to the tenderness usual among Lovers, so far alienated the Duke of *Monmouth's* Heart, that he would scarce ever come near her: This proving an additional Grief to a Person of a haughty Temper, she was consumed by a Fire she was not able to quench; she turned her Spite against *Emilia*, with a Resolution to give her a Blow, without telling her who it was that gave it. *Philadelphia* had shut her self up all that Evening in her Chamber, on purpose to reflect upon the Disgrace that would attend *Emilia*, in being surprized with the E. of A——n whilst she was expecting with much Impatience, the return of the Governess, and Deputy-Governess, when she heard somebody knock, and not very hard at her

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Door, she open'd it. Great was her Surprise, who when she saw the Governess looking upon her with an austere Countenance, at the same time, ask'd her, what Reward she intended to bestow upon her News-bearers, and that since by her Rashness she had misled them into a foolish Notion, she was likely to stand the brunt of it. *Philadelphia* stood amazed, and tells them, that she had seen *Emilia* receiving a Billet from the E. of *A---n* and that standing just behind her, she could read both the Letter, and her Answer to it. Yes, you have read very well, said the Governess, witness what has pass'd just now. Whilst they were disputing the matter, in comes *Emilia*, having just then left the Duke of *Monmouth*, who having related to her in what manner he had imposed upon the E. of *A--n* they had diverted themselves to his Cost, but she little thought of the Reception she was to meet with from the enraged Governess. They no sooner saw her enter the Room, but both took hold of her Arms, asking her three or four times very abruptly, where she had been, and from whence she came? *Emilia* was much surprized, imagining she had been over-heard, she blush'd, and her Eyes were fixed on the Ground; at last, after having paused a while, to consider what she should say, she answered, From the Princess—They reply'd,

reply'd, she must tell them who was there besides, and what had pass'd there, or else they would immediately go to find out the Truth. Seeing her self touch'd to the quick by these home Questions, she told them briefly, That Thanks to God, there was no such thing as an Inquisition in *England*, and therefore she did not think fit to answer all their ensnaring Questions, and if they had a mind to know what pass'd at the Princess—their best way was to go thither to be inform'd. This haughty Answer, given by a young Woman to the before exasperated Governess, was follow'd by a severe Reprimand from them, who told her, they would give an Account of her Behaviour to the Dutcheſs of—But *Emilia* knowing her at that time not to be in a Condition of hearkning to such like matters, stood it out couragiously, and she was not in the wrong of it, for had she appear'd more mild, it might have been interpreted by her Enemies, to her Disadvantage.

In the mean while, my Lady——— had the worst Night of it she ever saw in her Days; she was a Person of Honour and Wit; she knew her self betray'd by a Person whom she was not able to hate, and yet was reduc'd to such a *Nonplus*, as to be oblig'd either to break off with him for ever, or to submit to fresh Pains and Sufferings

every Day. O unseasonable Curiosities, cry'd she, what could I pretend to by disguising my self under the Shape of Emilia? Ought not I first to have consulted my own Heart, before I undertook to convince this ungrateful Man of his Infidelity? I should have been sensible of all my Frailty. This would have been a sure way to prevent me from making those Steps to be satisfy'd of his Ingratitude. But now I am not in a Condition to act at my own Pleasure; he will look upon me no otherwise, than upon an irreconcilable Enemy, or as a Person against which he has too much Odds, to fear her, or perhaps he will be so indifferent, as not to come near me, or see me, unless it be to insult over me. Unto what a most cruel Extremity have I been reduc'd, by the Advice of the Duke of Monmouth? Alas! I had not Wit enough to penetrate into that Design, when I engaged to personate Emilia, he thereby secured himself a safe Meeting with her; and so those two Lovers, happy at my Expence, enjoy'd the benefit of what time I had prepared for them. This last Consideration rais'd in her Breast more anguish than all the rest, and not being able to brook her having been made the Bubble, she now thought of nothing less, than how to discover the whole Secret to the E. of A——n and to make him sensible, in what manner he had been impos'd upon. He is too much at his Ease, said she, I must not leave him thus at his quiet, and if not in regard to me, at least

I will raise in him a Jealousy against the Duke of Monmouth. All her Servants were gone to Bed, notwithstanding which she call'd one of her Women, and having order'd her to bring in Candles, she writ these Words :

At last, my Lord, you receive the same Treatment I did before. Emilia, your charming Emilia, is unfaithful; she was with the Duke of Monmouth at the same Moment you look'd for her in the Gallery; don't you deserve to be treated thus? You, I say, who by your Behaviour towards me make your self unworthy of meeting with better Treatment from others. She despised such a Conquest as yours, as much as it is despicable in it self; and, if she pretends to set any value upon it, it is only to enhance the price of the Sacrifice she is going to make of it to your Rival. Adieu, ungrateful Man, 'tis but reason you should enjoy no more Quietness this Night than I do, but with this difference, that I hope to pass, before it is long, my Time with more Tranquility than you. Send this Letter back by the Bearer.

The Letter being sealed up, she ordered one of her *Valets de Chambre* to give to the E. of A——n to have him awakened, and to deliver it to him. The Earl did not rest so quietly as my Lady———imagined, being taken up with ruminating upon this Adventure,

ture, not without conceiving some Jealousy against *Emilia*, which was strangely hightned by this Letter. He could not imagine what could move her to write at so late an Hour; the more when he considered the Subject of it; he read it over several times; he ruminated upon the matter, and appeared so distracted with Thoughts, that the *Valet de Chambre* of my Lady ——— (who had been order'd to observe narrowly his Behaviour) said, he could believe no otherwise, than that he had been the Bearer of some very bad News. He ask'd him several times whether he intended to send an Answer by him to his Mistress, and at last the Earl writ the following Words at the bottom of my Lady ——— Letter.

You are too charitable, Madam, in imparting to me the Treacheries acted against me. I scarce ever imagined you would have been willing to be my Confident, but since you have thought fit to be so, I am ready to trust you also with my Secrets, and assure you, that Emilia having thought fit to make me her Bubble, I am resolved to find out a way to punish her so severely, as may abundantly revenge your Quarrel; and perhaps, in the consequence of my Procedure, you will meet with some reason to pardon me, for what you so much complain of now.

Having given a strict charge to the *Valet*, to deliver the Billet into his Mistress's Hands, he abandon'd himself
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to the most melancholly Reflections that can well be imagined ; sometimes he would fain have call'd in question the truth of this Advice, and of the Person that sent it, since her Sincerity might be well suspected in a matter of this nature : But after all, he could not but believe it at last, even in spite of himself, and nothing being more natural, than to believe what we fear ; he would not have questioned the Truth, even if there had been less Probability in it than really there was. He actually loved *Emilia*, and had been beloved by her ; but the Sweets he had enjoy'd in her Conversation, now served only to render her Infidelity the more bitter, and insupportable. He was very haughty, discerning, and of a high Rank, and being sensible of his great Qualifications, they could not but inspire him with a most violent Resentment against his Mistress. On the other hand, considering that nothing but his Indifference to my Lady——could have brought upon him this Disgrace, he could not but reproach himself, for having abandon'd the finest Woman at Court, who treated him with so much Tenderness, and had preferred him before so many Rivals of the greatest Quality ; reflecting, I say, that after having thought himself beloved by two Ladies at once, and being closely put to it which to chuse, he now could not

make sure of either, distracted with these Thoughts, he did not shut his Eyes all the remaining part of the Night, till towards Morning, being then quite spent with Thoughts, as it happens, when People find themselves tormented with such-like Passions. It was very late, when he heard some body exchanging some Words with one of his *Valets de Chambre*, so he asked, who was there : The E. of S. *Albans* entering the Room, told him : I believe all your Servants have agreed to try my Patience ; I have spent near an Hour in coming to your Chamber-door, and in perswading them to open it for me, so I was going away just now. The E. of A——n having begg'd his Pardon for the Impertinency of his Servants, ask'd whether he could do him any Service. The E. of S. *Albans* seeing himself alone with him, I bring back to you, said he, a Letter, which you will be surprized to see in my Hands : Here-upon he produced the Letter, written by my Lady——to him, with his Answer at the bottom : What can this mean, cry'd the Earl of A——n, pray explain to me a Riddle, too intricate for me to unfold. I will tell you in a few Words, reply'd the Earl : About four Days ago, the King having received Information, that there was some Conspiracy set on foot in London, against the Government, and being willing to find

find out the bottom of it without much Noise, ordered the Guards to Watch; and to seize, without Distinction, all they should meet in the Night-time. My Lady———'s *Valet de Chambre* was already got a pretty way from your House, when being stopt, and searched, he begg'd heartily to have the Letter restor'd to him, but being without a Superscription, and therefore the more suspected, of containing some Secret of State, the poor Fellow was committed to Prison, and carry'd this Morning before the King. The Duke of *Monmouth* and I happening just then to be there, he ordered me to open the Letter, and to read out aloud the Contents thereof: He was not in the least surprized at your Correspondence with my Lady——— but was at your Change, and the Duke of *Monmouth*'s Passion for *Emilia*, but could not forbear laughing at the oddness of the Chance, which made this Letter fall into his Hands. He look'd upon the Duke of *Monmouth* with an Air, that discovered more of pleasantness than Anger; Well, said he to him, how long will you be unfaithful to your Wife? Do you never intend to fix your Love? Sir, replied the Duke, these are only slight Amusements, we take to ease our selves, after being tired with serious Matters. Truly, said the King, you have then abundance of serious

serious Business in your Head, because your Hand has such frequent occasion for Amusements. He being nettled and ashamed, you might have seen the Marks of his Anger in his Face; and drawing nearer, was going to take the Letter out of my Hand; but I fearing least his Spite against my Lady——might induce him to put it to an ill use, desired him to let me keep it, till I could restore it to herself. She does not deserve the Esteem you have for her, *said he*, so as that the King might understand him, and wear it only for Revenge-sake, you might not let slip so happy an Opportunity as this. The King fell a laughing again; and, *said he*, I am sure the E. of *S. Albans* has long ago sealed my Lady——'s Pardon, in respect to the preference she gave to the E. of *A——n* before him; for I know him to be very indulging to the Ladies, and he never cares to vex them. Your Majesty does me Justice, *reply'd I*, I own I extremely loved this Lady, and that if she had been pleased, she might have turn'd me which way she would, but I can't hate her, and the E. of *A——n* is too much my Friend, that I should not give way to him upon such an occasion as this. The Duke of *Monmouth* did not relish my Opinion. Here, *said he*, is a piece of Generosity, without Comparison; for my part, against whom my Lady——
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has spit her Venome, after I had made her a sharer in my Secrets, and since she has made such ill use of it, I am resolved to tell her, she is the most indiscreet, and the most malicious of all Women living. The King leaving his Closet, *added the Earl of S. Albans*, I made all the hast I could with the Letter, to let you know what had pass'd, for I don't question, but that the Duke of *Monmouth* is gone to harangue this poor afflicted Lady. Did ever you see such an unfortunate Accident, said the E. of *A—n*, when I reflect upon what prejudice she has conceived against me, I am confident she will accuse me as the Author of all the Mischief; and methinks I am already so sensible of the Violence of *Emilia*, that I need nothing more to add to my Vexation, My Lord, *continued he*, 'tis impossible to make you sensible of the Obligation I think I owe you, for what you have done upon this Account, when it was in your power to create me new Troubles, but you are convinced by the Letter it self, that I am no more your Rival. 'Tis a good while ago, *replied the E. of S. Albans*, since I have quitted that Pretension, I am at present in a Condition to see all what pass'd, without the least Disturbance. Would it please Heaven, *cryd the Earl of A—n* Would it please Heaven I could say so too in respect to *Emilia*. Whilst they were discoursing

discourſing the matter betwixt them, my Lady ———'s *Valet de Chambre* thought it the neareſt way to get his Liberty, to give notice to his Miſtreſs of what had happen'd, whilſt ſhe paſs'd every moment under moſt dreadful Apprehenſions, not knowing what to think of his long ſtay, eſpecially, after having ſent ſeveral Meſſengers to the E. of A——n to enquire after him, but could learn no more, than that he was gone from my Lords, immediately after he had received his Answer. Thus tormented with a thouſand different Inquietudes, ſhe had not reſted one minute; at laſt ſhe receives a Letter from her *Valet de Chambre*, containing an Account of the whole Adventure, and how the E. of A——n's Letter was taken from him. Good God! what an addition of Miſery proved this diſmal News to the poor, my Lady ——— to ſee her Letter expoſed to others, and perhaps fallen into the Hands of her Enemies whereof handſome Ladies have not a few. She conſidered, that the Duke of *Monmouth* diſobliged, *Emilia* expoſed, and the E. of A——n treated worſe than all the reſt. She knew not what to do, or on what ſide the Storm was like to break out firſt, when word was brought, that the Duke of *Monmouth* was come to pay her a Viſit. He had parted with her the Night before, with uncommon Demonſtration of
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of Friendship, and shewn himself so far concerned in her Troubles conceived at her Encounter with the E. of A——n and the Governesses, that it was no great matter of wonder, if he came to know how she had done the last Night; but her Heart foreboded nothing that relish'd of Peace or Tranquility. She was pondering with herself what to say to the Duke in case he had heard any thing of her Letter; and so neglecting to give Orders for his being admitted into her Chamber, the Duke, impatient of Delays, enters abruptly, and by the Looks he gave her, sufficiently discovered the Sentiments of his Heart. He was just going to speak, when she interrupting him, Oh! my Lord, *said she*, come finish the Work, in quite overwhelming me with Grief; come reproach me with my Frailty, come pour out all your injurious Expressions against me; I deserve your Wrath, and have no other Arms left to defend my self against them, than a sincere Confession of my Faults. When you commit such indiscreet Actions, *said the Duke to her*, when you take delight in ruining a young Lady of Quallity, and that for no other Crime, in respect to you, than to be liked by the E. of A——n what can you expect from those Persons who profess themselves her Friends? I expect nothing less than their utmost Anger,

reply'd

reply'd my Lady——— and I am ready to submit to every thing, without Complaint, without looking for Revenge. But if after all, the Fault I committed in disclosing your Secret, may admit of some Excuse, put your self in my place, and reflect, what a Woman is, enraged with Spite and Envy. Remember, 'tis hard to preserve your Reason, when you lose all you love, and that I had no better way of being revenged of the Earl. If after this, my Lord, you don't think me sufficiently unhappy, add to my Affliction, by the most cruel Torments you can invent. She appear'd so much afflicted at these Words, and so fair in his Eyes, that the Duke, who before had had some Inclinations of her Love (to which he was scarce able to resist) could not find in his Heart, to give her any further occasion of Trouble. The Condition you are in at present, Madam, *said he*, is a sufficient Revenge to me, and I should upbraid my self, should I add new occasion of Inquietude to your Troubles, but at least, assist me in repairing the Evil you have created your self. If it be not too late, *reply'd she*, there is nothing I would not do; but pray thus far satisfy my Curiosity, as to tell me how you came acquainted with the News of this Letter. The Duke of *Monmouth* seem'd surpriz'd, and told her, Has not the E.
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of *S. Albans* given you already an Account of it? Good God! cry'd *she*, who is it you name? Is it possible, that he, among the rest, has been acquainted with my Frailties? The Duke then told her all that happened before the King; and that the E. of *S. Albans* had undertaken to deliver the Letter to her; at these Words *she* appear'd more surprized than ever; *she* very well remembered what indifferent an Entertainment *she* had given to that Lord, and *she* could scarce believe, but that he would revenge his Quarrel. How came it to pass, said *she*, looking very melancholly upon the Duke, you would leave my Letter in his Hands? Is this the act of a Friend? How, Madam, said *he*, would you have me be your Friend? I swear to you, I was so far from taking your part, that I would have ruin'd you upon the Spot, and that if the Letter had come into my Hands, I would have posted it up. You could have done nothing better to please *Emilia*, said *she*, with a great deal of seeming Moderation, but such as proceeded more from a pretence of Prudence, than from her Inclinations. I could have been contented, reply'd the Duke, to have ruin'd *Emilia*, provided I could have involved you in her Ruin; and when I reflect in what manner I was betray'd by you, it is impossible for me to pardon it. Let us not talk of
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that any more, my Lord, *said she*, giving him her Hand, which he took and kiss'd (with an eagerness far different from the Sentiments of an irreconcilable Enemy) I must endeavour to make you amends, by some good Offices. Alas! Madam, *said he*, looking upon her with a most tender Eye, Don't look for an Opportunity of doing that any where else, but with your self, since it is easy to be met with there: I have lov'd you for a considerable time; you have always appeared in my Eyes, one of the most lovely Women in the World; and if I did not make my Addresses to you sooner, it was because I understood, that the E. of *A——n* had got so firm Footing there already, that I thought it impossible to supplant him; but since you have found him unfaithful, leave him to his corrupted Palate, and let us make Peace together. My Lady ——— was not of so severe a Temper, as to be angry with the Duke of *Monmouth* for this Declaration of Love, whereby she might have an Opportunity of being revenged of *Emilia*; but judging rightly, she ought not to take every thing for Truth, which seem'd to be spoke to her only by chance, she thought it best to give a turn of a Jest to what the Duke had propos'd to her in earnest, and to break off the Discourse, she ask'd, where the E. of *S. Albans* could

could be all this while with her Letter: He is questionless, *reply'd the Duke*, with the E. of A——n for of late they are most intimate Friends. I know the reason of it, *said she*, and if we have nothing else to talk of, I can tell it you. The Duke, without giving her any Answer, desired her only to go to the Dutchess of——— and to give notice to *Emilia* of what had happen'd. A fine Commission indeed, *reply'd she*, would you have me go to tell her what I have done against her? I have no other way to let her understand it, *said the Duke*, interrupting her; and it is no more than an act of Justice, that after having dealt so ill with her, you should do her a small good turn: But, *reply'd she*, do you suppose she will put the least Confidence in me? I will write a Letter to her, and you may talk with her alone. And with what an Eye would you have me look upon the Governess, continued my Lady —— after having felt the Blows of her Catoches; Don't look upon her at all, *said the Duke*, you are so much above her, that you are not obliged to all the strict Rules of Civility with her Civilities, *said my Lady* —— in an angry Tone, and her Colour rising in her Face, I suppose I shall pay her none; she may be glad if I see her without scoffing at her. The Duke burst out a laughing, and she asking him how he
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could laugh at things which had try'd her Patience to the highest Degree. To tell you the truth, said he to her, I can't think of that Combat wherein I saw you engaged last Night with the two old Matrons, and how nettled you were, when I saw you, without laughing heartily. Truly, said she, with a sorrowful Air, it was a pleasant Sight, and considering you propose to persuade me, that you have a peculiar Esteem for me, you take the right way for it. The Duke blush'd at this Check given him, excusing the matter with the Oddness of the thing, and wishing it had happen'd to any body else but her self. He then went into the Closet, and writ the following Letter to Emilia.

There are too many Confidants of my Passion for you; what I now write, is brought to you by the Hands of a Lady, who may be suspected by you; but she has given me her Word to serve us, and it is no more than what she ought to do; after all the ill Offices she has endeavour'd to do us; you will know by her all that happen'd, which renders me almost inconsolable; if you encrease my Pain, by giving fresh occasion of Trouble, you are the most cruel Woman in the World.

He pray'd my Lady—— to make all the haste she could to go to S. James's, she said she would, and so they parted very good Friends. However, as she was going

going thither, she would needs call at the E. of A———n in hopes to meet there with the E. of S. *Albans*, and finding his Footman at the Door with his Coach, she sent in word, she had a mind to speak with him for one Minute, and that she would stay for him in the Mall. It being a considerable time since they had spoke to one another, he could not imagine what it was she came about; there being but little likelihood she should already have got Intelligence of what had happen'd with her Letter, the King and the Duke of *Monmouth* being the only Persons who could give her notice of it; the King did not concern himself so far in the matter, and the Duke hated her too much to give himself that trouble. He sent her word he would not fail to meet her in the Mall, and turning towards the E. of A———n, is not this, said he, a fine Invention to create a Jealousy in you? She is not so fond of me, reply'd he with a modest Air, to take so much Pains for me, she knows well enough what she is adoin: Truly, reply'd the E. of S. *Albans*, I don't value her, and if she intended to bugbear you, she must have cast her Eyes upon one whose Deserts might give you some Umbrage, but such an old Spark as I, is good for nothing. I engage, said the E. of A———n that this moment she thinks of neither of us,

'tis her Letter that takes up her Thoughts. Questionless, the Duke of *Monmouth* being quite out of his Wits about it, has told the whole Story to some, who have given her an account of it again; were it not for the share *Emilia* has in this Adventure, I would agree with you, reply'd the E. of *S. Albans*, but he will certainly take care of her Reputation. Oh! said the E. of *A——n*, how little are you acquainted with his Temper, you will find, he will follow only his cholerick Humour, and do all the Mischief himself, that is to be done. You shall soon know, said the E. of *S. Albans*, for I am just going to my Lady——.

This Lady coming to the Dutchesse's first, and not seeing her, only enquired after her Health, and then going to the Apartment of the Ladies of Honour, the first Person she met with there, was the Deputy Governess, who made her a low Courtesy, but my Lady would not as much as vouchsafe her a Look, going further into the Room, she found *Emilia* talking with the Governess, and she supposing my Lady to have a mind to speak with *Emilia*, left her, and advanced not without some disturbance to meet and receive my Lady—— who without casting one Eye upon her, took *Emilia* by the Hand, telling her she wanted to speak with her in private. The Governess was of a haughty Temper,

Temper, and thinking she had taken too much from my Lady already, in offering her the first Civilities, without any returns on her side ; and considering that it was not to my Lady, but to *Emilia*, she intended to give the Blows with her Catoches in the late Nocturnal Combat, she judged she ought not take it so far amiss. Thus being well pleased, that by her Post she might challenge a pretence of revenging her self upon the Spot, she took *Emilia* by one hand, and then addressing her self to my Lady — This is not a fit place, said she, Madam, to talk in private ; you must not discourse with *Emilia* here, unless in my Presence. Not to talk to her, I will talk to her, reply'd my Lady, very haughtily ; and to make you the third Person in our Conversation, pray don't think of it. And I say, reply'd the Governess, pulling away *Emilia* with all her force, you shall not speak one word to her, unless I am by, whilst my Lady ——— fearing she should draw her away, pull'd with all her Strength by the other Arm. You understand your self so little, said she to the Governess, that I am not much surpris'd at your Impertinencies, and were you worth my Anger I ——— The Governess interrupting her, gave her as haughty an Answer, whilst both pull'd poor *Emilia* by the Arms, no otherwise than if they intended to pull

her to pieces. The Noise they made having brought *Philadelphia* out of an adjacent Closet, where she then was, she did all she could to appease the Quarrel, but being a Person of no sufficient Authority, she lost her Labour, and they made as much noise as ever. Just then the Countess of—— who was going to pay a Visit to the Dutchess of—— happening to pass by the Apartment of the Ladies of Honour, thought no less than that they were going to strangle one another, so in she went, and to her no small surprise, found my Lady—— and the Governess, still at the pulling Sport: Oh, dear Madam, cry'd *Emilia*, pray make Peace betwixt these Ladies, and deliver me out of their Hands, for I know not what to do. The Presence of the Countess of—— somewhat allay'd their Fury, but it was a good while before she was able to learn the subject of the Quarrel, because they were all three speaking at once; but the Countess shewing a great deal of Patience, in letting them spend their first Fury, (whereof few are Masters upon such like Occasions) she gave them a favourable Ear one after another. She blamed my Lady—— for not having repay'd the common Civilities to the Governess, (for she knew nothing of their first Engagement in the Gallery,) this being a secret Article they did not think

think fit to mention in the Treaty of Peace. Afterwards she check'd the the Governess, for her pretended Circumspection, in attempting to prevent a Person of my Lady——'s Qualities, from discoursing a Lady of Honour of the Dutches of —— and decided the matter thus far in favour of my Lady, that she ought to talk all alone with *Emilia*.

Hereupon they went immediately into the same Closet, from whence *Philadelphia* was come just before; but this being done in a fright, occasioned by the noise she heard in the next Room, she had left behind her, unseal'd, out of haste, a Billet she had begun to write to the Duke of *Monmouth*, and *Emilia* being the first who cast her Eyes upon it, she read these following Words:

Cure your self of your Passion for Emilia; she is indeed lovely, but unfaithful, and you were not made to be imposed upon. If you will throw off her Fetters, and are inclined to embrace others, a certain young Lady, no less deserving than her self, makes you a tender of hers, and Love will shew you the secret of making them not very heavy. But--

Can any thing be more irregular than the Conduct of *Philadelphia*? cry'd *Emilia*. See, Madam, pray see, what a fine Declaration of Love she has made. My Lady —— having perused the

Billet with no little surprize, said, Upon whom has she fix'd her Choice. I know not answered *Emilia*, but it always seem'd to me, as if the E. of *A——n* was not indifferent to her: And to me, reply'd my Lady ——— it always appear'd as if she had a particular Kindness for the Duke of *Monmouth*. *Emilia* folded up the Letter, and without saying one Word more, was agoing to put it into her Pocket; I can't allow of that, said my Lady ——— snatching it from her, you must not keep in your Hands a Letter, which enables you to hurt *Philadelphia*: You are her Rival, and desire of Revenge may prompt you to do something, which you your self could perhaps be sorry for at another time: There is no reason, reply'd *Emilia*, you should take this Letter from me, and keep it your self; for perhaps you have as much reason to hate her as my self: however, Madam, I owe you too much respect to dispute any thing with you.

Good God, said my Lady ——— interrupting her, what makes us trifle away our time thus, when I am come hither to talk with you about Matters of much greater Moment to us, and to make you my Confident; I have a Letter for you, wherein you will be satisfy'd you ought to consider me as your Friend. She then put her Hand into her Pocket, intending to pull it out, but could not find it; she searched every

every where but in vain. What will the Duke of *Monmouth* think of me, cry'd she, with a mournful Countenance, considering what has happen'd already, he will think no less, than that I have betray'd him; they both join'd in their Lamentations. At last, pray Madam, said *Emilia*, tell me at least, what it is you were to relate to me. No, reply'd my Lady——I can say nothing without the Billet the Duke gave me; I have not Strength to speak under such continual Vexations; that very Moment *Philadelphia* came into the Closet with an Air, which sufficiently shew'd, that by this time she had remembred her Letter; but durst not demand it, for fear of being ask'd some Questions she did not care to answer, by her, that had taken it; she look'd upon them both one after another, as if she intended to guess at their Thoughts by their Eyes: But they being upon their Guard, she could not discover any thing. However, there being a necessity of not parting without settling the matter: Come, said she, let a good Understanding be re-establish'd betwixt us; you have my Letter, and I have found yours; I am willing to restore yours, provided you will give me back mine: The match is not equal, reply'd *Emilia*, abruptly, you are not mentioned in the Billet that is in your Hands, but in that which we have, are very diso-

disobliging Expressions against me. I would fain know what reason you have for so doing, and whether you have in this acted the part of a Friend, and of a Companion. Yes, reply'd *Philadelphia*, every thing is permitted, when one loves, and would make ones self to be beloved again. Don't quarrel with me upon that point, you have two Lovers: One is too much, and if I had robb'd you of him, I am not obliged to make you Restitution.

My Lady ——— who was overjoy'd at the Sight of the Duke of *Monmouth's* Letter, and unwilling to see these young Ladies enter into any further Dispute, restored the Letter to *Philadelphia*. Madam, cry'd *Emilia*, must not I know unto whom this Letter was written. No, you shall never know it, reply'd *Philadelphia*; but let this be your Comfort, that if you are ignorant of the Name of my Lover, you are fully satisfy'd, at least, in that of your Rival, and so she left the Room. *Emilia* fetching a deep Sigh, which way soever I look, said she, I see nothing but Rivals; and even you, Madam, are one of the most dangerous among them. Oh, don't lay that at my Door, said my Lady ——— giving her the Duke of *Monmouth's* Letter. 'Tis you that I am beholding to for a thousand Evils; 'tis you that have robb'd me of a Heart, without which I am not able to live,
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Are you not very cruel, thus to disturb my Repose? *Emilia* was too impatient to peruse the Duke's Letter, to return an Answer to the Complaints of this Lady; But having read the Letter, she begg'd her to give her an Account of what had happen'd, which my Lady ————did, but not without much Disturbance and Reluctancy; what she had writ to the E. of A———n, did so nearly affect *Emilia*, and the consequence thereof (the whole being come to the King's and E. of S. *Alban's* Ears) proved so troublesome that with all the Wit she had, (tho' she was Mistress of a considerable share) she could not give it a tolerable handsome Turn. *Emilia* cry'd most bitterly, and in spite of all the Caresses, and asking of Pardon of my Lady, remain'd inconsolable. No, said *Emilia*, I can't comprehend, what should move the Duke of *Monmouth* to make you the Messenger to me of the Misfortunes whereof you your self have been the Author, when at the same time I knew not how to obviate them. He was forc'd to press me very hard before he could engage me to undertake this Errand, reply'd my Lady ————and to confess to you the real Truth, I would have been very glad to have been excused; For, having been the occasion of Discontent to you, I was not very willing to own it to you. I am apt to believe, said *Emilia*, this is the

the only thing that troubles you, for as for the matter it self, you are not sorry for it. My Lady, touch'd to the quick with these Words, and believing that her present Condescension, together with the Disgrace she had received from the Governels, deserv'd rather some Acknowledgment from *Emilia*, she was so enraged thereat, that she could not forbear to break out into bitter Reproaches and Threats. You are a little ingrateful! cry'd she, you are unworthy of the Intelligence I have given you concerning your ill Conduct; 'tis that that will prove your Ruin, and 'tis in vain I see, to pretend to prevent it: As for me, who foresee your Destiny, I will for the future hasten it; I will make your Nocturnal Appointment with the Duke, publick, and I will represent it in such natural Colours, that every one shall say, the Picture is done to the Life. And so, Madam, said *Emilia*, flush'd with Spite and Anger, I will set you out, according to your Deserts: If you go about to bring upon the Stage my Frailties, I can tell some of yours of an older Date, and you may be sure I will tell the Story from the beginning to the end. My Lady ——— highly exasperated at these Threatning Expressions, cast most furious Looks upon *Emilia*, and fully recalling to mind all the Sufferings she had undergone, ever since the E. of A ——— had

had been in love with this young Woman, she laid hold of an Ink-Glass full of Ink, which *Philadelphia* had made use of just before, when she writ to the Duke of *Monmouth*, and threw it into *Emilia*'s Face, and then left the Room with a quick Pace, to avoid the consequence of such a violent Action, which would in all probability have ended in a Combat with *Emilia*. This young Lady left thus almost in Despair, cry'd more for Rage than Vexation; she durst not appear in the Apartment of the Ladies of Honour, for fear of being ridiculed. But soon changing her Thoughts, began to consider of matters of greater Consequence, viz. how to appease the E. of *A———n*, about her meeting the Duke of *Monmouth*; And she was so much taken up with these Considerations, that she forgot to wipe off the Ink from her Face.

So soon as the E. of *S. Albans* went away from the E. of *A———n*, he arose out of his Bed, to study Revenge against an unfaithful Mistress, and a happy Rival. He took Coach, and as yet unresolved what to do, went to the Park. The first Person he met with, being the E. of *S. Albans*, he made up towards him, but being told he stay'd for my Lady———he went off immediately, and meeting with some of his Acquaintance, they found him in such a Confusion, that they thought it best to

to leave him to his own Thoughts. The better to avoid all manner of Company, he retired to a By-place, where he could see the Closet-Windows from whence he had often had an Interview with *Emilia*.

The Sight thereof recalling to his Mind, both his Love and his Indignation, and the last being then the predominant Passion, he resolved to break off quite with a young Woman, who made him a Sacrifice to the Duke of *Monmouth*, and what most of all vexed him was, that this Sacrifice had been exposed to the King. With this Resolution away he goes to the Dutches's of——and entering straight the Apartment of the Ladies of Honour, he found no body there but their Waiting-Women. He ask'd where their Mistresses were, and being told *Emilia* was in the Closet, he went in abruptly. But how stood he amazed? What variety of Thoughts distracted his Mind, when he saw her Face black, like a Black-Moors, and her Eyes overflow'd with Tears? He look'd upon her like one Thunder-struck, without uttering one Word. She now remembering the Ink on her Face, and consequently the cause of his Silence, judg'd this to be a happy Moment to redress her Credit. She being a young Lady of great Presence of Mind, and of a quick Apprehension, who are those tattling Fools,

Fools, said she, that have told you my Resolution of putting an end to my Life? Why do you come here, to divert me from so good a Design? No, no, my Lord, I can't out-live the ill Impressions my Enemies have made upon you concerning my late Conduct. I have as you see, begun to disfigure this unfortunate Beauty, which is the cause of your Jealousy, and am resolved to finish what remains as yet undone. If in any other Country but *England*, a Woman should be heard to talk at that rate, it would be look'd upon only as an effect of a freakish Passion; but you must observe, that there they are more positive in such like Resolutions, and sometimes out-do even the Hero's of the ancient Romances.

The E. of *A———n*, reflecting upon what *Emilia* had told him, and touched to the very Heart, look'd upon her with Eyes that spoke more of Love than of Hatred. *Emilia, Emilia*, said he, sighing, 'tis not your Death that can justify your Heart to me, but it is your Conduct must do it: Had not the Duke of *Monmouth* obtained from you a Meeting, which ought to have been reserved for me alone, I should be less unhappy, and your Virtue less exposed. I have nothing to upbraid myself with, reply'd she, unless it be to have loved in your self, an ungrateful and jealous Lover, who is apt to receive

receive the worst of Impressions against me, let me be never so innocent. 'Tis true, I was in the Room with the Duke of *Monmouth*, but it is no less true also, that I expected to have met you there. He did get your Letter into his Hands, he counterfeited your Writing: But what has he got by taking all this Pains, nothing but to see himself convinced of my Resolution and Constancy for you? He left me all in Despair, and I did imagine, you would have been the most satisfy'd Man in the World, after I should have told you the oddness of this Adventure. Alas! my Lord, instead of the expected Acknowledgement, I lose you, and with you my Honour and Reputation. She then sigh'd and cry'd, with such Violence, that she was not able to speak any longer; but she had said enough, to convince the E. of *A———* of her Tenderneſs and Fidelity. He threw himself at her Feet, he took hold of her Hands, and bedew'd them with his Tears: He ask'd her pardon, for having been seduced by Appearances, and enquired how her Face became so black. She told him she had broke the Ink-Bottle in her own Face. He was ready to run distracted, whereas any other but he would soon have observed, there were not the least Marks of Cuts or Wounds in her Face. But Lovers Eyes are insatuated.

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The Earl left *Emilia* so full of Love, that seeing the Earl of *S. Albans* walking with my Lady——in the Park, he would needs go unto them, and taking the Earl on one side, Take your Share, my Lord, said he, in my Satisfaction, *Emilia* is Constant, I am satisfy'd she loves me for ever; The whole matter has been clear'd betwixt us, to the Confusion of our Enemies; She is the most virtuous and most tender young Lady in the Universe, I adore her, I am distracted for her, and am resolved never to believe any thing to her Disadvantage. Having spoken these Words, he went his way, without as much as looking upon my Lady—— and without standing for the Earls Answer. However, she had continued so near them, as to understand every Word he spoke, because he talk'd pretty loud, and if he had not, she had too near a Concern in the matter, not to listen to their Discourse with the utmost Attention. She was so much afflicted thereat, that the Earl of *S. Albans* might easily discover the Sentiments of her Heart, by the paleness of her Countenance. You are to be pity'd, Madam, said he to her, sighing, because you are in Love with a Man, who loves you no longer. Alas! said she, with a melancholly Voice, 'tis this that reduces me to Despair. I shall be in every Bodies Mouth; my Frailty, and the mean Figure

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figure I now make, will be the Subject of every Bodies Discourse. Madam, reply'd he, had you been in the Humour to accept of my Services, you would never have been expos'd to such cruel Inquietudes. My Heart acts the Volunteer, reply'd she, it consults nothing but its own Inclinations, it was beyond my power to regulate my Conduct, otherwise than I have done; pray pity me, but don't aggravate my Pain, by useless Reproaches. She was not in a Condition to say more, so returning to her Lodgings, she order'd her Servants to let no body come to speak with her, except the Duke of *Monmouth*, unto whom she was willing to give an Account of what had pass'd, and the Earl of *S. Albans* having restored the Letter to her, this proved in some measure an allay to her Pain.

The Duke of *Monmouth* coming soon after to pay her a Visit, she related to him the different Passages that had happen'd; but when she came to the Adventure of the Ink-Bottle, wherewith she had made a Mask for *Emilia*, he seem'd to be much concern'd thereat, and told her, he could not but dislike such violent Proceedings with a young Lady of Quality, and one whom she had much offended already in her Letter to the Earl of *A——n*, and for whom she knew he had a very tender Concern. But so soon as she told him

him what pass'd betwixt the Earl of *A———n*, and the Earl of *S. Albans*, he turn'd his Anger another way ; and told her, he now hated her, as much as he loved her before. He made my Lady *———* repeat to him several times, what she had related before, and was overjoy'd to try if he could pick out some seeming Contradictions, which might raise in him some doubt of the Truth of the Relation. He wished it might be a piece of her own inventing, but saw her remain stedfast in vouching the matter : At last, he resolv'd to go to the Earl of *S. Albans*, in order to be satisfy'd in what he had been told by the Earl of *A———n*.

Just as he was coming out of my Lady *———*'s Lodgings, he espy'd one of the Earl's Footmen, and asking where his Master was, he was told at Prince *R———* The Duke hereupon order'd his Coachman to drive thither with all possible speed, and he, willing to obey his Master, drove so hastily, that he overturn'd the Coach, but the Duke got no harm, except some slight Contusions. Several Persons of Quality that happen'd to pass by at the same time, alighted out of their Coaches, to pay their Compliments, which being returned by him, he went straitways to the Prince, and sent in to desire the Earl of *S. Albans* to come down to him ; but one of the Prince's Gentlemen came down

to tell him from his Master, he was come down Stairs to speak with him.

The Duke did alight, but not without some Reluctancy, all his Thoughts running upon what my Lady—— had told him, so that he was scarce fit for any other Entertainment at that Juncture. He was conducted into the little Apartment of the Prince, whither he commonly used to retire with his best Friends; he was then a little out of Order by a Bruise he had received lately; the Earl of S. *Albans* kept him Company, and there was a Seaman of *Provence* discoursing with them. The Duke of *Monmouth*, after having saluted the Prince, ask'd him whether he had any thing to command him: I wish, said he, you would join your Interest with mine, in recommending this Seaman to Captain *David*, to entertain him aboard his Yatch. The Seaman also addressed himself to the Duke, but in such a Jargon Dialect, that he could scarce understand what he meant. However, without enquiring any further into his Qualifications, and what might induce the Prince to desire his Recommendation, knowing, that his Authority over Captain *David* was such, as not to fear a Denial, he began to write his Letter; Whilst he was writing, the Seaman clapt him upon the Shoulder, telling him, he should not forget to mention in his Letter, that he was a Native of *Provence*;
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within two Minutes he gave him another Clap upon the Shoulder, telling him, he understood his Business very well. The Duke seem'd somewhat surpriz'd at his Boldness: But soon after he gave him another sound one, worth all the rest, desiring him to put something or other in his Letter. The Duke began to be angry, and rising hastily from his Chair, and looking backwards, were it not for the Respect I owe to the Prince, said he to him, I would teach thee how to be so familiar with me. He had no sooner spoke these Words, but the Seaman laugh'd in his Face, as loud as he could, and the Prince did the same. The Duke now beginning to guess, there must be some Mystery in the case, look'd attentively upon the Seaman, and soon knew him to be the Duke of *Buckingham*. They embraced like two dear Friends, and notwithstanding the Duke of *Monmouth's* whole Mind was bent upon his amorous Intreagues at that time, he was very willing to know the reason of this strange Metamorphosis, which he desired he would relate to him.

I will tell it you in a few Words, reply'd the Duke of *Buckingham*. My Lord and I being agreed to join our Interest and Power in the Delivery of the Countess of ———, and that which of us should hear the first News of her, should communicate it to the other;

I set Watches about the House, to find out, if possible, where she was, whilst I kept at some distance, wrapt up in my Cloak ; But there I might have staid till now, had it not been for my Lord ——— His *Valet de Chambre*'s Wife nursed a Son of the Countesses ; it was by means of that Nurse she had written formerly to my Lord ——— when she was carry'd into *Pembrookshire*, and he endeavoured to meet her. As she could not go into *Holland* without some necessities (her Husband having resolved to carry her thither) he sent *Esther* to fetch what she desired, but attended by two Men-Servants, who had strict Orders given them, not to stir from her till they had brought her back to the place, where he lay conceal'd with his Lady, being at a great distance from his own. Accordingly, *Esther* pack'd up her Mistress's Baggage, and easily found means to speak to the Nurse, under pretence that she should assist her for better Dispatches sake. Whilst they were busy in so doing, without being overheard by any body, she took this Opportunity to tell her ; Go tell my Lord ———, it is no time to be angry with the Countess, but that he must leave no Stone unturn'd to prevent her being carry'd into *Holland* : My Lord being resolved to embark with her aboard the Yatch, the King intends to send to the *Hague* to the Duke of
Newburg.

Newburg. *Esther* came back soon after to the Countess, and the Nurse acquitted her self of her Commission with much Dexterity. My Lord found me out immediately, and we bestow'd a great part of the Night in Consultations, what was best to be done. When we reflected upon the Earl's Quality, and the Lady's Reputation, which we were more tender of, than she has been of late her self, we could not determine to proceed to any violent Resolutions. But I came this Morning to the Prince, and told him what a *dilemma* I lay under; He knowing me to have a peculiar Talent at disguising my self, advised I——'Tis true, said the Prince, interrupting him, you have such a peculiar Gift of contriving Masquerades, that I can't forbear to relate to the Duke of *Monmouth*, what happen'd betwixt you (during our civil Trouble) and *Ireton's* Wife, because it has in it something that is extraordinary diverting, but by reason of my Illness, I hope the Earl of *S. Albans*, who knows the whole Adventure better than my self, will ease me of that trouble; The Earl began thus:

The whole Kingdom was in a most terrible Cumbustion, and the King's Servants were persecuted in all Places. The Duke of *Buckingham* having taken up Arms, in Conjunction with the Earls

of *Holland* and *Peterborough*, they put themselves at the head of Five hundred Horse, in hopes that by their Zeal and Courage they might do something for the King's Service. They were engaged by Major *Gibbons*, near *Kingston*, where the Brother of the Duke of *Buckingham* lost his Life in the Flower of his Age, being a Person highly accomplished both in Body and Mind; His Death caused such a Consternation among his Party, that they retreated, tho' in very good Order, to *Kingston*. The next Day they marched out again to *S. Net*, where a second Engagement happening, the Duke of *Buckingham* did Wonders, and in the very prime of his Youth gave early Proofs of his Valour and Conduct, not inferiour to the bravest and most experienc'd Captain of his Age. Fortune had for a considerable time before, declared it self against us, and it seem'd, that to fight for a good Cause, was sufficient to have the worst of it. The Duke of *Buckingham* seeing himself reduced to this Extremity, retreated to *Lincoln*, with Sixty Horse only. The Earl of *Peterborough* saved himself by Flight in the *Netherlands*, and the Earl of *Holland*, with a great many Officers and Persons of Note, were taken Prisoners, besides what remained slain in the Field. The Enemy now having thought fit to treat them with Lenity, in order to engage them in their
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their Interest, or at least, not to bare Arms for the future, against what they stiled the Government. The Earl of *Holland* being first conducted to the Castle of *Warwick*, was afterwards confined to his own House; and they having some peculiar Respect for the Duke of *Buckingham*, he had his Pardon offer'd him, in regard especially of his youth, provided he would surrender in Fourteen Days, and acknowledge his Fault. This Offer proving no wise agreeable to a Person, who had an Aversion to, and despised those who thought they did him a signal piece of Service; he rejected it, persisting in his Resolution of doing the King what Service he could. But considering, that, if he continued in Arms, he should be soon overpower'd by the Enemies, and perhaps fall alive into their hands, he resolved to shelter himself in *London*, partly to shew his Intrepidity and Constancy, partly there to gain and encourage as many as he could to the King's Party.

At the same time, being resolved not to shut himself up in some private place or other (as another perhaps would have done) he caused himself to be made a *Jack-Pudding's* Coat, a little Hat, with a Fox's-Tail on it, and adorned with Cock's Fethers. Sometimes he appear'd in a Vizard Mask, sometimes he had his Face bedaub'd with Flower, sometimes with Lamb-black, according

according as the Fancy took him. He had a Stage erected at *Charing-Cross*, where he was attended by Violins and Puppet-Players. Every Day he brought forth new Ballads (of his own making) upon what pass'd in Town, wherein he himself often had a Share. These he sung before several thousands of Spectators, who came every Day to see and hear him. He also sold *Mithridate*, and his *Galbanum* Plaister, and thus pass'd away his Time in the greatest Security, in this great City, in the midst of his Enemies, whilst we were oblig'd to fly, and to conceal our selves in some Hole or other.

The Dutcheß of *Richmond* his Sister, was narrowly guarded at *White-Hall*, her Husband being then kept a Prisoner at *Windsor*. The Duke of *Buckingham* having got notice when she was to be carry'd thither, set up his Stage that Day, at a place where of necessity she must pass by (having something to say to her, which concerned their joint Interest) which when she did, he cry'd out to the Mob, he intended to give them a Song, made upon her and the Duke of *Buckingham*. The Mob stopt the Coach and the Dutcheß, the Guards being willing enough to comply, because they were glad to see her affronted. Nay, so outrageous were the Mob, that they forced the Dutcheß, who was then the handsomest Woman in *England*,
to

to sit in the Boot of the Coach, and to hear him sing all his impertinent Songs. Having left off singing, he told them, 'twas no more than reason he should present the Dutchesse some of the Songs, whereof she was the main Subject, and so he comes down from his Stage, loaden all over with Papers, and ridiculous little Pictures: Being just come to the Coach, he took off a black piece of Taffata, which he always wore over one of his Eyes, and then his Sister discovered immediately who he was, yet she had so much Presence of Mind, as not to give the least sign of Mistrust, nay, she gave him some opprobrious Language, but was very eager of snatching at the Papers he threw into her Coach, and among them a Packet of Letters, which she had no sooner got, but she went forward, the Duke at the head of the Mob attending, and hollowing her a good way out of the Town.

But in spite of all this Disguise, his Shape appear'd so exquisitely fine, and he danced on the Stage with so good a Grace, that *Cromwell's* Daughter (she who was married to *Ireton*, one of the most inveterate Enemies to the King) having espy'd him out of her Window upon the Stage, took such a liking to him, that she sent him word, she wanted to speak with him. He was not insensible what Hazard he run, and how difficult it would be to avoid being discovered;

vered; he remain'd uncertain for some time, whether he ought thus to deliver himself into the Hands of his Enemies, and resolv'd not to go. But after all, his Courage, which was always an Enemy to Fear, over-ballancing all other Reflections, he considered with himself, that, in case he could enter into an amorous Intreague with this Lady, he might by this means be let into all the Secrets of her Husband, without whose Advice *Cromwell* scarce undertook any thing of Moment. Upon this Consideration, blaming his Prudence, which he call'd unseasonable, he went the same Night to the Lady. He had changed his *Jack-Pudding's* Dress, for another very rich one, over which he wore a Cloak; and he had once a mind to have also taken of the Plaister; But met with a more kind Reception, than if he had had both his Eyes entire. She gave him such undeniable proofs of her Tendernefs, that he was fully satisfy'd he might without Danger tell her his Name: But found such an Aversion in himself to her Person, by reason of her Father, that she was almost insupportable to him, and consequently received her Careffes with so much Coldness, nay, even with Slight, as reduced her almost to Despair. At last, being urg'd for a considerable time to tell her the Reason, he told her boldly, he was a Jew, and by their Law forbidden not to

to love a Christian Woman. She stood amazed, that a Man, who by his Profession was to cheat all the World upon the Stage, should be so strait lac'd in his Conscience. As she of her self was not learned enough to confute his Assertion by Strength of Argument, she sent for a famous *Jewish* Rabbi, and promised him a good Reward. The Duke coming that Night to pay her a Visit, was not a little surprized, when he saw this old grave Fellow come into the Room, and to offer him, that he would easily remove this Scruple. The Duke being not so well versed in the *Talmuth*, as to enter into a Dispute with the Rabbi, had no other way left to get clear of the matter, than to beg two Days respite to consider of it. But now, fearing in good earnest to be discovered, he left *London*, and took his way to the *Downs*. Just before his departure, having an Inclination to let *Ireton's* Wife know unto what Tribe the Jew (she had loved so tenderly) belong'd, he sent her a Billet, written with that Vivacity of Wit, which you know is natural to him; I give you leave to guess at her Surprize, and whether she did not reproach her self a thousand times, for having betray'd the Secrets of her Family.

The Earl of *S. Albans* was ready to die with laughing at this Passage, unto which the Prince added several particulars,

ticulars, which the Earl had left out. The Duke of *Monmouth* reurn'd them Thanks for this most diverting Relation of the Duke of *Buckingham's* Adventure. I must confess, said the Duke of *Buckingham*, the Earl has represented every thing to the best Advantage, and given a most happy turn to an Adventure, which in it self is no more than a Trifle, he has been pleased to exaggerate every thing to my Praise, and tho' his favourable Sentiments for me are highly acceptable to me. I must after all frankly own, I never heard any thing with more impatience in my Life; and when I reflect, that this account has prevented my going away, I am ready to despair. I am fully resolved, said he to the Duke of *Monmouth*, to go in this Equipage you see me in, aboard the Yatch that is ready to sail for *Holland*; I will go aboard her in the Quality of a common Seaman, I will make my self known to the Countess, and will concert Measures with her, how to get her out of her Husband's Hands. He will not in the least mistrust me, and I may perhaps meet with a happy Opportunity, before our arrival at the *Briel*; and were it only for the pleasure of seeing her during the Voyage, this will sute much better with my Inclination, than to stay behind without her.

I never saw a more amorous Man in the World than you are, said the Earl of *S. Albans*, and I must accuse you of Ingratitude, because you have concealed from the Company, that it was I that furnished you with these fine Seamen's Cloaths, under the Disguise whereof you are to perform such gallant amorous Exploits. 'Tis true, said the Duke, were I not so eager to go, I would with a great deal of Pleasure make up Accounts with you, and acknowledge my Debts; But as the case stands now, I must either go immediately, or die upon the Spot this Minute. At this the Prince fell a laughing. Were you of about Eighteen Years of Age, said he, you ought to be excused, but at such an Age as ours, we should be Masters of a little more Moderation. You are free to say what you please, my Lord, answered the Duke, as to what concerns my self, I hold this for a sure Maxim, That it is easier to defend ones self against the Assaults of Love, than to prescribe certain Bounds, after one loves. Love being a Child, is an Enemy to these Rules of Wisdom, you would maliciously insinuate into me.

The Duke of *Monmouth* having in the mean while withdrawn himself with the Earl of *S. Albans*, into a spacious Dining-Room, called the *Room of Pleasure*, by reason of the fine Paintings that were to be seen there, and that
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the Prince used to entertain and feast his Mistresses in it. 'Tis certain, that all the remainder of this Day, the Duke of *Monmouth* was afflicted with the most heavy Inquietudes, after having received positive and most sincere Assurances from the Earl of *S. Albans*, concerning what the Earl of *A——n* had entrusted him with, in reference to *Emilia*. Now it was that the Duke thought himself all along in an Error, to believe she loved none but him. Oh! said he, the last is always the most happy with her, and how easie is a Man, who sets up for Constancy, made a Bubble off. He exclaim'd against the whole Sex in general, and bestow'd a Thousand Curses upon his Mistress in particular. Whilst he was bemoaning his Misfortunes, the Earl of *S. Albans* was very attentive in hearing a Canary-Bird sing; The Duke looking upon him for some time, without speaking one Word, Yes, said he, I could find in my Heart to kill you, you Canary-Bird, and all the World beside; for is it possible that so polite a Man as you are (supposing you were none of my Friend, as I don't suppose you are) is it possible, say I, you should not have so much Complaisance, as to bare a Share in my Affliction and Repentment. I have kept no Tears in reserve, reply'd the Earl smiling, having shed them all before on account of my own Misfortunes; and I have bought Love

Love at so dear a rate, that all your Pains taken together, can't stand in Competition with the least I have suffered. Oh! cry'd the Duke, you are ungrateful to complain; your Sufferings were recompenced by such secret Enjoyments, as can't be purchased at too high a price. I have seen the Draught of the old Court, and know every thing that pass'd, in respect to you, and have been concern'd in your behalf; but how well you deserve it, I judge by the most gracious Returns you are pleased to make me. The Earl burst out a laughing so loud, that being heard by the Prince, and the Duke of *Buckingham*, they begg'd them to return to their Conversation. But the Duke of *Monmouth* desired the Earl to ask his Excuse with the Prince, and so he was going down Stairs without saying any thing, except, that, in the Humour he was then in, he was good for nothing, except it were to kill *Emilia*. Now, I expect, return'd the Earl, you will turn the Destroyer of Human Race. 'Tis not above a moment ago when you were for killing even the poor Canary-Bird, it will prove a hard matter for one to escape your Fury. Adieu, said the Duke, you talk at Pleasure, have a care it may not be my turn another day.

He went away in great haste, but was scarce come to the bottom of the Stairs, when seeing the King come in, he

was obliged to conduct him up Stairs, and the Duke understanding that the King was coming, would fain have been gone. The Prince told him, that if he would go into his Closet, he might from thence go down a pair of back Stairs, to another Apartment; but when he came into the Closet, he could find no other Door there, than that, thro' which he came in; the Prince having contriv'd this Stratagem on purpose to make him to stay there till he could shew him to the King in his Seaman's Disguise.

The King came in laughing, follow'd only by the Duke of *Monmouth*. I am come, said he to the Prince, to tell you a very pleasant Story: You know, that since the discovery of the late Conspiracy, I sent Orders to the Sea-Ports, not to suffer any one to go beyond Seas, without a Pass, Sign'd by my own Hand. One of my Yachts being ready to set sail for *Holland*, whither I sent it to the Prince of *Newburg*, the Earl of—— with his Lady, (who appear'd extremely melancholly) would fain have embark'd aboard her; he desired the Captain to transport them to *Holland*, but he shewing some unwillingness, offers him a great Summ of Money. The Captain now beginning to suspect them, and thinking there was something more than ordinary in the matter, not only refuses them Passage, but also causes
him

him and his Wife to be seized, and is come to give me an Account of the matter. I give you leave to guess in what a Condition the poor jealous Husband is by this time. The Prince then asking the King what Resolution he had taken in that Affair? I have resolved, said he, to let them go where they will: His Countess is very handsome in my Eyes, but she shews not the least Acknowledgment of my Favours, nay, she has not thought it worth her while, to crave my Assistance, and so I will not intermeddle in the Business. The Duke of *Buckingham* overheard what the King said, and being now no more Master of his Passion, out of the Closet he comes, and throws himself at the King's Feet. The King looking upon him, but without knowing him, said, Friend, *what wouldst thou have?* The Duke, who had forgot his Disguise, and who used to be treated by the King in the same familiar way, reply'd, What I would have, Sir? Alas! can't you easily think of it, knowing, as you actually do, my Passion for the Countess of—I would you should restore her to me. To thee, cry'd the King, laughing, to thee, Friend. Yes Sir, to my self, reply'd the Duke, I will give you back all my Employments and other Favours, provided you will grant me this Request. Certainly the Man is out of his Senses, continued the King, he will give me

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back

back all his Offices and other Favours, and where are they? The Prince, the Duke of *Monmouth*, and the Earl of *S. Albans*, laugh'd heartily, and the Duke of *Buckingham* could not forbare to do the same, so soon as he began to think of his Disguise, and that the King did not know him. Then the Prince unfolded the Riddle to the King, who was extreemly pleased with it. Here is a Story, said he, which would scarce be pardonable in a very young Man; but to meet with it in your Person, certainly it is impossible. However, I intend to send to the Earl of——that I want to speak with him, and I will actually speak to him concerning his Wife, that she may meet with better Treatment from him for the future, because there is not one instance of such a severe Usage in the whole Court, besides this. But, Sir, said the Duke of *Buckingham*, are you likely to continue my Rival; for, I rather wish the Countess in *Holland*, than to have to do with you in that kind. Hitherto, said the King, I never saw you much disturbed upon that Account, and I am not unacquainted in some measure, with what Game you have play'd me; but let us now think of bringing back the Lady, and afterwards settle our Pretensions. He ordered the Earl of *S. Albans* to write immediately to the Earl of——in his Name, and the said Earl appearing accordingly

cordingly the same Night at *Whitehall*, the King spoke to him in so obliging a manner, and gave him such wholesome Advice, tending to his own Repose, and the maintaining of his Wife's Reputation, that any body else but himself would have embraced it.

The Duke of *Monmouth* was too much disturbed with Jealousy and Vexation to stay long at the Princes; but went thence to my Lady—She soon perceived by his Countenance, that he had been with the Earl of *S. Albans*, and that by him he had been fully convinced of what he would have been overjoy'd to remain in doubt of. Well, my Lord, said she to him, I suppose you will believe me another time; and will not suppose I frame Stories on purpose to impose upon *Emilia*, to withdraw you from your Engagements to her. And I think you must be not very well in your right Senses to dispence so patiently with all her Coqueteries. Oh! good God, Madam, said he to her, don't insult over my Misfortunes, you see I have more already than I am able to bear, and you are endeavouring to load me with new ones. You mistake me, reply'd she, you have no such great occasion to complain, as you imagine; a certain very amiable Person, loves you to such a degree; as may well make an amends for the Loss of *Emilia*. The Duke was not exempted

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from that Fault, incident to most People of his Age: He would not let slip the least Opportunity of Gallantry; he always entertain'd the predominant Passion in his Heart, but look'd upon the rest as Amusements, not to be neglected. He fancy'd that my Lady——was speaking in her own behalf; and that having taken a Pique against the Earl of A——n, she intended to make her Addresses to him, and judg'd it but reasonable she should thus make her self an amends for the disquiet occasioned by her Lover. This Reflection revived all his Vivacity of Mind; I am beloved, Madam, said he to her, and she that loves me is amiable. This is very happy for me; but methinks she was not much in the right to pitch upon so dangerous a Confident as you are. 'Twas by chance, and not her Inclination, that made me Mistress of this Secret, said my Lady——, and, because I won't let your Imagination rove too far to guess at it, I will tell you, it is *Philadelphia*, *Emilia's* Companion, with whom you always quarrel about her Languishments. The Duke stood surprized at this Name, and this News proved very agreeable to him. *Philadelphia* was handsome and young, her Deportment was more sedate, and not so unsettled as that of *Emilia's*, and extremely pleasing to the Duke; besides that, having always shown an Indifference

ency for all the World, the Duke was vain enough to flatter himself, that she preferr'd him before all the rest. He took particular care to know all what my Lady—knew of the matter, who communicated to him the whole Adventure of the Billet she left in the Closet. 'Tis possible, that without the Spite he then had conceived against *Emilia*, he would not have been sensible, in so eminent a degree, of the pleasure of being beloved by *Philadelphia*; But now he was so far from checking this new Passion, that he favoured and admitted it into his Heart, the sooner to cure that which he had had for an ungrateful Person.

He thank'd my Lady—for the good News she had brought him; and in the Evening went to the Dutcheſs of —, who was pretty well recovered by this time. Passing thro' the Guard-Chamber, he met *Emilia*, stopping a little, as if she had a mind to ſpeak to him; But the Duke pulling of his Hat with a careleſs Air, paſs'd by her without as much as caſting one Eye at her; Afterwards, eſpying *Philadelphia* in the Anti-chamber, he accoſted her in a moſt obliging and graceful manner, which had in it ſomething more than ordinary. *Emilia* was much ſurprized at the Duke's Deportment towards her; She could not but look upon this hard Uſage, as a very ſlender recompence for what

loss she had sustained by my Lady—— in her Reputation, and the Affront put upon her, when she threw the *Inck-Bottle* in her Face. She was certain she had nothing to reproach her self with for what she had told the Earl of *A——*, since it was done by the consent of the Duke of *Monmouth*, with an Intention to keep him on in Ignorance.

All these Reflections made him appear over burthen'd, with so much guilt in her Eyes, that she reproach'd her self a thousand times for her Frailties, she did not care to return into the Room, where she could expect to meet with nothing else but with fresh Vexation from the Duke, and fearing least her Dissatisfaction might discover it self in her Face, she chose rather to go to her Chamber, to afford a free Course to her Tears. In the mean while, *Philadelphia* was not a little ashamed of having discovered her Sentiments for the Duke of *Monmouth*, in the Letter found by my Lady——and *Emilia* in the Closet; sometimes she flatter'd her self, that my Lady—— guessing it might be for him, had not mention'd it; tho' in a moment after, she wish'd they had discovered it to him. She appear'd very pensive and disturbed, she durst not look upon him, and her Fear had rais'd her Colour in her Face, whilst she kept her Eyes fixt on the Ground. As she scarce return'd

turn'd an Answer to such indifferent Questions, as had nothing in them that could either puzzle or surprize her, he began to guess at the present Condition of her Heart, and rightly judging that he ought not to let slip so favourable a minute without improving it, he told her how far she had the Pre-eminency in her Heart, before *Emilia*, when several Ladies coming in, she entred into a Discourse with them to recover her self from that Surprize, which the Duke of *Monmouth's* Declaration had occasioned in her.

She returned to the Dutchess of——'s Apartment, the Duke follow'd her, and looking upon her with a most tender Air, she had so little Power of forbearing to return his Looks, that she herself was afraid she had discovered to the World a Secret, she intended to conceal to the utmost ; so that rather than to expose her self to this Mishap, she thought it best to retire. The Duke, who narrowly observed her, rightly guessing at the matter, resolved to follow her, and to tell her all the tender and obliging things in the World. After having staid a little while longer in the Dutchess of——'s Apartment, he went to that of the Ladies of Honour, and tho' few Men were suffered to come there, yet the Duke was not ty'd to all the ordinary Customs. He was surpriz'd when he came in, not to see
Philadelphia,

Philadelphia, but to meet with *Emilia*, her Eyes red, and her Cheeks overflown with Tears; she no sooner saw him, but arose from her Seat, and without speaking one word, went into her Closet, the Door whereof she was going to shut after her. But he accosting her at that minute, Do you imagine, said he, *Emilia*, I have not been sufficiently inform'd of what occasions of Complaint you have given me? Will you augment them by the addition of others, and by shewing me your Disdain, which, to speak the truth, becomes you but very ill. Your Reproaches, said she, might perhaps surprize me at another time, but don't at this Juncture, because I know you to be the most ungrateful of all Men; and I should be too happy, had I given you any real cause of Vexation; but my Dealings with you have been too full of Sincerity. I did sacrifice the Earl of *A——n* for you, I have born with Patience your Indiscretion, in giving my Lady—a share in my Secret; She has insulted over me, as if my Birth was inferiour to hers, and nothing but the Advantage she had got over me, by your Imprudence, could have made her take that Liberty. Sensible to the highest Degree of this Affront, as indeed I ought to be, I flatter'd my self you would endeavour to afford me some Consolation; I intended to tell you my Grief,

Grief, and to make you sensible of my Afflictions, when you happening to meet me, you look'd upon me with a haughty and proud Air, scarce to be express'd, and now you come to triumph over my Weakness and Pains I suffer for you. Her Reproaches and Tears, were undeniable Signs to the Duke, that she was touched to the Heart; for he still loved her, and *Philadelphia* had not as yet got so far Possession of his Heart, as to have been able to chase thence her Rival, in so little a time. May it please Heaven, said he, with a most tender and agreeable Look, may it please Heaven you give no matter of Satisfaction to any body else but my self: But the Earl of *A——n* thinks himself too happy for me to pretend to the same good Fortune. You love us by Turns, I was happy last Night, and so was he this Morning, and ——— don't go on in so disobliging a Discourse, cry'd she, ungrateful as you are, you will raise my Passion to the highest Pitch. Have you forgot already, that what I have said to the Earl, was done according to your Advice, after I frankly offered quite to break off with him; that you were afraid, this Rupture might make a Noise which might reach the Ears of the Dutches of ———, who being ignorant of our Correspondence, you conjur'd me to take this Method for your Quiet, and
that

that upon that score you would be more obliged to me, than upon any other Account whatever. But let us talk no more of it, continued she, falling down into her Chair, let us say no more of it. I would have you believe I betray and hate you, I would have you imagine every thing that may raise your Anger against me, I prefer your Aversion before your Tenderness, and before the Misfortune of pleasing you.

The Violence wherewith she uttered these Complaints and Reproaches, her Eyes burning with Anger, the Colour of her Face, her Youth and Beauty, all these I say, pleaded in her behalf, so that the Duke, now quite pierc'd thro' with Love, threw himself at her Feet: What did he not say to appease her? She seem'd not to hearken to his Protestations, which serving only to heighten his Passion, he declared he would either be Friends with *Emilia*, or die before he left her. At the same moment *Philadelphia* returning from the Apartment of the Princess——, entred the Room. She had all this while pleas'd her self with the secret Thoughts of the Duke of *Monmouth's* Affection. She thought her self already triumphant over a Heart, the Possession whereof was her only aim, she upbraided her self for having left so soon the Dutches of ——'s Apartment, whilst the Duke staid behind. But alas! alas! guess at her

her Surprize, when she saw the Duke at the Feet of her Rival. Never was such a Contest seen betwixt *Love*, *Jealousie*, and *Pride* ; she was in an Instant reduced from the highest pitch of Satisfaction, to the highest degree of Pain ; she look'd pale, she stood mute, and by her Silence and want of Motion, you would have taken her for nothing else but a Statue, had not her Eyes, which preserv'd still their natural Function, sufficiently discovered sometimes by their lively, sometimes by their languishing Motions, the different Passions and Agitations of her Soul : But all on a sudden, her Heart beginning to fail, she was ready to drop down, when the Duke, who drew nearer to her, catch'd her in his Arms.

O with what Pleasure undertook he this task ! He saw this lovely, young and handsome Lady, dying for Jealousy, whereof he was the Cause ; and now was so convinc'd in himself, that there was not the least room left to doubt, but that he was beloved to the highest degree. His Gratitude and former Inclinations being now join'd in these two Persons, both pleaded hard to give the preference to *Philadelphia* before *Emilia*, or at least he wish'd he could share his Heart betwixt them, without affording matter of Offence to either ; but a Mistress, who knows the Niceties of Love, will never be contented with such a
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sort of Partition. Whilst he was busied in giving all possible Assistance to this fair Lady, *Emilia* observed all their Actions, without vouchsafing to come near her Companion; for, looking upon her as a most dangerous Rival, she had conceived a most strong Aversion against her. Neither durst the Duke urge her to lend a helping Hand, for fear of disobliging, and affording fresh matter of Complaint to her, at a Juncture, when this last Contest was still fresh in Memory: However, at last, his Compassion prevailing above his Policy, Is it possible, said he, you should see *Philadelphia* in this Condition, and not think of some Remedy or other to recover her out of this Swoon? What would you have me to do, reply'd she, my Lord? You are a better Physician than I. At least, said he, you might throw a little cold Water in her Face. There is none here, answered *Emilia* with a grave and cold Air: You might go to fetch some, added the Duke, this being no more than an incumbent Duty, to be performed one to another. I owe her no Duty, said she, and you will find it difficult to perswade me to leave you together. The Duke, somewhat vexed at this Expression, Well, said he, since you refuse to give aid to *Philadelphia*, I shall apply a Remedy, such as Physicians like my self commonly make use of; and so gave her a hearty Kiss!

How

How ! before my Face, cry'd *Emilia*, endeavouring to pull *Philadelphia* out of the Duke's Arms. Yes, cruel Woman, said he, before your Face: What a blessed time have I on't, to be engaged with a Person that has so little Complaisance for me. They would have gone farther in reproaching one another, but that *Philadelphia*, being now come to herself again, and opening her Eyes, saw the Duke rubbing her Hands with some of the Queen of *Hungary's* Water. O, my Lord, said she, pushing him from her, let me alone I beseech you, all what comes from you, is like Poison to me, and so she turn'd another way, to avoid looking upon him.

The Duke being sensible the cause of her Anger proceeded from nothing else, but his lying at the Feet of *Emilia*, was surprized to find, she should imagine to have already got so firm a footing in his Heart, as to treat him in that manner as she did. He saw himself betwixt these two young Ladies, beloved by both, and upon the point of losing them out of Jealousy. He durst not discover too much of his Inclinations for *Philadelphia*; and yet being unwilling to appear indifferent, he was strangely divided in his Resolution; So that the height of his good Fortune at this Juncture, proved the worst of his Misfortune. Whilst he was considering of the most proper Methods to appease
both

both his Mistresses, they cast most furious Looks at one another, and their sullen Silence discovered something more violent in their Hearts, than all the injurious Words they could have made use of. The Duke looking upon this Conjunction, as the most terrible he ever yet saw in his Life, was under a perplexity what to say to one, without exasperating the other, he would fain have kept an even Hand betwixt them, being unwilling to part with either, but they had too much Sense, and were too nearly concerned in the matter, not to guess at his Thoughts; Their Vanity and Self-Interest would not suffer them to brook such a Partition. *Emilia*, who had been beloved first, did not suffer, but with the utmost Impatience, the Concern the Duke had shewn for her Rival, she was just upon the point of breaking out into the most bitter Reproaches commonly made use of by Lovers upon such like Occasions, when they understood the Governness was a coming towards their Apartment. Her Severity proved the most powerful Motive of Union betwixt these two Rivals, who now began to concert Measures how to divert the impending Storm. We are infallibly undone, cry'd they, my Lord, unless you take care of our Reputation. What would you have me do, said he; You must, reply'd *Emilia*, hide your self in
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the Closet, and we will take care to let you out privately, he consented, went in; They lock'd the Door and took out the Key.

The Governess came in immediately after, and finding her self somewhat out of order, would needs be undress'd, and sup in her own Room; and there being no Passage out of the Apartment of the Ladies of Honour, but thro' hers, *Philadelphia* and *Emilia* were equally concern'd at this Disappointment, and to add to their Dissatisfaction, she would needs walk after Supper in their Apartment; They were ready to die of Fear, lest the Duke should make the least Noise. In short, every Minute appear'd to them no less than an Age, and the Duke you may suppose, was not very fond of his Quarters, being to sup with my Lord Grey that Evening. Madam———was the only Daughter to the Earl of———Gentleman of the Bed-Chamber to the King, her Mother being a Lady of extraordinary Qualifications, and Lady of the Bed-Chamber to the Queen. This young Lady, wherein Youth and Beauty flourish'd in a most eminent degree, was beloved by all that saw her, and being of a very gay Disposition, she seldom us'd to frighten away her Lovers with her Looks. She had marry'd a certain Gentleman, much inferiour to her in Birth, and but of an indifferent Estate,

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which

which being done against her Father's Consent, he would not see her, nor suffer her to come into his House, but at the same time gave her a handsome Yearly Allowance, suitable to her Education. This lovely Lady, coming frequently to Court, the Duke of *Monmouth* fell in Love with her, and she gave a favourable Ear to his Addresses. The King's Favour, and his high Station, being things suitable to her Vanity, she was very ambitious to enter into an Engagement with him, which she did so effectually on her side, that she loved him more, than was consistent with her Repose. This Intreague has been broken off and revived several times. Perhaps I may give you some Particulars thereof hereafter.

But not to interrupt our former Relation, it will be sufficient to tell you, that she and the Governess of the Ladies of Honour of the Dutchess of — were most intimate Friends, and that they loved to sit up so late in the Night, that they often slept all the Day-time till Evening, in the Governess's Apartment; She told her she should not wonder at her being not very well, because they had not sat up together for these several Days last past; and that she was resolved not to stir out of her Room till six of the Clock the next Morning. The Governess readily accepted the Challenge, and told her she had

had too much Charity, not to be aiding in the Recovery of her Health, tho' with the loss of her own Repose; That indeed she found she wanted something, but had not Sagacity enough to guess, she wanted to pass a whole Night with her in Conversation, and that she had a thousand things to tell her. They began immediately to entertain one another with variety of Matters, whilst *Emilia* and *Philadelphia* were almost reduced to Despair, at this new Obstacle. The Duke of *Monmouth* overheard all they said, he hoped to get out of the Closet, so soon as the Governess was gone to Bed: Being without a Light, he could neither read nor write, and the Moon being not up as yet, the Darkness of the Night proved an additional encrease to his Vexation. They supp'd, and afterwards Madam—went along with the Governess into her Chamber, leaving *Emilia* and *Philadelphia* by themselves, every one sitting in their Chair, with their Eyes fix'd on the Ground, and without uttering one Word; *Emilia* standing upon her Punctilio's, would not be the first that would go into the Closet to the Duke, tho' they were both equally concerned, and never did two Rivals meet with such a Disappointment together. The Duke finding every thing very quiet, thought no otherwise than that they intended to game him, and let him stay all Night in

the Closet, he open'd the Door, and found them all in Silence, as if they did not think it worth their while to speak to him. They had commanded their Waiting-Woman not to come in, unless they were call'd, and they were in so deep a Study, that had it not been for the Noise the Duke made, they would questionless have continued in the same Posture all Night. Is it thus, said he, with a low Voice, you play your Game with me? And do you think I will stay longer in the Closet? If I must stay there for your sake, pray come in and keep me Company; or if you won't do so, find out a way to let me go, for this solitary Place does not agree with my Constitution. He spoke these Words with so haughty an Air, that they soon perceived he was very ill satisfy'd with his Quarters, each of them would willingly have spoken to him in private, but there needed no more to have set the whole House into Combustion; since she that had been left alone, would infallibly have given notice thereof to the Governess, let the Consequence be what it would, so neither of them answered one word; This made him tell them with some Passion, since they could think of no Expedient, he would find out one himself, and so moved towards the Door, as if he was going out, tho' in reality he design'd no such thing, for it was enough
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for him to know, that Madam — was in the Governess's Room, to stand upon his Guard, for fear of being seen by her.

The two young Ladies, frightned at his pretended Resolution, Oh! my Lord, cry'd they, you intend to ruin us out of Sport; and so *Emilia* push'd him back into the Closet, but too late; for the Door betwixt the Appartment of the young Ladies and that of the Governess, being half open, and the Moon being risen by this time, Madam — who happen'd to look that way, espy'd the Shadow of the Duke. She was not so deeply engaged in Discourse with the Governess, but that she found her self almost distracted with so surprizing a Sight; but being at this time Mistress of her Passion, she said nothing, but looking only once more towards the Apartment of the young Ladies, plainly discovered her unfaithful Lover. A thousand times she was in a mind to divulge it; a thousand confused Thoughts, and a thousand uncertain Resolutions presented themselves to her, she rejected sometimes one thing, and she approved the other, but without any stable Resolution; she feared to offend the Duke of *Monmouth*, in case she should catch him in his amorous Intreague; but in a moment after, she considered, that thereby he had rendred himself unworthy of her Respect. *Jealousy*

lousy entred into a close Combat with *Prudence*, and *Prudence* strugled hard to evercome *Jealousy*. Thus she remain'd for a considerable time, uncertain, what to do.

On the other hand, *Emilia* and *Philadelphia* seeing they must resolve to contrive a way to deliver the Duke out of his Prison, at last concluded, there was no other means to compass it, than to let him down in a great Basket or Hamper, with Ropes ty'd to it, out of the Window, whence they might let him slide down gently to the Ground. They were provided with Ropes, the Window being low, and looking into a solitary part of the Park, they were secure no Body would come that way so late in the Night, to be an Eye-Witness of the matter. They propos'd it to the Duke, as the only way they had left to help him out, and he readily accepted of it, not so much out of a desire of his engagement with my Lord *Gray*, as the uneasiness he lay under of being so near a Lady, unto whom he used to swear every Day, an inviolable Love; and betwixt two Mistresses, who, if they had follow'd the first Motions of what Spite and Rage they bore to one another, they would have kill'd one another before his Face. So, without more ado, he got into his Hamper, and in this little Machine began to move downward, with good hopes of Success,

had

had it not been for two unfortunate Accidents. The first was Madam—who being no longer able to contain her Jealousy within Bounds, went into the Apartment of the young Ladies, under pretence of having left her Fan, and not seeing him there, she moved towards the Clofet, the Door whereof being left open by a great piece of carelessness, she saw her Lover go down gently in the Hamper, without being perceived either by *Emilia* or *Philadelphia*. The Duke was no so careless as they, for his Eyes being continually upon the Window, when he saw that Lady appear there, he could have wished himself under Ground; so all his hopes was he should get down as fast as they could let him, and avoid seeing her for some Days. But at the same moment he perceived, that *Emilia* and *Philadelphia*, instead of letting him go down along the Wall, used their utmost Efforts, to pull him up again; but their Hands being too weak and soft to accomplish it, they left him hanging in the Air.

Being very ill pleased with the dangerous Station in the airy Region, he raised himself to see what was the matter; but his Curiosity afforded him sufficient matter of Surprize, when he saw the Earl of *A——n* walking just under the Window, and that he had had leisure enough to know him. 'Twas

this that moved *Emilia* and *Philadelphid*, not to let the Duke go lower, in hopes he would not stay there long: But what Lover would pass by the Apartment of his Mistress, whose Fidelity he has reason to suspect, without at least casting a Look that way; and even the most indifferent Person would have had Curiosity enough to observe a Hamper, coming out of a Window. The Duke's surprize to see the Earl of *A——* there, was not near so great as the Earls was, to find him in this Machine: Had this happen'd in any other place, but in the King's Court, the Earl would infallibly have demanded Satisfaction upon the Spot from his Rival: His ill Fortune had brought him thither at a very ill Hour; He was so highly satisfy'd in his happy Condition, he thought himself so entirely beloved by *Emilia*, that the better to devote himself absolutely to his endearing Thoughts, he had chosen the most shady and solitary part of the Garden, for his present Retirement. But as he was going out again, he was surpriz'd to find the Doors all lock'd up, except one, which commonly being kept open longer than the rest, he went out that way, and accidentally pass'd by in sight of *Emilia's* Chamber. But he pay'd dearly for this Adventure; To see a Rival come out thence at that time of the Night, so dangerous a Rival, accustomed to please the Ladies,

Ladies, and engage their Hearts. 'Tis no hard matter to guess, how his Heart stood affected at such a Sight. Neither was the Duke exempted from feeling the Effects of so odd an Accident, by reason of the presence of the Earl of *A——n*, whom he intended to supplant, and of Madam———, who he was afraid would not keep Silence, but discover an Intreague, which he would have kept secret above all things.

But let us say something of *Emilia*; guess at her Surprize, when she saw the Earl of *A——n* below, and Madam———behind her; her Imagination represented to her all the Discontents she was likely to suffer upon this Account; Shame on one, and Reproaches on the other side. The Duke's Ingratitude, for whom she was like to suffer so much, and the Satisfaction of *Philadelphia*: Underall these Reflections she remained so little Mistress of herself, that she let go the Rope where-with they held the Duke in the Air, and had not *Philadelphia* cry'd for Assistance from their common Rival, he had fall'n to the Ground, and the Earl of *A——n* would have had the Satisfaction to see him break his Neck just before his Face. But Madam———giving all the Assistance she could to her Lover, he got down very well; and what is most observable in this Scene, as something very peculiar, was, that
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all the Actors thereof were turn'd Mutes; whether it were that they had taken a firm Resolution to remain silent, for Reasons easily guess'd at, or whether Surprise, Spite and Jealousy had taken away the use of their Tongues, certain it is, no Body spoke a Word. The Earl of *A——n* kept at some distance, to avoid the Duke, the Sight whereof could not but put him into a great Rage, the Duke of *Monmouth* went a contrary way from the Earl, being somewhat ashamed, he should see him come down thus in a Hamper. Madam ———— flew out of the Closet like a Woman in Despair, without vouchsafing either to look upon or to enter into a Contest with the young Ladies she had so much reason to hate, and they let her go without speaking one Word to her.

The Earl of *A——n* got no sooner out of the Park, but he went home, but being disquieted in his Mind to the highest degree, could not stay long there; so he order'd his Coach to be got ready, and went to the Earl of St. *Albans*, not questioning but that he should find him fast asleep, it being then two a Clock in the Morning. He was so far from sleeping, that he was then disputing with the Duke of *Buckingham*; the Earl of *A——n* hearing them talk very loud, order'd his *Valet de Chambre* that attended him, not to knock at the door,

door, and he placing himself near it, knew his Uncle's Voice, and heard him give the following Answer to the Earl of *St. Albans*, No, my Lord, no, I will never pardon her as long as I live, the Ingratitude wherewith she repays my Love; you have been an Eye-witness of her Deportment, and of the Reception she gave me; to me, I say, who had done her such a signal piece of Service, in requesting the King to have her brought back to *London*; to me, I say, who run all Hazards, only to speak with her for one moment; you can't deny but that she is the most detestable of all Women. Have you not read, said the Earl of *St. Albans*, the Story of the Amours of King *Henry IV.* with the fair *Galriela d' Etreas*; yes, said the Duke, but I don't see how a thing that happen'd an Age ago, should bear a Comparison to what pass'd but last Night. I will tell you, continu'd the Earl; This great Monarch having disguised himself in a Peasant's Habit, to travel with the more security thro' a Country where the Enemy's Army lay encamped at that time, presented himself before his Mistress, dress'd in a coarse Canvas Jacket, with a Sack of Straw upon his Head, and wooden Shooes on his Feet; 'twas only to see her he took all this Pains, and run such Hazards; notwithstanding all this, never did an Act of Gallantry meet with less

less regard; she look'd upon him from one side, and would scarce vouchsafe to speak to him. This Adventure makes me imagine that Lady's set as much value upon a glistering out-side or shew, as they do upon the true Merits and Passion of a Lover. This is a Parallel to my Case, reply'd the Duke; my Seaman's Habit, under the disguise whereof I slipt into her Chamber, did offend her nice Humour; and what you tell me puts me in mind, that one day when she and I were at variance about a matter of Consequence, wherein I own my self in the wrong; yet she soon forgave me, because she had seen me at *White-Hall* with the Collar of the Knights of the Garter. You having had this Tryal before, added the Earl, you were in the wrong to appear before her in your Seaman's Cap. The Duke fell a singing these words, *A new day, new care*. I did not in the least think, continu'd he, she would have used me thus as she did; but I am resolv'd to be reveng'd. You can't do any thing against her, but what you will repent of, said the Earl to him; I have found by experience, that we often spoil out of spite a good thing, which is impossible to be mended afterwards. I knew not what you have found, said the Duke, but this I will assure you, I will post up her Letters, and have them printed for her satisfaction.

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The Earl of *A——n* finding that their Conversation was likely to last till day-break, was very glad to hear the Duke of *Buckingham* inveigh thus against his Mistress; and tho' he was unacquainted with the cause, yet he thought it sufficient, that there was a Woman in the case, to declare himself her Enemy. Let us pass her, this ungrateful Woman, I am ready to do any thing against her, cry'd he, entering the Room: The Duke was not a little surpriz'd to see his Nephew at that time of the Night, and to be overheard by him; What, do you know her, my Lord, said he to him? No, reply'd the Earl, I don't know her, I only espouse your Quarrel; and I am ready to espouse all yours, said the Duke, embracing him: But it is but reasonable to let you know who it is you are likely to have to do with; 'tis the Countess of *———* your good Cousin, and most faithful Friend. The Earl of *A——n* who had always look'd upon her as a Woman insensible to Love, was surpriz'd to the highest degree: You will put the charge upon me, said he, you very indifferently repay my Freedom and good Intentions. You shall be convinced of what I have told you, to be true, reply'd the Duke. You know her hand; look here are her Letters, for I sent for them on purpose, just as I was come away from her Lodgings, to read them

to the Earl of St. *Alban's*; if you have patience enough to hear them read, you shall judge your self what place she had given me in her Heart. Were they some of yours, said the Earl of St. *Albans*, interrupting him, I would promise to give you as long an Audience as you desire; I was so much out of Humour, when I took them out of my Cabinet, reply'd the Duke, that I don't know very well whether there be any of mine among them; you will perhaps also meet with some that are not directed to me, for I lov'd her so tenderly, that I us'd even to take Copies of such Letters as she sent to other Persons. You need not read 'em, unless you please. We will read them all, said the Earl of *A——n*, provided they tend towards her Condemnation, or to prove in general, that all Women are unfaithful; and that for to live in true quietness, they ought to be banish'd all Civil Societies. The Earl of St. *Albans* looking upon him, said, My Lord, you talk at a very different rate from what you did yesterday morning in the Park. The Earl of *A——n* began to sing the same *Italian* words the Duke had sung before, *A new day, new care*. The Earl of St. *Albans* said, smiling, You are strangely imbroil'd in Love, let us see whether these tender and passionate Letters wont settle matters betwixt you; I will read them to
you,

you, since both of you are too much disturb'd by your Passions; but as for my self, who enjoy both in my Heart and Mind more Tranquillity, I shall prove a very courteous Reader; and we, said the Earl of A——n, will act the malicious Auditors.

LETTER I.

IF either your Pleasures or your Business, in which you are always concern'd, leave you some few Moments to dispose in favour of me, I should be very glad to entertain you. How great soever my Aversion may be, to new Acquaintance, yours and my Friends, have done you such good Offices with me, that you ought to thank them for it; and tho' I make very extraordinary steps for a Woman, that always pretended to Regularity, I am satisfy'd, my Lord, I shall have no reason to repent.

This is the first Letter, said the Duke, interrupting the Earl of St. Albans, the Countess writ to me; I must confess, that upon the Receipt thereof, I was ever-joy'd at the permission she gave me, to pay my Services to her; I never had spoke to her in private, but always liked her extreamly; and the only thing that prevented my making my Addresses to her, was, because I had at all times a natural Aversion to long Courtship; and according to the
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Character she bore in the World, she had an equal share of Indifferency and Beauty; I give you leave to guess, with what pleasure I went to visit her; I was not in my Seaman's Habit at that time, but all dress'd in Silk with golden Flowers; but I am asham'd to have interrupted you with these Trifles; come, go on, read, I will not interrupt you any more.

LETTER II.

YOU were so very sleepy when you went away from me last Night, that I could not but be vex'd at it all Night; certainly I am not very amiable, because you could sleep at that rate so near me. I remember'd also, that I had entertain'd you with very obliging Expressions, which you did not so much as take notice of; and am convinced that your drowsy Humour rendred you unworthy of knowing them: My Sister prescribes the use of Tea and Coffee to you, whenever you intend to see her; she says it is much better than Opium and Poppys. If you don't follow her Advice, may you sleep near your Mistress at the first Critical Minute.

How! did the Duke of Buckingham sleep in the Company of two fair Ladies, said the Earl of A——n; O! what Times, and what Manners! You might have exclaim'd against me, reply'd the Duke;

Duke, if I had been to entertain 'em alone ; but I was surrounded by twenty Women at least, who talk'd altogether at a time, and such insignificant next to nothing Stuff, that there was no intermeddling with them for a Man of Sense. What could a Man do in such a case? My Mistress was present ; I would not go away ; I was vex'd at the Company, and unwilling to divert them, so I pretended to sleep. You should, said the Earl of St. *Albans*, have seated your self next to her, you should have talk'd very low, and to no Body else but her ; 'tis easy to give Advice, said the Duke ; but if you have a Respect for a Woman, and all the rest make it their Business to observe her, do you think it is easy to separate one's self from the whole Company, without being miss'd or taken notice of ; you have sufficiently clear'd your self, added the Earl, let us see another Letter.

LETTER III.

MY Cat, that Terror of the Mice, my poor Cat is dead ; she wants an Epitaph to transmit to Posterity all the most remarkable Actions of her whole Life. I address my self to you, my Lord Duke, for no Body in the World is beyond you for gaining of Hearts. I desire no other Witness than the Verses you brought me yesterday, they

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rais'd Tears in the finest Eyes in the World. Why are you so perfect a Master in the Art of Love, you, I say, who make such ill use of it.

This Reprimand I got, said the Duke, because I went abroad a Hunting one day, when I might have had the opportunity of seeing her; And how came you to commit such a Fault, said the Earl of St. *Albans*? You know, reply'd the Duke, that my Station at Court obliges me to attend the King; and tho' I miss oftner than perhaps I ought to do, yet it seem'd to me that the King would take particular notice of my Absence; and that therefore I ought not to incur the King's displeasure upon that account. This is perhaps the first time that ever Prudence got the better over my Passion. We wont quarrel any longer with you upon that score, said the Earl of *A——n*, provided you will let us see those Verses which set the finest Eyes in the World a crying. The Subject is very moving, said the Duke, they contain the Grief of *Venus* upon the death of *Adonis*; 'tis long ago since I made them; 'twas the Countess of *S———* that gave me the first notice of it; she understands *Italian*, and I find that Language to contain certain secret and tender Expressions, very proper to represent the Sentiments and most violent Passion

Passion of an afflicted Soul. I laboured at that time under such heavy Afflictions, that I composed that piece, without taking any great Pains in it. 'Tis true, said the Earl of *S. Albans*, that wherever I intend to represent a violent Passion, I always speak of yours for the Countess of *S——*. This made the Duke fetch several deep Sighs, he kept his Eyes fix'd on the Ground, for a considerable time, and at last, recovering himself, said, If you have a mind to see me fall into a very deep Melancholy, you need only to recal to my mind, that most happy time, when I was beloved with so much Tenderness, and that by one of the finest Women in the whole Universe. Come let us read, said the Earl of *A——n*, without dwelling any longer upon a Subject, which causes so much Pain to you.

LETTER IV.

THough I have a very peculiar Name, and it is very hard to find it among the Feasts, the old Duke of *——* has found it out in his old Almanack, and regaled me with an antique Harmony of Musick, or rather with an odd modern piece of Musick, beyond all value for its Singularity. Where were you, my Lord, when this so dangerous Rival was hard at work to supplant you by his nocturnal Serenade? Do you thus entrust with my own Heart, the care of

remains faithful to you; and don't you know, there are certain capricious Moments, which don't always declare in favour of Merits.

Who can this old Duke be, said the Earl of A—n? Was it the Duke of Norfolk? I know not a more gallant Man than him. No, said the Duke smiling, 'twas not him, and since you have such a desire to know it, it was the Duke of ——. How, my Father, cry'd the Earl of A—n! Yes, he himself, added the Duke, he was just return'd out of Ireland, where he had staid three whole Years, without ever coming to the English Court. The first time he appear'd there, he saw the Queen, with all the Ladies of her Attendance, in her Closet: The Countess of ——— being among the rest, he was highly charm'd with her Person. I remember it very well, said the Earl of A—n. I remember we were invited to Supper at the Dutchess of Richmond's, and at the very moment he was going into the House, the Picture of the Countess of ——— was given to him by a Messenger, which he took, and returning home, made us stay till twelve a Clock, before we went to Supper. I never was more vexed at any thing in my Life, than at this piece of Robbery, said the Duke of Buckingham interrupting him; for you must know that

that this Picture was sent to my Sister; on purpose to be given to me. I sent for an excellent Picture-Drawer out of *Holland*, and it was with her Husband's Knowledge and Consent she was to present the Dutchess of *Richmond* with her Picture. I waited with a great deal of Impatience at my Sister's House, in hopes to see my self in possession of a Piece, which by the Rules of Love, I might challenge before the Duke of ———, when to my no small Vexation, I understood, what Game he had play'd me; You may easily imagine, whether I was not ready to die with Spite; To send for a Picture-Drawer on purpose, so far as *Amsterdam*, to draw a fine piece for your Father's use, this was a thing I could not well digest; Nay, I accused the Dutchess of *Richmond* as much, as if it had really happen'd by her Contrivance or Neglect, and at last Complained of my Mishap to the Countess. The share she bore in my Misfortune, she expressed with so much Tenderness, that I had not the least reason to doubt, but that she actually intended this pledge of Friendship, for no body else but my self. So it was agreed betwixt us, she was to write to the Duke of ———, and demand her Picture. The Copy of her Letter is in this Bundle; and after having look'd a little while, and found it, he read these Words:

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LETTER V.

I Won't ask you, my Lord, what made you take my Picture at the Dutcheſſes of Richmond; if you intend it for an Ornament of your Cloſet, you need not want others much more handſome, and better done. But if you look upon it as a piece, in the Poſſeſſion whereof you take Delight, you are not very nice in putting a value upon what you have not received from my Hands; and which I can't ſuffer to be in yours, without a moſt ſenſible Diſpleaſure. Take my word for it, I would have you begin, with the reſtoring it to me, and if you deſerve it hereafter, I will not reſuſe it to you.

I was with my Father, ſaid the Earl of A——n, when this Billet came to his Hands: He was extreamly nettled, and ſo unſettled in his Reſolution, that for want of another Confident, he told me what a Dilemma he lay under. He aſk'd me whether he ſhould ſend back the Counteſs's Picture, for fear he ſhould exaſperate her, if he did otherwiſe; but I diſſwaded him from it; I told him it was only a piece of her Countenance, ſhe redemanded her Picture, and that ſhe was not ill-pleaſed to know her Picture to be in a place, where it was more admired than it would be at the Dutcheſs of Richmond's. In ſhort, I fortify'd him ſo well againſt the Diſpleaſure

sure of the Countess, that he resolved not to obey her. I am extreamly oblig'd to you, my dear Nephew, said the Duke smiling, you might have saved your self the trouble of this Advice to the Duke of ———. I was ignorant, my Lord, of your Pretensions there, reply'd the Earl of A——n, and I protest to you, had I known it, I would have sacrificed my Father's Passion to yours. Whilst they were discoursing together, the Earl of S. *Alkans* was looking among the Papers for the Duke's Verses upon *Venus* and *Adonis*; but he told him, that the Countess of S——— had kept them, and that therefore they would make an end of the Letters.

LETTER VI.

I Did believe, the Scarf I sent you yesterday, could not challenge a more solid merit at your Hands, than its being a piece of my own handy Work; nay, I may tell you, that my Heart had a good share in it; 'tis this Heart, I say, which made me fancy to embellish it with Cyphers, and to surround them with all the amorous Accoutrements of the God of Love. I remembered upon this occasion, with what Pleasure I received the Wound he gave us at one stroak; I was ambitious to discover to you my Satisfaction, by the Nofegays of Roses, ty'd up by the double Thread of Love. But must I tell you fur-

ther, what came into my Mind? It was, that Roses never grow without Prickles, and that, if one time or other, you should prove inconstant, you would make me feel such Pains, as would prove mortal.

This Letter, said the Earl of *A——n*, being the most passionate of all we have read as yet, is to be one of the first that is to be posted. Unless you give over this Design, reply'd the Earl of *S. Albans*, I assure you I will lock them up in my Scrutore, and you shall have not one of them at your Disposol. And why so much care for an unfaithful Woman, said the Duke of *Buckingham*. That is more than you know, reply'd the Earl, she has only given you a cold Reception, and perhaps she thought she had reason for it. But supposing she had given you real Cause of Complaint, would you go about to ruin the Reputation of a Lady, you loved before? The Duke sigh'd, and without returning any farther Answer, desired him to go on in the reading of the Letters :

LETTER VII.

HOW malicious is this Dutches with
blew Eyes and black Hairs? How well
did I interpret her Looks? O how I dread
her? If you can't hate her, you certainly
are

are going to cease to love me. I guess'd at your Sighs; they were not intended for me; you offer your Incense upon an Altar, whereof the Smoak only comes to me. But don't accustom your self to these Practices, for you will not find me so very easy, but rather mutinous and quick-fighted; nay, I may perhaps prove the disturber of your Pleasures.

There is a Touch of Jealousy, continued the Earl of S. *Albans*, which shews you were beloved by her. Rather tell me, reply'd the Duke, that she had a mind to pick a Quarrel with me; for the Lady she speaks off, is the Dutcheſs of———. All the World knows, I was never captivated by her Eyes, and that if I sigh in her Company, 'tis because I can't kill her: After all this, you see, it serves the Countess for a Pretence to quarrel with me. Perhaps she has been acquainted, added the Earl of A———, that you did sigh once for her, and it is natural enough to fear, least what has pleased us once, may please us for ever. O reply'd the Duke, I have declared so long ago open War against this Favourite, that there is not the least fear of the return of my Love there, unless I should be quite out of my Senses. But notwithstanding the Countess is sufficiently sensible of this Truth, you can't imagine how she has plagued me, and what I have been forced to suffer on account of this whimsical

fical Fiction: Nay, she push'd the matter so far, as if she lay under an Obligation of proving the whole to be matter of Fact. Here is, continued he, a Letter I writ to her in relation of this Chimera. Let us read it, said the Earl of S. *Albans*, with attention, it being the first we have seen as yet of your Writing.

LETTER, VIII.

Could I believe I should ever see that Day to find you so much changed. Alas! was it possible that so much Tenderness, whereof I thought your Heart the surest Pledge, could cease out of Jealousie. Am I the occasion of that capricious Humour, and won't you give me leave to justify my self? 'Tis not, Madam, that I pretend to oppose your Intentions: If you have a mind to find me guilty, I am willing to condemn my self. But if you will act without Passion, do me what Justice is due to me. Were you capable of Compassion, you would pity my present Condition; I am melancholy almost to Despair. And why, Madam, will you not let me see again some happy Days, after having made me feel so many cruel ones?

I am sure, said the Earl of A—n, she could not refuse so tender a Request. Nothing less, reply'd the Duke, she had sworn to try my Patience to the utmost; and I wanted not Enemies, who

who entertain'd her every day with some idle Story or other, especially in relation to Madam A——, that fair Scotch Lady, who came to Court on account of a criminal Affair of her Brother. I remember her Charms too well, said the Earl of S. Albans, to forget with what an envious Eye you were look'd upon on account of your making your Addresses to her, because every body was of Opinion, that it would be in vain to attempt to supplant you, 'Tis true, continued the Duke, she had so much Goodness as not to dislike the Proofs I gave her of my Passion; but it is also no less true, that there was nothing in it that could give any cause of Offence to the Countess: For, if it be a Crime for a Man to love above once in all his Life-time; no body can be innocent at that rate. But in spite of all these Reasons, she would push the matter to the utmost; pray judge by this Letter:

LETTER IX.

A Thousand secret Thoughts have too too much foreboded your Inconstancy, or at least, that nice relish, which is the constant Attendant of an excessive Passion, and which did convince me, that your Deportment towards me, was not such as it ought to be; But I endeavour'd to deceive my self; and the Constraint you put upon your self to dissemble your Thoughts,

Thoughts, did easily perswade me to it. Alas! I loved to be deceived; what must I have done, if you had always given me occasion of loving you, if you would have deserved it; or to say better, If you had always wish'd it as much as I did? Good God! how far are you from it, and how ashamed am I, to continue my Passion for an ungrateful Man?

By this Letter alone, I judge you are in the wrong, said the Earl of S. Albans, and by this Letter alone, I am sure she is foolish, said the Duke, interrupting him; for she, complain'd without Cause, and filled her Head with Chimeras, on purpose to please her self, and to torment me; I loved none but her, and she had reason enough to be satisfy'd in it. Here is the Answer I sent her:

LETTER X.

YOur unjust Reproaches, have robb'd me of all my Repose, and I am satisfy'd if you go on in the same way, it will not be long before you will put an end to my Life. I have been struggling with my self all this Night, to forbear writing to you this Morning, but in vain, I am forced in spite of all my Pride, to lay open my Frailties to you; I am forced, I say, to conjure you, to restore to me your Heart; and to win that without which, I must be unhappy for ever. Triumph over my Passion, use your Victory as you think fit.

fit, for I am not in a Condition to hold out longer.

If this Letter did not touch her Heart, I will hate her more than ever, said the Earl of *A——n*, because there appears in it a certain tender and engaging Character, which must give the Lye to all her imaginary Notions. Here is, said the Duke, her Answer:

LETTER XI.

YOU speak of your Sentiments in so engaging a manner, that it is a hard matter to withstand it: But they tell me you talk at the same rate to other Women: 'Tis impossible for me to be satisfy'd with a divided Heart; either all or nothing.

I long extreamly, said the Earl of *S. Albans*, to meet with a Peace-making Letter. I did encompass it, by a Method quite opposite to my Inclinations, continued the Duke; I am naturally inclined, never to give any Cause of Dissatisfaction to what I love; but finding that all my Submissions, met with a very ill Reception, and that they served only to augment her Pride; I pretended to make my Addresses to a Woman, who being both old and ugly, had but little about her to recommend her self, except her Wit, which made so far an amends for the defect of the rest,

rest, that she proved a dangerous Rival to the Countess, who finding her self touch'd most sensible, writ to me these Lines.

LETTER XII.

IT seems as if all the World were agreed to inform me of the many occasions of Complaint you give me. Alas! I know only too much of it, there needs no further Additions to convince me, that you never loved me, and that you have been always ready to sacrifice me. But to what a Deity, good God! You are like the Indians or Savages, who delight in frightful Postures; I am ashamed both of you and my self.

I pretended to slight this Billet, said the Duke, and sent no Answer to it, and meeting her in the Queen's Apartment, I would not speak to her, tho' she gave me all possible Opportunity to do it. I stuck close to my old Lady, and follow'd her wherever she went; and I swear to you, that this Amusement, as ridiculous as it seem'd to be, stood me in great stead to suppress my Spleen; and if there was but little Inticement for my Eyes to look upon her, my Mind did meet with something that was very diverting: It seem'd as if the Graces and Love it self spoke thro' her Mouth. O! said the Earl of St. Albans, I now find out the
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the reason why you would not name her to me, you have been in some measure my Rival; no, said the Duke, I only pretended to be so; and if you will peruse this Letter, you will be convinced, there is no better way to rouse a Mistress, than to make her believe, that it is not beyond your power of changing her for another.

LETTER XIII.

YOU have taken so little care to deserve my Heart, and you make use of such effectual Methods to lose it, that it is apparent, I love you in spite of your self. I am not so blind as not to see your Faults; no, I see them all, and better than any Body else would do; because I am much more concern'd in them: However, my Lord, whether it be my Stars, or my Captious Humour, whether both together, or rather my Heart, which remains unalterable to you; I am still the same. Alas! can there be a worse Fate than that which attends me. If I could at least move you to Compassion, since I am not capable of inspiring other Sentiments into you, I should have much less reason of Complaint than I now have; But what do I talk of moving your Pity? O! what makes me run upon these Extravagancies! No, my Lord, no, don't pity me; I must either have your Heart or your Hatred, all the rest is unworthy of my desires.

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At the reading of this Letter all my Resolutions vanish'd immediately, I found my self unable to hold out longer, continu'd the Duke, against a Woman, I loved too tenderly for my Repose. I went to see her, I threw my self at her Feet, I ask'd her a thousand Pardons, and an entire good Correspondence was re-establish'd betwixt us; no Body ever relish'd his good Fortune better than I did; and it seem'd to me, as if what I had suffer'd served only to give more strength to my Passion; and notwithstanding this happened at a ticklish Conjunction, when the King would needs have me bare a considerable share in the management of publick Affairs, I always found a way not to be wanting in what I ow'd to the Countess, and I never fail'd to write to her once a day. The Billet you hold in your hand, said he to the Earl of St. *Albans*, is one of them. Yes, said he, I saw it was your hand writing; and I kept it on purpose to read it, before the rest.

LETTER XIV.

EVer since I began to love, I us'd to tell my self every day, it was impossible my Love should increase; and after all, I find it does augment in a most surprising manner to me. Is it possible, that at the same moment I write to you, there should be an addition

tion still? O! sweet Reflection, which flatters my Heart; I know what it is that can augment my Love, 'tis, my dear Countess, that you would love me, as much as I love you.

I confess to you, said the Earl of A——n, I could not have imagin'd you to have been capable of so excessive a Passion; And what should hinder me, reply'd the Duke, smiling? Your engagement with the Countess of S——, said the Earl, it seems to me, that after a Man has loved so long, and so passionately, one can't love any more to the same degree. That is no general Rule, said the Duke; there are certain Persons in the World, who can't live without an amorous Passion. But, added the Earl of St. Albans, when you have thus contracted a habit of loving, it ought rather to be stiled an Amusement. You may call it a habit in some, there being a certain sort of People, who never are in earnest in these Matters. To justify their Inconstancy, they will tell you, that it is impossible to have several excessive Passions successively; that the first is generally the most violent and strongest. There may perhaps be something of Truth in this; but as to what concerns my self, I find always the same disposition in my Heart; I only change the Object, to day a fair Woman, to morrow a black one capti-

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vates my Soul, and thus entangle me each in their Arms; this is the only difference I am able to find out in my Sentiments. The two Earls could not forbear laughing at the Duke of *Buckingham's* discourse, and without making any further Reflections upon the matter, the Earl of *St. Albans* read these words.

LETTER XV.

NO, I know not any thing in the World more vexatious than those Visits of Ceremony one is obliged to receive. I have spent the whole day under such a Constraint, as is almost unexpressible. 'Tis true, you were in my Company, but it is also no less true, that to see you, and not to dare to speak to you, nay, not so much as to look upon you, without the utmost precaution, is a most severe Tryal to me. To be sure tell me, you bare a considerable share in my Pain, and exclaim with the same violence against these impertinent Gossips, as I do. I flatter myself you had so much of them, as not to be smitten with the growing Charms of that meagre Beauty that sat next to you; had it been otherwise, I should certainly have found you out; if ever it should be so, pray keep it from my Knowledge, for I love you too much, not to be jealous.

And who was that so dangerous meagre Beauty, said the Earl of *St. Albans*;

bans; 'twas my Lady ———, reply'd the Duke, casting a malicious Smile upon the Earl of *A——n*. He blush'd and kept silence for some time at these words; but soon after, I confess, said he, you have disappointed me in my Intentions, I little expected to see you here. We meet sometimes, said the Duke, without a set Appointment; but I assure you, whatever may have been said concerning that Lady, she never was my Beauty. She was ours once, said the Earl of St. *Albans*, laughing; but as for my self I met but with an indifferent Reception, she sacrificed me with a great deal of ease to the Earl of *A——n*, as he did make her a Sacrifice to the young *Emilia*. Good God! cry'd the Earl of *A——n*, why would you revive in my Soul those furious Thoughts which were somewhat allay'd by the Countess's Letters, and the Duke's Discourse. What is it I have done against you, thus to recall to my Mind the most cruel Infidelity that ever any one could be guilty of? I declare to you, said the Earl of St. *Albans*, had I known it, I would have offer'd you no cause of Vexation; but you know I don't set up for a Conjuror. And what do you think brought me hither, said the Earl of *A——n*, abruptly; 'tis not very customary, for People to make a Visit in cool Blood at such an unseasonable time of the Night.

No, said the Earl of St. *Albans*, that is indeed not very usual; but it seems to be more extraordinary, that you for these two hours have amused your self, and spoke of nothing but such Matters as are indifferent to you, without mentioning one word of what Motive brought you hither. Alas! said the Earl of *A——n*, interrupting him, and fetching a deep sigh; I wish I might never speak, nay, not so much as think of it, for my own Repose; and I was over-joy'd to meet with this Obstacle to check my design of entertaining you with that Subject. If it be so, continu'd the Earl of St. *Albans*, come let us go on in reading the Letters.

LETTER XVI.

OH! I am ready to die with trouble and fear; Either having lost the Billet, I writ to you yesterday, it may perhaps be fallen into my Husband's hands; if it should prove so, I am undone; but, my Lord, don't engage too far in the matter, your Preservation being dearer to me than my own Life. Take heed, not to come to my Lodgings, till we know what is further to be done; O! how dearly I purchase this Precaution; I shall remain without seeing you, for a long time, and perhaps for ever; O! Good God! to what Despair am I reduced!

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I am as much concern'd at it, at this moment, said the Earl of St. *Albans*, as the Countess could be at that time; for if her Husband had found out this *Billet Doux*, I am apt to believe she would have had but a very indifferent time of it. I am of the same Opinion, said the Duke, and I thought I should have fretted my self to death. I was so highly concern'd at it, that I sent her word, in case the Earl should get notice of our Intreague, I was resolv'd to fight him, in order to deliver her of any further apprehensions upon that account, either by his or my own death. This is a sort of violent Remedy, said the Earl of *A——n*, and after what happen'd betwixt you and the Earl of *S——*, she might have laid odds, that she should date the beginning of her Widowhood from the day you were to fight with her Husband. Don't jest, said the Duke, for had it come to a Duel, 'tis likely his Destiny would have been no other than that you speak of. The Countess being frightened at it, writ me another Billet.

LETTER XVII.

What are you going to do, my Lord, do you intend to prevent an uncertain Evil by another, which must prove both our ruins? Oh! Have a care not to think of it, your very Proposal having almost frightened me

to death. I am in hopes the Billet which is the occasion of our present Disquiet, will produce no further ill Consequences; but if it should, I can't find in my heart to consent to any violent Resolutions: And tho' I love no Body but your self, and have a great Aversion to him, who distrubs our Repose, yet I will find a way to defend him, whenever you go about to attack him.

Being now convinced, continued the Duke, she was a Woman of a generous Temper, I esteem'd her more than ever; however, the loss of the Billet was not attended by any sinister Consequences, because *Esther* was so fortunate as to find it again; and I, for my part, did not launch out into any Extravagancy. To speak the truth, you give it the best Name you can, said the Earl of *A——n*; for what can be more extravagant, than to fight a Man, because he has a sufficient reason to be exasperated against his Wife? How! would you, cry'd the Duke, have me see her expos'd to those Sufferings, whereof I my self was the cause; would you have me do so? Is it just, said the Earl, for a Man to patronize Coquetry and Infidelity in a Woman; is it not much more agreeable to the Dictates of Reason, to leave her to her ill Fortune, and to be punish'd by her Husband. Oh! cry'd the Earl of *St. Albans*, you argue at so odd a rate, that I can't hear you with patience;

patience, and I could never have imagin'd you could have deviated so far from all the Rules of good Sense. For my part, said the Duke, I am so far from being impatient thereat, that his Fancy is extreamly diverting; for I can't conceive how he can lay this down for a good Maxim, That a Man who tenderly loves a Lady, and has no occasion of Complaint against her, can in point of Honour abandon her to the Anger and ill Usage of her Husband. Here is two to one against me, said the Earl of *A.—n*; and therefore considering the odds you have against me, I cannot wonder at your Resolution of persisting in maintaining a bad Cause; neither will I go about to reduce you by my Arguments into the right Path, which I now tread alone, but content my self not to follow your Footsteps: The Earl of *St. Albans*, without returning an Answer, took out another Billet.

LETTER XVIII.

IF the opportunity, that was given to me, to oblige a Friend, was infinitely acceptable to me; I must tell you the Obligation it put me upon of asking this favour for him, was infinitely disagreeable to me; have a respect to my Vanity, if possible, I know you to be generous and grateful; I have inclosed a Memorandum of what I desire at your hands,

hands; if you don't comply with it, pray sweeten your Refusal; but if you will grant my Request, remember, my Lord, it must be done without delay.

The Memorandum related said the Duke, to my Lord Cl——, who was then afraid of being lessen'd in the King's Esteem, by reason of some Advice given by him, which met not with the desired Success. There was at that time no great Intimacy betwixt us, some hot Words having pass'd in the Privy-Council, in a matter wherein we oppos'd one another with a great deal of Heat. This made me shew some sort of Dissatisfaction upon that Head; and as I may say it without Vanity, that I was very instrumental in promoting him to the Dignity of High-Treasurer, so, he being sensible he should stand in need of my Assistance, to maintain himself in that high Station, and consequently was disturb'd at my Coldness towards him; he observ'd me so narrowly, that at last he found out the Intreague betwixt the Countess and me, and soon engag'd her in his Interest; she being a Lady who made a considerable Figure, and frequently play'd at Court. This done, he gave her a Memorandum, under pretence of some Affair of Moment, but in effect to get an Opportunity of entring into a Correspondence with me. I guess'd immediately

diately at the Truth of the matter ; and I was soon engaged to grant his Request. The Countess was highly satisfy'd thereat, and we continued our Conversation with mutual Satisfaction, till the King thought fit to send me to the *Hague*, in the Quality of his Ambassador Extraordinary, to enter upon a Negotiation of Peace, most earnestly desired by the *Dutch*. We arrived there the 4th of *July*, 1672. and after a long Conference with the Deputies of the States, went to the Prince of *Orange*, who was then in the Army, and thence to that of the *French King's*, encamped near *Utrecht*. But as Affairs of State were foreign to our purpose at present, at least any further than they bear a relation to my self in particular, 'twill be enough to tell you, that the Countess, some Days before my Departure from *London*, writ me a most tender Letter. The Earl of *S. Albans* took it, and read these Words :

LETTER XIX.

I Am very willing to give you my Picture, because you request it, as an allay to your Pains ; and that there is nothing I would not do to ease them : But don't you believe I shall envy its Happiness ? You will keep it constantly by you, you will often look upon it, and you will use it with a great deal of Tenderness, whilst I am bewailing your Absence ;
and

and am debarred of all other Pleasures, but of hearing News from you. I must own it to you, my Lord, I can't persuade myself as yet, you are so near your Departure. Your flattering Hopes have insinuated themselves into my Soul, to prevent my being quite oppress'd under the burthen of my present Troubles.

LETTER XX.

WHat is it I would not give, to put a stop to your Voyage. Alas! how happy were Lovers in the first Ages, always true to their tender Loves; free from Ambition; they lived in their homely Cottages with their Mistresses, they never left them alone, they never let them go out of their Sight. Interest of State, had no Influence upon their Souls, to disturb their innocent Pleasures; A Treaty or Negotiation, perhaps founded upon sinister Designs, never snatch'd the Shepherd out of his Shepherdesse's Arms. O happy times, what is become of you? Why did not our capricious Destiny let us be born in those Ages? I should then not have undergone this Dissatisfaction to see you go away, and you would have been ready to renounce those Chimerical Notions of Glory, which in reality don't affect our Heart; and instead thereof you would have made place for yours, for the sweet Enjoyments of a tender Friendship.

Two such engaging Letters, reply'd the Duke, affected me most sensibly, and having found means to spare some
few

few Hours to see the Countess : O ! what surprizing and engaging things did not she tell me upon this occasion. She was all in Tears, no otherwise than if I was agoing to travel from the *South* to the *North Pole*. Truly, at this very time, I can't but imagine, that this ungrateful Woman can cry when she pleases ; but at that time, being foolish enough to believe her to be in earnest, I writ, during this excess of my Passion, this Billet :

LETTER XXI.

WHat is it, I should not tell you upon my Passion, and what Gratitude I owe you. 'Tis all much below what I feel, and there is nothing that can challenge a Comparison with what I would do for you. If you are the most lovely Woman in the World, I can swear to you, that I am the most tender of all Men living. Let me know at what Hour I may come to assure you of it ; but above all, hasten that happy Minute, for I swear, should you delay but never so little, I shall die with Impatience.

How can you speak ill of a Person, said the Earl of *S. Albans*, that once inspired into your Heart so violent a Passion ? Don't you know, that the more Pains a Woman takes to make her self beloved by us, the more Acknowledgment we ought to pay her ; for those feeble

feeble Engagements, which languish and are ready to fail every Day, serve only to amuse our Hearts, without giving them the true Relish of Pleasure : Our Soul has no share in the matter, we see our Mistress without much Joy or Disturbance. But, if a Man is once raised to the highest pitch, all his Reflections become more nice and lively, his Melancholly has a certain mixture of Sweetness, his Fears are so much the stronger, as his Happiness is more accomplish'd, and touches him to the quick. What you say, is very true, said the Earl of *A——*, interrupting him, you ought to think your self highly obliged to a Mistress, for the Pains she takes to appear amiable to you, and to furnish you with those Letters, which are so agreeable and dear to us : But after an ungrateful Woman has found the way to impose her Charms upon us, what is it she does not deserve, in case she is the first that breaks off with and abandons her Lover. Let us go on in the perusal of my Letters, said the Duke, and afterwards we will begin to consider, whether it is not rational to hate as much the same Person one has loved to an excess before. This Letter, said the Earl of *S. Albans*, is of your Hand-Writing : Yes, said the Duke, I sent it to the Countess, just when I was upon my Departure for *Holland*, it was written at a Juncture, when my Head was

as yet full of those Panegyrick Expressions, wherewith she acted the passionate Lover to the Life, which I represented to her in the following Letter :

LETTER XXII.

THe very Thoughts of being separated from you, render my Sufferings so excessive, that I have reason to believe, that Death it self will not be so dreadful to me, as your Absence. I am so much altered of late, that my Friends scarce know me. Your Modesty keeps you in London, whilst my Duty calls me to the Hague : Why are not you a Shepherdes and I a Shepherd ? What Pleasures might not we enjoy in that happy Station ? I should have the Satisfaction of seeing no other Woman but your self ? But alas ! how am I assured, that you would forget every body for my sake, as I would neglect every thing for you.

I was now ready to depart, and my Lord being enclined to go along with me, I was very glad of his Company, being ignorant at that time, that I was to carry a Spy with me. You will be soon convinced of the Truth of it, when I shall tell you, that he was in love with the Countess ; that he had not as yet declared his Passion to her, and that having got scent of mine, he also found out that I was not indifferent to her, he did not think it for his purpose, to endeavour to supplant

plant me openly, but that a private Enemy being much more dangerous than a declared Enemy, he intended to give me such Blows, as should not be in my power to avoid. With this Intention only he went into *Holland*, having agreed beforehand with my Lady — to shew his Letters to the Countess, whenever she should have an Opportunity of talking of him to her; and that thus the thing might appear very natural and easie, unpremeditated, and without Affectation. After my Arrival at the *Hague*, she writ me the most tender Letters in the World, and communicated also to me the Copies of several Letters, she writ by way of Answer, to those sent to her by the Duke of D—— in my Absence, which you willd diverting enough.

LETTER XXIII.

IF you have a mind to enter into an Amity with me, such a one as may prove easy, commodious, always attended with Pleasure, and without Pain, I consent to it; but, my Lord, if your Pretences reach further, withdraw your Troops, and look out for a Heart more easy to be conquer'd than mine.

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LETTER XXIV.

I Have met this day with three or four several things, that equally afflict me; I plaid and was on the losing side; my Spaniel is dead; the Gloves you sent me, are too much perfumed, your Fans seem'd to me too brown, and your Billet too full of Tendernefs; I send you back, my Lord, your present, and your Declaration; pray keep both for some other Person, that may be better disposed to return your Favours according to your Wish.

LETTER XXV.

You are very well at Home, and I am extreemly well at my own Lodgings; let us therefore keep each where we are; I guess at what you intend to tell me, by what I have heard you say before; and you may likewise guess at what Answer I shall glve you, by what I have told you already. Your Constancy is tiresome to me; my Heart is not to be won by a long Siege, but must be surpris'd, if yau lose the first Moment, it is irrecoverable for ever.

I did not fail to intermix some Expressions, full of Sincerity and Affections with what the Countess writ me on account of the Pretensions of the Duke of O——to her. The publick Businesses I was entrusted with, did not take up all my time so far, as not to allot me
certain

certain Opportunities of bestowing my most diverting Hours and Thoughts upon her. Sometimes I writ to her, and sometime I bestow'd in looking upon her Picture. One Day, as my Eyes were altogether fix'd upon this Picture, my Lord——comes so softly into the Room where I then was, that I not in the least perceived him: He saw the Countess's Picture, and knew it, and the sight thereof proving to him an entire Confirmation of my good Fortune, and of his Unhappiness, he was most sensibly afflicted thereat. He was just agoing to withdraw, when I cast my Eyes upon him; his Presence gave me no small Disturbance, because I fear'd every thing I ought to fear; I could have been glad to discover the Truth, but durst not go about to search for it too far, lest I should let him into a Secret, whereof he was not Master as yet. We look'd upon one another with so much Confusion; that I wonder I should not guess immediately at the Condition of his Heart. But in relation to my self, he had a much clearer insight into my Sentiments, than I could have into his; besides that, he might easily read my Disturbance in my Eyes. We remain'd both silent, when the Earl of *Arlington* and Mr. *Opdam* coming into the Room, their Presence hindred me from speaking to my Lord.

After

After our return from the *French* King's Army, as I told you before, we went to *Brussels*, and the Count *de Montery*, Governour of the *Spanish Netherlands*, happening to regale the Ladies the same Evening we arrived there, with a most splendid Feast, at the House of the Emperor *Charles V.* (as they call it) seated in the midst of the Park of *Brussels*, we were also invited thither: The Season being then extreamly hot, abundance of Lanthorns were ty'd to the largest Trees, near unto the Walks, where they danc'd. The handsomest among the Ladies belonging to this little Court, appear'd there in Masquerade; and I must confess, that there were several among them, which would have made a most glorious Figure in the greatest Cities of *Europe*. Without speaking of the Princess of *Vaudemont*, who for her singular Merits deserves to to have the preference before all the rest of her Sex, I took a singular delight in observing the Ladies of *Bournonville*, *de Lignes*, *de Raches*, *d'Hauray*, *d'Espino-la de Horna*, *de Stinau*, *d'Ursel* and of *Grimberg*. This last may deservedly be stil'd a growing Beauty, in the very bloom of her Age, so nicely Featured, of so glorious a Complexion, and so pleasing an Air, that I was absolutely charm'd with her Person. The Princess of *Vaudemont* being dress'd like a *Diana*, was attended by
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the Ladies under the Disguise of Nymphs. The Countess of *Grimbergue* was one of them, her fine fair curled Hair, spreading in Locks all over her Shoulders, besides that, she had several Knots ty'd upon her Head in Buckels, interspers'd with Emeralds and Diamonds. At her Girdle she wore a Bow, and Arrows, in a Quiver; her Leggs appear'd half naked, and tho' she was none of the tallest, she was so nicely shaped, and danced with so good a Grace, that, to confess the truth, she put me into no small Confusion, she touch'd my Heart to the quick to such a degree, that I appear'd very pensive all the remainder of the Night. I drew nearer her, but so prepossess'd with Fear, that I never felt the like before in all my Life. Fair Nymph, said I, do you find here a Heart worthy of receiving your Darts? 'Tis enough for me, replied she, smiling, to have found yours, I shall not look any further, for to make them exercise their Power. Such an Answer as this, as it could not but be exceedingly pleasing to me, so I dare say it without Vanity, that our Conversation was not only very sprightly, but also full of Wit, tho' we were often interrupted by those who took her out to dance, but she not failing to remember her place, always sat her self down again next to me.

The

The Ball ended, and with it all my hopes; for upon a strict Enquiry, I made concerning the Countess of *Grimbergue*, I understood that she was married to one of her nearest Relations, one of the handsomest Men in the World; that they loved one another most passionately, and that these little Diversions she took, were never known to have drawn her into any Intreague. My stay at *Brussels* was not to be of so long a Continuance, as to afford me sufficient leisure, of out-playing her at her own Game, so I judged it more prudent to shun her Company, than to endeavour to please me self with such small hopes of Success. However, my Lord ——— did not fail in the mean time, to make a great noise of this Passion, in hopes of doing mischief. He writ to Madam ———, that I was fallen in Love with the Countess of *Grimbergue*, and that I had bestow'd upon her the Countess's Picture, after having made it my Boast, that she had presented it to me with her own Hands. As there was nothing in this Story that savoured of an Impossibility, so Madam ——— was so charitable as to give an Account of it to the Countess, who taking the whole for an undoubted Truth, was seized with the most violent Resentment a Woman that thinks herself abandon'd and betray'd, can be capable off. She writ me this Letter:

LETTER XXVI.

I find you so ungrateful and despiseable, that your Inconstancy will not cost me as much as one Sigh. The question is not now, concerning your Sentiments and mine; 'tis enough, that they are so opposite to one another, that they will never agree again. Had it pleased Heavens to let me know you always, as well as I do now, since you are turned inconstant, this would have saved me a world of Trouble. But without insisting any further upon this Head, which can't but cause me abundance of Pain; or without putting you in mind of a piece of Infidelity, which ought to make you blush; I will content myself with demanding from you my Picture and Letters, this being the only and the last thing I shall desire of you; in lieu whereof I promise to forget you, even without so much as remembering your Name.

I hope, said the Earl of A——n, you did not obey her; O! reply'd the Duke, I never knew a Man yet, who pretended to such a nice point of Honour, as to restore such like Favours to a handsome Woman. However, this would prove of very good Consequence, said the Earl of St. Albans, interrupting him; and, when Ladies give us such tender Proofs of the entire Confidence in us, it is but reason we should not put them to an ill use; but rather to make them

them Restitution of a matter of the greatest moment, the Consequences whereof may turn to their Ruin. They would do much better, said the Duke, not to run the hazard of it, and not to write any thing, whereof a disoblighd Lover may make any Advantage against them. This Advice is easy to be given, said the Earl of St *Albans*, but no easy Task, when a Heart is deeply engaged in an amorous Intreague, to deny it self the Satisfaction of writing a thousand pretty Fancies, that come into ones Head. What Motive can be strong enough to a Woman to stand always upon her Guard, against the Person she loves; who if he has known how to find out the Secret of rendring himself Master of his Mistress's Heart, how is it possible he should miss of being admitted under the quality of her Confident. At this rate, the Ladies run all the hazard alone, added the Earl of *A——n*, and can accuse no body but themselves and their own Imprudence. The Argument was not likely to have ended here, had not the Duke interrupted the Earl, and told him; I must own, that upon the Receipt of the Countess's Letter, I was like Thunder-struck, so that without giving my self any further trouble of accomplishing the Negotiation, (according to my Order) in which I had hitherto proved very successful, I bid adieu to all man-

ner of Business, without the least regard, and so I embark'd for *London*, like a Fool, without the least regard to the good or ill Consequences that might attend it.

I can't forbear to reflect upon this Conduct of yours, said the Earl of *S. Albans*, was it wisely done, to pitch upon a publick Minister, who is in love, and to entrust him with a Negotiation of such vast Consequence? O, cry'd the Duke, and where will you find one that is otherwise? Do you believe that all these Plenipotentiaries and Ambassadors, who appear with so much Gravity, are wiser than other People? 'Tis true, they act with more Circumspection, and that is the only thing they are oblig'd to in such like Cases by their Character, but for the rest, I am confident, they are as much for an Intreague as any body else. During my Voyage, continued he, all my Thoughts were taken up in finding out what reason of Complaint the Countess could have against me, and finding it could be nothing else, but my Addresses to the Countess of *Grimbergue*, I went forward, with a Resolution to be revenged of the Person that had plaid me this Game, without in the least thinking it was my Lord——, for I never heard of this Transaction till some time after. Upon my arrival at *London*, instead of going straitway to *White-Hall*, I went immediately to the Countess's; but to add to my present Misfortune, I understood

stood she was gone to *Tunbridge*, to drink the Waters: Had I follow'd the Inclinations of my Heart, I had gone thither without delay, but considering what extravagancies I had been guilty of upon her Account already, I thought it best not to venture any further for that time.

When I came to the King to give him an account of the Progress of the Negotiation, I swear to you, I appear'd in so distracted a Condition, that his Majesty concluded I had been drinking hard in the Yacht, and that the Vapours of the Wine had bereaved me of my Memory. He soon dismissed me, and I could easily guess at his Thoughts; but without giving my self the trouble to undeceive him, I shut my self up in my Closet, and spent the whole Night in Writing, sometimes Verses, and sometimes in Prose, but in the main, relating altogether to bitter Complaints; being touch'd most sensibly with the unreasonable Deportment of the Countess. After all, nothing I had written seeming to me convincing enough, I judg'd I had better go and see her in Person; but knowing her to be of a very positive and resolute Temper, and that, if she once got it into her Head, she would neither see nor hear me; I resolv'd to disguise my self, and spent the remainder of the Night, in contriving which way best to effect it. At last a Thought came into my Head, which pleased me infinitely

infinitely. I knew her to be addicted highly to Superstition, and her Inclinations leading so far to hear her Fortune told her, that she was always in search after every Body, that pretended but to the least Skill or Reputation in Astrology, I my self having several times brought G——y the Astrologer to her. With this Resolution therefore to personate a South-sayer, I appear'd in the King's Presence, much dejected, laying one Hand to my Head, and the other upon my Heart, as if I had been very ill. He soon perceived it, and ask'd me with his wonted Goodness, how I did; I told him I was most miserably afflicted with the Head-ach, and a continual Palpitation of the Heart, and that I felt some Symptoms of a Fever: As ill Fortune would have it, I look'd so well in the Face, that this alone was sufficient to betray my Intentions, and the King shewing much Compassion for me, I could not act my Part so nicely, but that I blush'd, and was quite confounded at the Untruth I had told him. One Day having engaged Doctor F——r to meet me in the King's Apartment, and the King enquiring after my Health, he told him, that nothing could be more proper to prevent my falling into a dangerous Distemper, than Tunbridge Waters. Go then, said the King to me, tho' I have great occasion for you at present, I will postpone my Interests to

to your Health; I must confess to you, I was so sensible of the King's Goodness, that I was several times upon the point of declaring the Truth to him, but durst not, for fear of spoiling all.

I left the King, highly satisfy'd with his having given me leave to take my Journey, and pitch'd upon the Earl of *A——e*, my Friend, as a Confident, he being then deputed by the Parliament of *Scotland*, to make their most humble Remonstrances to the King, concerning Matters of the greatest moment; He stood in need of my Interest at Court, and therefore having sought all possible means to enter into a strict Friendship with me, I was sure he would be very glad of taking this opportunity to oblige me. I imparted to him the whole Secret, and he was over-joy'd to see me furnish him with means to put an obligation upon me. It was agreed he should go to *Tunbridge* first, and endeavour to raise in the Countess a curiosity of consulting me under the disguise of an Astrologer. You know the Earl to be a Man of sense, who under his grave and sedate Deportment, conceals a great deal of a very pleasing Temper; so that I judg'd I could not put the management of this Design into better hands than his. He found the Countess very melancholy and pensive; the presence of her Husband, for whom she always shew'd

shew'd a great Regard, having, besides this, put her under a great Constraint, she entertain'd in her Breast a secret Spite against me, which tormented her without intermission; and as often as she consider'd that I had prefer'd the Countess of *Grimbergue* before her, she was so enrag'd at me, that she thought of nothing but Revenge. 'Twas in this Condition the Earl found her; he ask'd her among other things, whether she had heard nothing of that famous *Laponida*? She answer'd, she knew not what he meant; and that he should explain himself, whether it were a Man, a Beast, or a Plant. The Earl smil'd at her Ignorance, and told her, that *Laponida* signify'd as much as *Laplander*, highly vers'd in *Astrology*, and inclining to Sorcery; that being inform'd this noted Negromancer was to be at *Tunbridge*, he was come hither from *London* on purpose to make him calculate his Nativity, because he could tell as well pass'd as present, and future things.

The Countess was so well pleas'd at these words, that she ask'd him a thousand Questions; whether this *Laplander* could speak *English*, whether he was of an easy Access, what kind of a Creature he was, and whether he had Discretion enough to keep a Secret? He told her, the *Laplander* understood *English* as well as his own Tongue; that he was of a very odd Temper, avoided the

the Conversation of Women, spoke little, and was at least 200 years old; but it is by his great Knowledge he has protracted his Life, for knowing the Virtues of all Simples, he has found out the way of making himself young again. He is so old, said he, that he foretold Queen *Elizabeth* all that should happen to the Earl of *Essex*, whereat you know she could not but be very nearly concern'd. And why, said she, did he not at the same time instruct her how to avoid these misfortunes? You require too much, reply'd the Earl, Fate will take its own Course; and why then, continu'd she, are we desirous to foreknow our Disgraces, since it is not in our power to prevent them? Reason, and a prudent Conduct, return'd he, may stand in great stead upon such like occasions. The Countess said no more, but appearing extremely disconsolate, the Earl took his leave.

I came two days after to *Tunbridge*, disguised like a true Sorcerer, but durst not stir out of my Chamber, for fear of being hollow'd at by the Boys; being not in a humour at this time to divert the Rabble with a publick shew. The Earl went immediately to pay a Visit to the Countess, but would not be the first that should speak of my Arrival; so she staid a good while before she ask'd him, whether he had
heard

heard any thing concerning the *Laplander*; he told her, he was arrived in good Health; and that finding in him something more surprizing, than what he had heard before, had engaged him to lodge in the same House where he was. I protest to you, as a Friend, said she, I am very desirous to see him. Oh! Madam, reply'd he, that is impossible, 'tis above 140 years since he hates Women as much as Death it self. You must endeavour, return'd she, to reconcile him to our Sex; I might as well, reply'd the Earl, go about to learn his Art, as to perswade him to what you would have me to do; however, I am so ambitious of obliging you, that I would leave nothing unattempted for your satisfaction; and you shall know the success to morrow. Every moment that kept me from the sight of the Countess, seem'd to me a year: The Earl and I had contriv'd the matter thus; For him to conduct her into my Apartment, where every thing was to be close shut up, for fear she should know me; and the better to alter my Voice, I was to hold something in my Mouth. I spent the Night betwixt hope and fear; in hopes to speak to her, and in fear of exasperating her, and of miscarrying in my Design. But there happened another Accident, viz. her Husband would not suffer her to go to the Earl of A——e, and told her, that

that if all the *Laplanders*, with *Lappenida* at their Head, were there, it was below the Quality of a Lord's Wife to demean her self thus far. The next thing we had to do, was how to find out another Expedient for our Interview; and it was agreed she should come at Night to a certain small Wood, whither the Earl was to conduct me, as her Husband was to bring her thither; there being no great occasion of being jealous of a Man of 200 years old.

Every thing being thus agreed, I expected the coming of the Night with the utmost impatience, and we went thither in the dusk of the Evening, for fear of being seen. My Garb was a black long Robe, I had a long white Beard, a Turbant on my Head; and in short, every thing suitable to what I intended to represent in this Masquerade. By chance I espy'd a crooked Trunk of a Tree, which I chose for my seat, the better to personate a Sorcerer; and I neglected nothing which might make every thing appear as natural as could be. I was scarce well seated, when we heard the Countess's Coach stop at some distance from us; and the Earl drawing nearer that way, saw her Husband leading her by the Hand, without hearing her speak one word. I did not think, said he, laughing, that when one is to consult an Astrologer,

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one must be debarr'd from speaking to one's Friends; the Lady smil'd, but without speaking one word, and so came to me. The two Earls staying at some distance from us, she seated her self upon the Moss at the foot of the same Tree, near which I had taken my place, I found such a disturbance within my self, that I had scarce power to ask her, upon what account she came to consult me. Don't you know it, O! Divine Man, said she, without I tell it you? And since you are already acquainted with my Thoughts, what need you to expect any Questions from me? Well, Madam, reply'd I, I must tell you then, Your Heart is seiz'd with a most agreeable Passion; but you have unjustly taken an Aversion to him who is your Admirer; you have writ very severe Letters to him; you fly him, and are come to this place with no other intention than to avoid the sight of him; is not this the real Truth? Yes, said she, I must own it. But pray give me a description of the Person of this Gentleman; He is a tall Man, of a goodly Presence, said I to her; his Air is noble, and his Conversation extreamly engaging; he has a great share in the Favour of his Master; and I assure you, Madam, that if my Art does not deceive me, you are sole Mistress of his Heart. At these words the Lady burst out a laughing aloud;

aloud ; you Blockhead, cry'd she, thou hast been bubbled into an Adventure, and takes a great deal of Pains for nothing ! Know that I am not the Countess of ———, but that thou hast talk'd to the Dutchess of *Richmond*, and that this very moment she is a going to make thee know who thou be'st. You may easily guess at my surprize ; but this Disappointment did not however affect me so much, as it would have done, with any other Person than her self. My dear Sister, said I, stopping her against her Will, and re-assuming my natural Voice, take heed not to disclose this Secret, but rather assist me in this Design ; I conjure you, since by what I have done, you may be convinced I love her heartily. The Dutchess of *Richmond* embracing me with much Tenderness, you are a true *Protheus*, said she, and 'tis well you discovered your self, for I should certainly have spoil'd your Market.

She then told me, that at the earnest Intreaties of her Friends to go to *Tunbridge*, she had at last resolv'd all on a sudden to go thither ; that she happen'd just to come to the Countess's Lodgings about an hour before this Nocturnal Appointment ; and that hearing them talk strange things of a *Laplander*, it came into her head, that something of a Design lay conceal'd under the Pretences of his great Age,
and

and excellency of his Art. To make tryal of his Skill, she had offer'd to go instead of the Countess, and had found my Genius so far removed from its natural Course, as to suffer it self thus to be catch'd in the Trap. I told her I was but a Novice in the Conjuring Art, but desir'd her to go back to the Countess, and to relate Wonders of me; she fail'd not to do according to my desire, and acted her part to a miracle; for the Earl happening to find the Countess in her Coach, whilst he thought she had been with me, did not doubt but that I should betray my self; and was upon the point of coming back to tell me what he had seen; when she told him it was the Dutchess of *Richmond*, that was with me, he then flatter'd himself, I would certainly know her; and whilst he was expecting her return with as much impatience as uneasiness, he saw her coming towards the Coach, O! cry'd she, with a loud Voice, the most skilful of Men, and the happiest of Mortals upon Earth; what surprizing things has he not told me; his Knowledge is pass'd expressing. She would have run on in my praise, if the Countess, impatient to see me, had not left her, and made all the hast she could towards the Tree near which I had seated my self. I was scarce recover'd out of my Surprize, and fearing lest they should play me the same
Game

Game over again, I was resolved, to be first well assured of the Person I spoke to, before I proceeded to discover my Art.

Scarce had the Countess taken her Place next to mine, but she told me, Most divine *Lappomida*, if by your Art you are able to penetrate into the Secrets of my Heart; and find out a way of easing my Pain, nothing shall be so great, but what you may expect from my Gratitude; Knowing this to be the Countess's Voice, I took her by the Hand; and, Madam, said I, I am not a Man to be guided by Interest, you did not pitch upon the right Method, when you intended to engage me in your behalf, by the Promises of Rewards which I never coveted; the only thing I have to desire of you is, to put somewhat of Confidence in me. Which way, said she, can I refuse it to you, who can foretel every thing, and know in spite of my self, what I would fain keep conceal'd. You reason to a Miracle, reply'd I, you are endow'd with so exquisite a Wit, that I am not surpris'd at the favourable Aspects and Influences of the Stars upon you. *Venus*, in Conjunction with *Sol*, gives you both Prudence and Beauty. *Jupiter* in a direct

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Line

Line with *Mars*; *L*——— Pray speak to me in an intelligible Language, said she, and let me know, what made a certain Man, for whom I had a great Kindness, cease to love me. Your surprise is very wrong, said I, he loves you still, and never loved any body else; he languishes for you, he is ready to die for Vexation, when he reflects upon what Aversion you have conceived against him. Since you are so dexterous at knowing his Sentiments, I wonder you should not discover in me a Disposition quite contrary to what you speak of: But I am certain, that during a Voyage he made lately, this ungrateful Man bestow'd my Picture upon a Wouan, who never will love him the with same Tenderness as I have done,

I can assure you, said the Duke, that I found in this Conversation, all the Pleasures one is capable of feeling in the hight of a nice and most tender Passion; and as I had no reason to imagine, that the Countess would have at this time a design of imposing upon me, since passing for a *Laplander*, and a Person not in the least concerned in her Affairs, it was equal to me whether she loved or hated her Lover; so I read it in her Heart, and plainly perceived, that I was still very dear to her, beyond what I could have expected

ed at this time. I being very desirous to know that charitable Person, who had been pleas'd to do me this good Office, told the Countess, she must put an entire Confidence in me, and that I pray'd her to tell me, how she came to know that her Lover had proved unfaithful. I was acquainted with it, said she, by one of my Friends, unto whom it was written by a Person of Quality; you must describe his Person to me, said I, if you expect I should foretel you the real Consequences thereof. By the Description she gave me, and the Suspicion I had conceived before of Madam—— and my Lord——, I was easily convinced I had not guess'd amiss, My Art tells me, continued I, that those Persons you speak of ought to be suspected to you, it being their Design to disturb your Repose. Alas! said she, with a most charming Voice, if their Design was to put me to an excess of Pain, they have had their ends. I can assure you, my Eyes have seen no Sleep since that unhappy Day this Lady brought me this disagreeable Tydings. There is a greater Share of Vanity than of Tenderness in your Sufferings, said I, you are vex'd at this Gentleman's having preferr'd another before you. I could wish it were no otherwise, reply'd she,

she, this would not be quite so mortifying to me, since perhaps I might find out some way or other to comfort my self for such a Disgrace ; but the nearer I examine my Heart, the more I am sensible of its Frailties.

It was no longer in my Power to stand out against these Assurances, which served for an undeniable Confirmation to me of my Happiness. I arose from my crooked piece of Wood, with much Precipitation, and casting my self at her Feet, Pray don't disown me, Madam, said I, embracing her Knees, I am the most tender and faithful Lover in the World ; I should die for Grief upon this very Spot, had I been guilty of ceasing to love you but for a moment, beyond my own Life. Your Picture, which I have about me, ought to convince you of those Forgeries they have imposed upon you. In the name of your Friendship, in the name of the most tender Passion that ever was known, restore me to your Favours, restore to me that, without which I can't live any longer. I was upon the point of telling her a thousand more tender and passionate things, during these first Motions of Joy, Love, and Acknowledgment: But can you guess, without setting up for a *Laplander*, can you guess, I say, what Answer
this

this capricious Woman made me to all these passionate Expressions? How my Lord, cry'd she, is it you my Lord, who under this premeditated Disguise come to snatch this Secret from me? Do you think thus to abuse my Inclinations for Astrological Predictions? And you judge you have sufficiently cleared your self, when you swear, I have been misguided by Falshoods. Oh, my Lord, how far you have deceived your self, in chusing such Methods as are directly opposite to what you owe to me. You ought to have born your Sufferings without murmuring, and without breaking forth into Complaints; you ought to have expected from my Goodness, to be recall'd out of this kind of Banishment, but in lieu thereof you must go and take a Confident; and tho' I look upon the Earl of *A———* as a Man of Honour, yet I am almost reduced to Despair, he should be acquainted with this Affair. You must needs also discover your self to the Dutches of *Richmond*, and in short, you have exposed me to the worst of Accidents, for should my Husband get the least notice of this Adventure, he would without any regard to my Innocence, and your Millice, sacrifice me me alone to his Reserment. All these Reasons

represent you before my Eyes, as an Object altogether unworthy of my Tenderness, which you have thus abused, and been wanting in every thing you owe to me; nay, you have had Cruelty enough, to hazard my Life.

Whilst she was making this so fine, so well disposed, and so well contrived Harangue, I stood confounded at what I heard her say now, and what she spoke but a moment before. Is it possible, said I, that the same Mouth should in so short a time, utter opposite matters? Is this the same Woman who sigh'd before *Laponida* for having lost the Duke of *Buckingham*, and now treats the Duke of *Buckingham* like a miserable Wretch, whilst he is lying at her Feet. I must own, that at that very Instant, Spite and Anger so far prevail'd over my Heart, that for sometime I could not say one Word; she had scarce finish'd part of her Discourse, when I added such a Conclusion, as she little expected from me. For, in lieu of attempting to allay her Anger by Submission, I cry'd, O you most unstable and most extravagant of Woman-kind! I leave you for the whole Remainder of my Days; you shall, whilst you live, never hear either
good

good or bad Tydings from me; I repent of the Pains I have taken to come near you, but am ready to leave you immediately, and will for ever shun you to the utmost of my Power. I had no sooner said these Words, but away I flew from her like Lightning, and tho', as it seem'd to me, she follow'd me, and cry'd, *Laponida, Laponida*, I was in so ill an Humour, that I did not think her worthy of an Answer. She was no sooner gone back to the Place, where the Dutchess of *Richmond*, her Husband, and the Earl, staid for her coming; but the last came to find me near the Tree, but it being a dark Night, could not find me, and looking about for fear I had lost my self in the Wood, whilst I expected his coming in my Coach, much dissatisfy'd at his long stay, I saw him come at last. He upbraided me with having given him so much Trouble, but I being then in a very scurvy Humour, answered him so abruptly, tho' I was actually in the wrong, that he thought fit not to return any further Answer.

Our dispute being soon ended, what do you think, said I, of this long Conversation I had with the Countess? Every thing that can be thought happy, said he; to be

alone in a Wood with a Lady one loves, and by whom one is belov'd? To be consider'd under such Circumstances of a Reconciliation; viz. that the Husband is jealous, and at the same time stands Sentinel? To be witty and both lovely? Now you may judge of my Thoughts. O! said I, sighing, Appearances often prove fallacious: You think I have made my Peace with her, because one would suppose it to be so; but I had to do with so capricious a Woman, and who gave me so ill a Reception, that I have quite broke off with her. The Earl could scarce believe me, till I spoke so seriously, that he could not but take my word for it, especially, since there was not sufficient matter of Diversion in the thing, to put one upon an Invention of this Nature. I protest to you, said he, I am amazed to the highest degree: I thought your Merits might have secured you against such an Accident: No more of Merits, my Lord, said I, I will do my self Justice, and own my Faults, some whereof are perhaps very considerable; but I will not allow any in Love. Do you know a sure way how to be revenged of her, said the Earl; Yes, reply'd I, to forget her for ever: 'Twas that

I intended to have advised you to, added he, but you were too quick for me? You shall see, said I, smiling, that, if my Astrologers Habit was not well suited for the reviving of an Intreague, it shall serve to break it off.

I would advise you, reply'd he, to visit the Dutchesse of *Richmond*, who lodging in the same House with the Countess, you may confer with her, and endeavour a Reconciliation. Heavens prevent me, cry'd I, I will leave the Place so soon as it is Day; You may do what you please, said he, but what will the King think of your sudden Return; I will find an Excuse for it, said I to him, and let it fall out as it will, he will look upon it as a piece of Gallantry. It seems to me more proper, said he, to go to one of your Country Seats, and to stay there for Fourteen Days, without being known at Court. Since you are inclined, reply'd I, to take your Share in my ill Humour and Solitariness, rather then return to *London*, come let us go to *Clevedon*. He promis'd very obligingly to go along with me thither, to my no small Satisfaction; for I stood highly in need of a good Companion to assist me in tearing from my Heart the remaining Ideas of the Countess, and nothing can happen

happen more unfortunate to a Man oppress'd with a violent Passion, which affords him sufficient matter of Complaint, thus to want a Friend, unto whom he may discharge his Heart to ease his Pains.

So soon as we returned to *Tunbridge*, I threw my self upon the Bed, being quite spent with Vexation; I had not lain there long, when I heard them cry out, *Fire, Fire*; and thinking it might perhaps be at the Countess's, because her House was not far distant from ours, I arose, and looking out of the Window, ask'd several Persons that pass'd by in great haste, where the Fire was. It being already pretty light, they look'd upon me; but instead of answering me, burst out a laughing. I could not imagine the meaning of it, nor why they should not answer me, not remembring that it was my Antick Habit, which I had still upon me, made them laugh at its Novelty. I was extremely vex'd at this Usage, when the Earl of *Argyle*, entring abruptly into the Room; You are very quiet, said he, considering the Fire is ready to break in upon you. What, said I, Is this House on Fire? 'Tis so much, said he, that we must either save our selves out of the Window, or
else

else run the hazard of being burnt in going down Stairs. They brought us a Ladder, and the Earl being the first that got down, run into the Stable, to give orders for the Horses to be brought out, they being ready to be stifled by the Smoak. I for my part did not question, but that I might make use of the same Ladder, to get down into the Court, but it being divulged by the Fellows belonging to the Stables, that I was a famous Sorcerer, some of the Mob took away the Ladder, in hopes to see me shew one of my Master-pieces, to fly into the Air like a Bird; and at the same time others coming with a Ladder to my assistance, they would not suffer it to be fixt to the Window, alledging that I being a Sorcerer, I deserved to be burnt alive.

I must confess, I never was put more to it in all my Life-time; the Smoak was so thick in my Chamber, that I was almost suffocated by it, and not being able to cry for help, I knew not what to do. It very luckily came into my mind, that it was my white Beard, and my Conjuror's Cloaths, that had drawn me into this mischief, so I threw them off; and having just so much Breath left as to cry out
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of the Window, save the Duke of *Buckingham*; they knew me, brought a Ladder, and I got down with ease. The sudden change from the Smoak into the Air, threw me into a Swoon; which being told to the Earl of *Argyle*, he came to my assistance, and supporting me, till I came to the Bank of a Rivulet, I sat down upon the Grass, leaning against a Tree. I am much concern'd, said I, to find my self still here, pray give the necessary Orders for our immediate departure. Don't you fear, said he, lest you should not be able to bear riding in the Coach; I dread more some sinister Accident, of seeing again the Countess, being resolv'd, after what she has done, never to forgive her. He fell a laughing, and that is to say, continu'd he, to see her, and to forgive her, is one and the same thing; that is to say, reply'd I, that I am sensible of my Frailty for her, and that I would rather chuse to avoid her, than put such a constraint upon my Inclinations.

Is it not true, my Lord, continu'd the Duke of *Buckingham*, that, how easily Chance might bring the Countess among these Trees, attended only by her Confident, to take the Benefit and Pleasure of
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the fresh Air, and of a murmuring Brook; and perhaps also to ease her Mind by sighing, and uttering bitter Reproaches and Complaints against me. And supposing I lye here so far conceal'd, as not to be discovered by her; I should perhaps arise on a sudden, throw my self at her Feet, embrace her, and sue for Peace. As I tell you ingenuously my true Sentiments, so there seems nothing wanting to accomplish this Adventure, but her Presence; But Accidents don't depend on our choice; the Countess did not appear, tho' to confess the Truth with all sincerity, I should have been over-joy'd if good Chance, and the Intelligencies of Love, would have brought her to this place. I went strait to *Clevedon*, in Company with the Earl of *Argyle*, who gave me all possible assistance to allay my Grief. He shew'd so much complaisance for me, as to hear with a great deal of patience, every thing I told him; and his answers were so full of Goodness, as to prove a singular Comfort to my present Afflictions. But since we talk of Complaisance, said the Duke, I find, tho' somewhat late, I have abused your Patience, it being broad day; and I can't imagine what made me run on thus for so long

long a time. O! good my Lord, cry'd the Earl of *St. Albans*, don't check your self, for having spent a few hours with us, and don't think of leaving us, till you have given us the whole Conclusion of this Adventure. 'Twill be much more proper, said the Earl of *A——n*, to let him take a little Rest, and for us to do the same, that we may be in a condition to hear him, with the more Attention afterwards. The Earl of *St. Albans* very well liked this Proposal; this House being one of the finest in *London*, he ordered a nice Collation to be brought in for Breakfast, which being over, the Duke of *Buckingham* and his Nephew were each conducted into a magnificent Chamber to take their Repose, which they took till towards Evening: They were then entertained with a very fine Supper; but as Lovers, when they are at Variance with their Mistresses, seldom have any great stomach to their Viſuals, so it happened with the Duke of *Buckingham*, and the Earl of *A——n* at this time. The Duke seeing his two Friends to keep silence, on purpose to attend to his Relation; Began thus:

The End of the First Part.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

Court of ENGLAND.

PART II.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

COURT OF ENGLAND

PART II.

MEMOIRS

OF THE ENGLISH COURT.

PART II.

THE Earl of *Argyle* made more sensible Reflexions upon my true Interests than I was capable of doing my self; being so far prepossess'd with Love and Vexation, that I could think but little of the Court. *White-Hall* being as strange to me, as if I had never been in it. Is it possible, said he, D. of *Buckingham*, you can imagine, not to give an account to the King of your stay at *Clevedone*? Is it not all one to him, said I, whether I am here or at *Tunbridge*? No, reply'd he, the King loving you to such a degree as he does, and consequently being much concerned for your Health, you ought to let him know, that the Air of your Country Seat is more proper for you than the *Waters*. And why so, reply'd I, the King will suppose me to be at *Tunbridge*, till I return to Court, when I intend to tell him, that I am come from *Clevedone*. You don't consider,

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said

said he, that you will be enquired after. from those that return from the *Wells*; and will not every body be surprized, when they are told, you have not been seen there? It will be supposed, said I, I had a mind to live retired. But, added he, all the Company meets at the *Wells*, and tho' you may avoid speaking, you can't avoid being seen. And was not I seen, reply'd I, in that cursed Walk where you left me? Those that saw you there, answered he, were not Persons of that Quality, to have any Questions ask'd them concerning you. And for my part, said I, in an angry tone, I shall resolve them none, I beg your pardon, *My Lord*.

He was so far from taking notice of my Spleen, that he burst out a laughing, and said he hop'd I would not take it ill, if he wrote to the Duke of *Monmouth*, to let him know where he was. No, said I, with a more gay Countenance, you can't do any thing that will displease me; but I must beg one Favour of you, *viz.* not to let me know one Word of his Answer to yours. You will be the greatest Loser betwixt us, said he smiling, for perhaps he may write me some pleasant things, which you would be glad to hear, and which may divert you from that splenerick Humour you seem to court so much now. It matters not, reply'd I, I am so very well pleased with my present *Men bating* Humour, that I must think my self mad if I should change it for any other: I am resolved to hate all the World,

except you. *My Lord*, said he, this Exception being so advantageous to me, I can't but be highly sensible of it : but 'tis impossible you should persist in a Resolution which would debar you the Conversation of so many Persons of Honour that love you. This Resolution, reply'd I, will rob me only of the Conversation of a few ; for as times now go, 'tis enough to act the Hypocrite, our Inclinations having little or no Share in our Conversation ; he who has the most regard to Honour and Affection, being sure to be the Bubble. The Earl being of a contrary Opinion, which he always maintain'd with a great deal of Wit, this caused several very diverting Discourses betwixt us.

All this while I continued in my splenetic Humour, being vex'd at my self for having incensed the Countess afresh. Alas ! said I to my self, I ought to have submitted to what she told me, during the first Motions of her Heart, whereof perhaps she her self was not Mistress at that time : What did I go to *Tunbridge* for, but to appease her ? And thus I have willfully rendered my whole Journey fruitless. I resolved to write to her, but some of my Letters not seeming to me tender and submissive enough, and sometimes thinking my self not so much in the wrong, I liked none of them, and so laid them up in my Scrutore. I concluded, that in order to cure me of my Love, I must find some other Amuse-

ment, which might divert my Heart and Thoughts another way.

There is no other Method, said I, to the Earl of *Argyle*, to get rid of these fatal Chains, which, as long as I wear, will scarce afford me one day's Tranquillity: She is sufficiently disposed to form my Process; I need only tell her, that I love elsewhere, and she will not fail to believe it; for she is already jealous without Reason, and condemns me without being heard: No, I am resolved I will love her no longer.

But, continued I, what if I should have the same Fate with another, who may perhaps play the Tyrant, 'tis much better not to love at all, but to enjoy the Ease of a *happy Indifferency*. Alas, *My Lord*, cry'd the Earl of *Argyle*, this is a Task which will prove more difficult to you, than to others: After having tasted the Pleasures of Love, during your Engagements with the Countess of S—— you can't live without Loving. 'Tis true, reply'd I, sighing at the pleasing Ideas, that dear Name revived in my Mind, I was the happiest of Lovers; but it is also no less true, that after such exceeding Delights, I could not but expect some mixture of bitterness in my next Passion: And the Countess of —— has sufficiently punish'd me for having loved any body but Madam S——

You will highly oblige me, said the E. of *Argyle*, in relating to me the Particulars of that Intreague. Alas! said I, that is a Wound not to be touch'd without a most violent Pain:

Pain: not that I would deny your Request, but only defer the Rehearſal thereof, till I may do it with leſs Diſturbance. The Earl, who aim'd at nothing more than to amuſe me, would not inſiſt further upon a Matter which he found diſagreeable to my preſent Diſpoſition, but in the moſt obliging manner in the World, ſubmitted to all my capricious Humours.

One Day, walking along the River ſide, ſaw him at a diſtance, ſitting upon a Hillock, reading a Letter very attentive-ly. I approach'd as eaſie as I could, but coming near him, he folded up the Letter, and without ſpeaking one word, put it into his Pocket: I was a little nettled at it, yet for ſome time talk'd only of indifferent Matters, till at laſt I ask'd him whether he had any News from *London*? Yes, reply'd he, The Duke of *Monmouth* has given me an account of what paſſes at Court. Are they Matters of Conſequence, ſaid I? Had they been ſuch, reply'd he, you ſhould have known it before this; but they being only Matters of Gallantry, are not ſuitable to your preſent Condition. His Answer having rais'd in me a Curioſity to know what paſs'd: I told him, 'tis true, I had reſolved to deny my ſelf all thoſe Amuſements that infect the Heart and Mind, and which diſturb the Repoſe of our Lives; nevertheleſs as I find my ſelf never the better for not hearing of theſe Matters, you will oblige me in communicating the Contents of your Letter to me: Done, ſaid the Earl,

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giving me the Letter, you will meet with something that is new there. The Letter I read ran thus: *You are much in the wrong to pass your time at Clevedon, whilst we have here a growing Beauty, admired by all that see her. I won't tell you who she is, to raise your Curiosity to the highest pitch: but know that she is beloved by all the World; that the E. of S. Albans adores her; that the E. of O—— sighs for her; and that she has made so general a Conquest of Hearts, that there are none left for our Ladies. If you are capable of pity, prepare your selves to afford them some Comfort: But you will scarce be long in a condition to pity others; for so soon as you have beheld Donna Maria de Balboza, you will have work enough to commiserate your own Case. Alas! what have I done? I have nam'd her to you! You must know then, that the Queen has sent for her out of Portugal, to attend her, and be one of her Ladies of Honour, notwithstanding the opposition of many at Court. Adieu, My Lord, I reckon you and the Duke of Buckingham will say I seldom bring any pleasing News.*

I expected no less, said the Earl of S. Albans, interrupting the Duke of Buckingham, than to be brought in among the Lovers of Donna Maria, but am in a capacity at present to hear her mentioned without Disturbance. If it be so, reply'd the Duke, I will proceed.

After having read the D. of Monmouth's Letter, I told the E. of Argyle: Could you
be

be in Love with this Stranger? He return'd, *and could not you be in Love with this Stranger?* I with I could, reply'd I, for this would be a means to cure my Passion for the Countess. As to my self, said he, having no such Distemper, I don't care to venture upon so hazardous a Cure: I am not fond of Trouble, and therefore prefer a happy Indifference before all the Pleasures of Love. Hah, *My Lord*, cry'd I, I don't believe you to have so ill a Relish. And I believe, reply'd he smiling, you certainly have: pray call to mind the Sufferings and Vexations, even of the happiest of Lovers, the capricious Humours of our Mistresses, Jealousies and Sights: don't you remember that the unfortunate hours doe much over-ballance the happy ones; so that if Men, when they begin to love, were but sensible of the Disappointments, and other Vexations, which are inseparable Companions of Love Intreagues, they would shun it like Death it self. Does the E. of *Argyle*, cry'd I, talk at that rate, and must the Duke of *Buckingham* betray his Frailty in opposing his Sentiments. Notwithstanding the ill Treatment I have received from the Countess, and the Repulses from a capricious Woman of an unequal Rank to me, I say it is convenient to love. Yes, yes, said I, after having paused a while, I will maintain it to be so. An indifferent Person is never sensible of true Pleasure: 'tis Love that makes us out-brave our Misfortunes, because it inspires

us with noble and great Sentiments; it creates in us an Emulation, and makes us surmount all Difficulties.

I am charm'd, said the E. of *Argyle*, to hear you speak at that rate, your Reconciliation with the Countess is certainly at hand; I don't question but to see you in a few Days languishing at her Feet, and her of a more pliable Temper. No, no, cry'd I, you will never see that; but if this Lady *Balboza* is as lovely as the Duke of *Monmouth* makes her in his Letter, I must confess, I could be heartily glad to enter into an amorous Intreague with her. The *Portuguese* Ladies have naturally a great deal of Wit and Sprightliness, they are Mistresses of a certain Vivacity, which keeps a Lover from turning indifferent; they never are without something that is new: whether pleased or angry, there is an infinite diversion in their Conversation. To speak frankly, the more I think of her, the more I am resolved to Love her.

But, said the E. of *Argyle*, supposing her to have given a favourable Ear to the Duke of *Monmouth*, or to the E. of *S. Albans*, will you go about to dislodge them? And will it not be much better to put on again your former Chains? My Rivals, cry'd I, (with a sort of a scornful Air) have always given to me the Honour of Precedency; the only thing I fear, is that perhaps she may not be of a very amorous Disposition. A pleasant whim indeed, said he, you are afraid that the
Person

Person you propose to Love, has not made any great impression upon her Lovers? If I were sensible of it by my self, reply'd I, I needed not labour under that Uneasiness, because I should be a Judge of her Merits and Charms; but as the case now stands, I can only suppose her lovely, as far as she is belov'd. Your Rule, answered the Earl, is not without Exception; we sometimes engage in such odd Intreagues, as would appear unpardonable, were it not for that common excuse *Love is Blind*. After all, said I, I hope you will agree with me in this, that a young Lady who is admired by many, may challenge the Preference before one that has no Admirers at all? At this he could not forbear laughing; and, said he, you are then in Love, when must we meet at *White-Hall*? To morrow, said I, tho' perhaps I may find my self mistaken in several of these Perfections, I propose to my self; for, notwithstanding, as she is a *Portuguese*, she ought to have Wit, she may perhaps have none; besides this, I would have her Eyes large and black, and so full of Lustre, as scarce to be endured by her Admirers; Teeth as bright as Pearls; her Bosom and Complexion white, or in carnation Colour, and of Stature tall, and nicely shaped. You are mistaken, said he, for I am certain, that among a thousand *Portugueses*, you won't meet with one such as you describe her, unless you bespeak her on purpose.

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How, reply'd I, have they not generally large Eyes? Yes, said he, many of them have; but as for their Teeth, you must not expect them of an Oriental Pearl Colour; for their using abundance of Chocolat and Sweet-meats, spoils their Teeth in their Infancy. As for their Complexion, you may have it white enough if you love Painting, but without it, I will warrant it brown. After all, said I, I would rather have it so, than if it were besmeard with Plaister-work. They are, said the Earl, neither tall nor plump, all *Portuguese* Women being small and lean. What, cry'd I, without Exception, surely they don't cast them all in one Mould? I only tell you my Opinion, continued he smiling, and if you will write and be satisfy'd in the Matter, we shall see whether you or I have guess'd best. Truly, reply'd I with a Smile, methinks you are very bold to make such a Comparison; don't you remember that I acted the Sorcerer not long ago? I am so far from having forgotten it, said he, that I often remember it, but never without being ready to die with laughing; your disguise was so pleasantly contrived, that had it not been for that Love Passion that had seized your Heart, you would have made much better Sport.

I writ a Letter to my *Dutch Picture-Dra-
wer*, with orders to endeavour to draw the
Picture of *Donna Maria Balboza*, and to
send it to me. I shew'd this Letter to the
Earl of *Argyle*, who told me with a plea-
sant

fant Air; it is an ancient Custom among Kings and Princes, to have the Pictures of the Princesses they intend to espouse, sent to them; but yours is a peculiar Fancy to send for the Picture of a Person, you only propose to love. Divert your self at my cost, return'd I, as long as you please, I will take it all, provided you will write to the Duke of *Monmouth*, and desire him to let you know, whether she has Wit, and is agreeable in Conversation; whether she is strait Limb'd, and writes well; for I confess, I am ready to engage with her if his Answer proves suitable to my Desires.

Alas, reply'd he, what Confidence can you put in his Answer, his Passion for her must needs be look'd upon as partial. I agree with you in this point, said I; but I would have him send us some of her Letters; for she that writes well, can't want Wit. Since there are many that don't want Wit, reply'd the Earl, and yet write very ill, why may not a Person write well, and yet have no Wit? No, said I, that is impossible; you may tell me of some People, that Talk well, and yet Write ill; and of some who Write well, but Talk ill; but both Sorts don't want Wit, and if I could see one of her Letters I would be satisfy'd.

And do you imagine, said he, that if the Duke of *Monmouth* has any of her Letters, he will trust them with us? Why not, reply'd I, as we are his Friends; I am confident he will be well pleased to see us admire a Lady he thinks so lovely himself.

Then

Then write you your self, said the Earl, 'tis possible, that he being always ready to serve you, this will make him less scrupulous upon this Head.

We return'd not to *Clevedone* till it was pretty late, which made me urge the Earl to go to Supper, before he writ the Letter; but he perceiving I would be very well pleased if he did otherwise, went into my Closet, and in a few Moments after, gave me his Letter to the Duke of *Monmouth*, which I sent with as much Care, as if all the Felicity of my Life had depended on it. The next Day in the Evening, the Messenger I had sent to *London*, returned from *London* with the Duke of *Monmouth*'s Answer to the Earl of *Argyle*, conceived in the following Words.

TIS not without great reason the Duke of Buckingham is so desirous of seeing some of the fair Portugeze's Letters; for she writes as well as she speaks, and she speaks beyond any body Living. 'Tis a misfortune that she will write only of indifferent Matters; at least I have seen no others as yet; tho' I have done all I could, to engage her to alter her Stile. Her Eyes have told me more than once, that she would represent Love to admiration, but she is so very cautious to engage her self that way, that either she has been told strange Stories of Love, or else has met with some Disappointments, I have not been able to learn, as yet. I sent you what she writ yesterday

at the Countess of O—— where Mrs. Bevrewell happening to shew a Letter from Mr. S. Evremont, every one gave his Opinion upon it; the Letter meeting with great Commendation from the most judicious, but with some reproof from the Ignorant Criticks, this raised a Dispute concerning the different ways of Writing, wherein Donna Maria outdoing all the rest, her Discourse was so pleasing to me, that I engaged her to leave some part of it in Writing, which I send and leave to your judgment.

The Duke of Buckingham having look'd for some time among his Papers, at last found and produced the following Advice, how to Write well.

[1] I lay this down for a general Rule, that in all, but especially in what we call the Epistolar Stile, always a due Regard ought to be had to good and true Sense, and never to deviate from it. Write as you speak, and endeavour to give things a certain noble, but easie Turn, without Affectation or pompous Words, which makes a deep Impression, and is infinitely pleasing. As far as is possible avoid Repetitions; but if that cannot be done, and they fall in naturally, you may make use of them, without any further Scruple.

[2] Tho' the Portugueze, Spaniards, and Italians, are very fond of Metaphors, (the chiet Ornaments of their Letters,) they are not according to my Palate; it being my Opinion, that we need not dis-
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place the Sun and Stars, no more than to condescend to a mean and pedantique Stile. The finest and nicest things are best express'd in an easie and natural way, without putting our Wit to the Rack.

[3] You must have a due Regard to your own Quality, as well as to that of the Person unto whom you write, and to the Subject you are to entertain him with. As to the last, keep as close to it, as possibly you can ; and in respect to the first, make an exact Distinction, as well in reference to his Birth, as to his Merits ; but you must always express your Honourable Sentiments, and even your good Will to every body, and make use of such Expressions as may discover your noble Inclinations to them.

[4] If you write about Business, express your self in concise but plain Terms, without leaving the least room for Ambiguity or double Interpretation.

[5] You may easily avoid long Phrases, fulsome Periods, and such Parentheses, as interrupt the whole sense of a Letter. It happens often, that you must be oblig'd to read a Letter more than once, before you can attain to the true Sense thereof.

[6] All manner of *Galimatias* or Bombast must never enter into an Epistle ; this will prove no difficult task for such as are not in a Capacity to make high Flights, which when they attempt, they are often lost among the Clouds, and fall very low afterwards. Every one ought to
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examine his own Capacity, and to be cautious not to say more than what he would have, and in so doing, he will seldom fail of saying as much as is requisite for his purpose.

[7] There are certain Expressions, so nice and refined, as to leave behind them an Eagerness in the Reader, of guessing more than is express'd in the Letter. A Person of Wit ought not to be too lavish in this kind; tho' this is a point, not to be managed by every body with Discretion; for, if a good number of pleasant Fancies crowd in upon us, we are so fond of them, as not to pass by any without inserting them. But your Friend to whom you write will be much better pleased with you, if you don't spend your fewel all at once, and will look upon your Letter as more acceptable, if you leave him room of exerting his Thoughts and Fancies upon it himself. You ought always to have more Regard to your Friend's satisfaction, than to your own.

[8] If you are to enter upon Compliments, let them be graceful and short, and endeavour to give them an uncommon and handsome Turn, beyond what is usually observed in the ordinary way of Complimenting.

[9] Consolatory Letters must never be long, but Affectionate, and touching home upon the Subject; so as to make your self a sharer in your Friends Misfortune, without Affectation or Pride, and
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without hard and far-fetch'd Expressions. You may also add some Christian-like Reflexions, provided they savour neither of Pedantry nor Bigottry.

[10] If we are to bestow a Favour, it ought to be done with a prompt and generous Compliance. A long expected Obligation loses much of its true Value, and in cases of this nature, never be negligent in writing.

[11] If you are under a necessity of refusing a Favour, you ought to sweeten your Refusal by all the kind Expressions you are able, and by giving some hopes of obliging your Friend for the future.

[12] In case you are to write a chiding Letter, don't correct your Friend in haughty and cholerick Terms; but in such as are full of Goodness, and founded upon Justice. He that has committed a Fault, is sufficiently punish'd already, without the addition of bitter and inveighing Words, which will appear to be rather the effects of your Passion, than of your Reason.

[13] If you will write to the Person you love, only consult your own Heart, that knows best how to speak in your behalf, and will sometimes say more than it ought. Men are not ty'd to very strict Rules in this case; but most Ladies would be happier, if they had forgot how to write, when they engage in a thing of this nature.

[14] Whenever we are to write to a Person superior to us, either in Merits or Dignities,

Dignities, it ought to be done in Terms full of Respect and Submission; and if we must take care not to write in an abject and base Stile, so we must not neglect to give every one his due. Civility is an excellent Qualification, particularly in Persons of Quality: This is often the only current Coin wherewith they pay every body.

[15] As it is easie to write an obliging Letter when one lends Money, so it is a difficult Matter to write well if you borrow it. There is a certain Reluctancy in Nature to things of this kind, to such a degree, that he who receives the Letter, reads it with something of Prejudice, which make him find Faults where actually there are none.

[16] Never trouble your self to find a good Conclusion to your Letter; but if a good Thought falls into your Head, to be sure make use of it; but if not, *I am*, &c. is enough upon occasion; it always stands good.

[17] New Thoughts, full of jollity, and well turn'd, interspersed as it were carelessly and unperceived throughout a Letter, carry along with them a most graceful Charm, provided there is in them a certain intermixture of Pleasantness and Wisdom, and that every thing appears to flow from its natural Source. An affected Letter is not worth reading.

[18] Supposing you to be never so Learned, never affect to shew it in your
B b Letters;

Letters; at least, not unless it be to some other Person of Learning, or where a Point of Wit is in question. Your only business is to express well your meaning, and that is not so easie to be done.

[19] Be always as concise as possibly you can, but without affecting a laconique Stile, which expresses scarce one half of your Intentions, for this serves for nothing else than to confound Matters in obscurity; whereas the whole secret consists in explaining ourselves in a neat and natural Stile: If you have not the gift of expressing yourself in ten Lines, you do better to make use of twenty.

[20] Avoid all manner of hard, reflecting and ambiguous Terms, Proverbs and By-words, which serve only to stuff up a Letter with what is fulsome to the Reader.

[21] As you ought never to be careless in what you write, so you must endeavour so artificially to conceal the care you take of writing well, that the whole may appear easie and plain. You must blot out and correct, till you are satisfy'd with what you have writ; and whilst you are writing your Thoughts, Words will fall in, and that in due course; the chief point is to chuse the best; happy is he who can do it well at all times.

It seems, said the Earl of A—n to the Duke of Buckingham, as if you did not read this Advice without some Vexati-

on. There are a thousand things in it, reply'd he, enough to vex me; of this you may be soon convinced, if you will remember, that it is not Wit alone I look for, but would fain see something of Tenderness, which Character I can't as yet discover in these Rules prescribed by her. 'Tis true, they contain something that is very Natural, but for the rest, it has a very slender relation to my Satisfaction, that a young Lady, whom you would Love, knows how to write a complimentary, begging, or consolatory Letter; this seems very foreign as yet to my purpose. Alas! *My Lord*, said I, addressing my self to the Earl of *Argyle*, this young *Portuguese* mocks me, and too much abuses our desires, when she pretends, at her Age, to amuse us with such Lessons, upon such indifferent Matters. I could wish she had employ'd her Pen in the same soft manner that a Lady of her Country did, whose Name, if I mistake not, was *Mariana*, whose Letters we have seen among us. You must own, that nothing can be more passionate if I could once see a Letter of hers, like those I would adore her, nay I would turn raving Mad for her sake.

And who has told you, answered the Earl, that she never writ thus to her Lover? Would you have her appear under this Character at the Countesses of O—— among a sect of Ladies, pretending to the strictest Rules of Vertue, and among many Men, with whom she had scarce any ac-

quaintance. This *Mariana*, whose Letters you praise so much, had carry'd on her Passion to a great degree of extravagancy, for a *Frenchman*, named, if I remember right, the Marquess of *Chamilly*, and believing that he had left her, Love, mix't with Despair, made her crack-brain'd. To have the same Thoughts she had, and to write as she does, you must suppose one to be Frenzical, or in Love to a degree of Madness. I look upon this as a kind of Love Euthusiasm; and if I should see a young Lady express her self in such like terms, I should not know what to think of her.

You would think, said I smiling, she was excessively in Love. No doubt on't, continued he, and that her Love was rather founded upon her own humour, than upon choice. I must tell you, that, for my part, I should rather choose a modest, well temper'd and reserved Mistress, than one who is so forward, and has so great a share of vivacity and activity. Every one according to his Mind, said I, I must confess I had framed to myself an Idea of the Character of *Donna Maria* which has not answered my expectation. I conjure you to write a Line to our Friend, and desire him to send us something that may prove more satisfactory to me. I can't but be mightily pleas'd at your Fancy, *My Lord*, reply'd the Earl, to give the Duke of *Monmouth* the trouble of furnishing you with Arms to combat
and

and vanquish him, for if you Love *Donna Maria*, you must be his Rival; and if you are, he will make but slender progress in her Affection. Alas, *My Lord*, cry'd I, what makes you say so? The Duke is handsome, lovely and young; whereas I have scarce any thing else to recommend me to the Ladies, but a good Air and Mien, and some Gallantries; but it is a hard Task to encounter with a young Duke, who is no Novice in the Art of pleasing. If I have any hopes of flattering my self with Success, it is because he loved first, and commonly the last has the advantage over the rest. The Earl of *Argyle* could not forbear smiling at the reason I alledg'd to back my hopes of Success; and Supper being just then ready, we went out of the Closet into the Dining-Room, and thence afterwards every one to his Bed Chamber.

I arose early the next Morning, and finding the Earl (as yet) in Bed, I ask'd my Lord, whither he was still asleep. What should hinder me, cry'd he, 'tis enough for you to haunt your Friends before Day-break. I only came, said I, to know whether you have writ or no. No, answered he, upon better consideration I think you had better go to *London*, where you may see, in Person, the Lady for whom you suffer so much already, perhaps there you will find better Employment, than to enquire after her writing well or ill. I must confess, reply'd I, I

am somewhat uneasy in the Matter, any Man but my self would make much better use of the King's Favour than I do at this time, nay it is next door to a piece of Ingratitude, to absent my self from him merely to indulge my own Fancies. But what would you have me say to you? I am not the first of that Kind, and were I sure to be the chief and most happy Favourite of the greatest Monarch of the Universe, I would prefer my Passion before my Fortune: neither would have you imagine this frailty to be peculiar only to my self; no, I had it from my deceased Father, he was the most gallant Person in the World, and perhaps you have heard something of his amorous Intreagues. I heard of one, said the Earl, of an extraordinary Nature, and such a one as sufficiently shews he would carry on his Love-Passion to the highest pitch.

I was told, continued he, that he was in Love with a Person of so high a Rank, that he had but few opportunities of seeing her, especially since his not coming to Court must have rendered his Conversation with the Lady very suspicious to the World. Reduced to those Streights, he resolved to equip a Vessel at his own charge, under pretence of taking a Voyage, but in effect to make the Vessel strand in some Creek or other, where he and his Attendance, the Maller and the Pilot (who were at his Devotion) might save themselves without much Danger; with an intention
to

to make the World believe they were lost: This done, he intended to have entered himself under the disguise of a Domestick Servant in the Lady's Service; and to continue thus happy and satisfy'd all the remainder of his Days.

The Project, reply'd I, was thus concerted, but fail'd in the Execution; not but that in all human probability, he would by this means have encompass'd his Ends of conversing with the Lady, had not that Villain, who stabb'd him, put a fatal Period both to his Passion and Life at once. He was, said the Earl of St. Albans, interrupting the Duke, the handsomest Man that ever was seen; he had a way of making himself beloved by every body, nay even by his Enemies. I have run astray from my first Subject, reply'd the Duke of Buckingham, this being one of the chiefest Conveniencies in the Conversation of Friends, that you talk without constraint, and make what Digressions you think fit, without running the risque of malicious Criticism.

The Earl of Argyle did all he could to persuade me, that it was my Duty to get forthwith to Court, but to no purpose, I remaining resolute not to leave *Clevedon* till I was entirely disposed to Love *Donna Maria de Balboza*; because without it, Itold him, I should at first sight be catch'd again in the Snares of the Countess, and I can't even disown, that in vain I strive to avoid speaking of her, and to forget every

thing that may recal her to my mind: I sigh in spight of my self, I dread her engaging with any body else, and, in short, I still feel certain motions of Jealously, Anger and Uneasiness, and therefore have no other way to put her out of my head, than by another Engagement. Because you are so resolute, said the Earl, come, let us write to the Duke; tho' it seems to me very odd, that a *Billetdouce* only of the *Portugueze* Lady's writing, should make you fall in love. Love, cry'd I, is a capricious thing, and if you should declare open War against me upon that score, 'tis impossible for me to help it. The Earl, who was now got out of Bed, writ his Letter, without giving me any farther answer. Having perus'd the Letter, and found it suitable to my present Sentiments, I thank'd him, and sent it to the Duke, with another enclosed of my own writing. Unto which he gave us an answer, which I am going to read to you.

You are never to be satisfied, and if the young Portugueze writ day and night, I question whether you would be contented and let me be at rest. You would do well to put some bounds to your Desires, because she is a little inclin'd to Laziness; and I can't at this time send you any thing of hers, except a small Novel, which perhaps may prove pleasing to you: At the worst, my Lords, it will give you an opportunity of putting it into good order, and to add to it
such

such Embellishments as may still be wanting to render it perfect.

Here it is, my Lord, said the D. of Buckingham to the Earl of A—n, if you have a mind to read it, it will not take up much time.

The disguis'd Lover. A Novel.

THE Princesses of Bourgoes and of Sonnino seldom fail'd of coming every Year to partake of the Diversions of the Carnival at Venice. They being prevented (for certain Reasons not appertaining to this Novel) to go thither, took a Progress from Rome to Florence, thence to Pisa, and so to Lucca, to take a view of that City. In these little Journeys, as they were attended only by a small Retinue, so they would often ride on Horseback disguised in Mens Apparel; and the Ladies that were of their Company did the like out of Complaisance to the Princesses. The Princess of Bourgoes had a certain favourite Lady, her near Relation, nam'd Donna Pamfilia, who being extreamly well shap'd and featur'd, but withal somewhat large, had the perfect Air of a handsom Man; so that this Dress becoming her to admiration, she was one of the most forward for thus disguising herself: The Princess being no less fond to see her in this Garb, commanded strictly
all

all her Domesticks, not to discover *Pamfilia* to be a young Lady; so she went by the Name of *Signior Pamfilio*, and under that Name furnish'd them almost every day with new Adventures.

The Princesses, upon their arrival at *Lucea*, took up their Quarters at the Senator *Nerli*, who had a very spacious House, sufficient to entertain all this good Company. The Princess of *Sonnino*, being one of the handsomest Ladies of all *Italy*, became here the admiration of all that saw her, the young *Camilla*, Daughter of the Senator *Nerli*, being the only who could stand in competition with her. The Princesses met with a most honourable and gallant Reception from the Senator, who was one of the chiefest and richest Men in that small Republick. His Daughter being by a certain inevitable Fatality touch'd to the very Heart at the first sight of the pretended *Pamfilio*, let slip no opportunity of entertaining and diverting him with a thousand agreeable Enticements which she was Mistress of. *Pamfilia* soon perceiving her favourable Disposition, and willing to improve this odd Adventure, and push it to the utmost, did not fail to make his Courtship to her in so effectual a manner, as drew *Camilla* deeper into the Snare.

Happening one day to get her at some distance from the rest of the Company, the mistaken Lady could not forbear, with a languishing Look, to tell him, what,

what makes you so melancholy and reserv'd, Signior *Pamfilio*? Come, confess sincerely that you are in love. If it is with one of our Ladies here, and you are afflicted at her cruel Usage, make me your Confident, and be assured I will omit nothing to serve you. *Pamfilio* soon understanding the meaning of this Question, reply'd, with a passionate Air, 'Tis true, Madam, notwithstanding your generous Offers, I dare not make you my Confident; it proves often dangerous to disclose a Secret, which being once left to your disposal, who knows what use you might make of it? But you allow yourself to be in love, reply'd *Camilla* blushing, your intention being only to conceal the Name of your Mistress. No, Madam, return'd this malicious young Lady, this is none of my design, but I dare not name her. And if I should guess at it, continu'd she, somewhat concern'd, would you be so free as to own it? Under condition, said *Pamfilio*, that I may not incur your displeasure, I will own it with all my heart. Some more Company coming in, they were prevented from proceeding farther in their Discourse; but the too credulous *Camilla*, sensibly touch'd with the Merits of *Pamfilio*, gave her Eyes sufficient liberty to be the Interpreters of the Sentiments of her Heart.

Pamfilia was in a thousand minds, whether to undeceive the poor *Camilla*; and the first time she had the opportunity of talking

talking freely with the Princesses, she told them of the beginning of her amorous Intreague with the Senator's Daughter, and that she had made already such a progress in it, that she judg'd she was not ill belov'd. The Princesses maliciously rejoicing at the mistake of *Camilla*, congratulated *Pamfilio* upon his glorious Conquest, and at the same time urging her to continue to act the Part of a Lover, *Pamfilia* promis'd them she would push on her good Fortune to the utmost, and immediately writ the following Billet to *Camilla*.

Why, Madam, would you ask me whether I was in love? Was it because I should tell you, that it was not with you? I can't tell whether you think any body in the World more worthy of being belov'd, but I am confident I know none; and am sensible, that in having given my Heart to you before all the rest I ever saw, I have done you no more than justice. My Destiny is now in your power, you may prove either kind or cruel to the utmost of your desire, but mine shall always continue with the same fervency to please you.

It being no difficult matter for *Pamfilia* to deliver this Billet to *Camilla*, she return'd this Answer.

I am not so far prepossess'd with my own Merits, as to imagine that you could love nothing but me. When I enquir'd after the Secret of your Heart, I expected no farther share in it than that of a Confident. How-
ever,

ever, I will not disown but that I have too high an esteem for you to look upon your Declaration with an indifferent eye: If your desire of pleasing me is unfeigned, I promise you, upon my Word, I will put it to a good account.

Pamfilia run strait with this Billet to the Princesses, who making it the subject of their Diversion and Mirth for a whole day, Camilla writ another in these Words.

I can scarce express to you, Signior Pamfilio, the Pain I have endur'd all this day; I expected to have seen you; my Eyes did search for you in every Corner, but could not meet with you: Can you love me after so easie a way?

Pamfilia immediately writ this Answer.

You are not much out of humour, Madam, for not having seen me to day, because you shew your goodness even when you suppose me to have given you sufficient reason of wishing me ill. Truly, your Reproaches are so obliging, that let my loss be never so great in passing a day without you, I can't repent of it; and I will frankly own to you, that I tast much more pleasure in reading by myself your Billet, than to see you surrounded with a crowd of People, who are questionless my Rivals, and perhaps preferr'd by you before me. Alas! was my Heart at as much ease as you charge it with, I should not feel these insensible motions of Jealousie. Don't refuse me an oppor-

opportunity of a few Minutes, where I may declare that I adore you.

Camilla return'd the following Answer the next day.

I am not ashamed to own, that you please me exceedingly, that I take a pleasure in seeing you, and that I can't reflect upon the necessity of your absence without Pain; yet I should never forgive myself if I should give you an opportunity of seeing me in private. Did I esteem you less, you would appear less dangerous to me. Rest satisfy'd with what I tell you, and never look for an opportunity of seeing me in private.

Pamfilia soon after seeing Camilla, told her; Truly, Madam, your Favours are attended with too much trouble and pain, you flatter me as if I were not indifferent to you, and treat me worse than if I actually was so: For, what can be more cruel to me, than your commands of not seeing you in private? This was done, said Camilla to him, because if I should give way to those favourable Dispositions I have for you, I might perhaps not remain long so far Mistress of myself, as to shun you when it ought to be done. And what can oblige you, reply'd Pamfilia, to shun me? The more you are acquainted with me, the less danger you will apprehend in my Conversation. I am too sensible, reply'd she with a Blush, of the Sentiments of my Heart; and because you are so urgent to know the reason that moves me to shun you, I must give

give you an account of my Misfortunes.

Know then, *Pamfilio*, that a certain English Gentleman, of the Family of the Dukes of *Norfolk*, coming to *Lucea*, I happen'd to see him the first time at a Feast, which the Great Duke of *Florence* (who comes hither sometimes) gave to the Ladies. There being at the same time a Ball, and this Stranger dancing among the rest, I conceiv'd in his Person all the Charms that can possibly be suppos'd to be the effects of a fine Air and Mien, mix'd with Youth and Beauty. If my Eyes did betray my Sentiments, his appear'd no less favourably dispos'd for me; and after having left off dancing, and gain'd the applause of all the Company, he plac'd himself just by me. I thought I ought not to refuse him my approbation; and looking upon him with a most obliging Air, told him, Sir, you have gain'd the admiration of all the Company; and, as for myself, I confess I never saw any one dance with a better grace and more exactness in all my life. If it be so, Madam, said he, that this Company has thought fit to give me their approbation, nothing affects me more sensibly than yours in particular. At the same time, I dare affirm to you, that I feel within me such Sentiments for your Person, as may much better entitle me to the Favour you have been pleas'd to afford me. Rest satisfy'd with what you have receiv'd,

receiv'd, said I smiling, possibly when you are better known ——— Here an old rigorous Kinswoman, with whom I was come to the Feast, interrupted me, whispering in my Ear, it was not decent to talk with a Stranger, and unless I broke off the Conversation, she would tell my Father. After this I durst not speak one word more to my Lord, but my Eyes told him sufficiently, that my silence was the effect of some constraint.

The Idea of his Person had made so strong an impression upon my Heart, that I did not sleep one wink all that night; but the next day, as I was contriving all possible means to talk with him, in comes he, towards the Evening, with an Acquaintance of my Father's. You may judge how I was pleas'd with this agreeable Surprise; especially when the Friend that introduc'd him, told me, that he had brought me a most excellent Dancing-Master, who, in a small time, would teach me how to dance *English* Country Dances; which my Father being willing I should learn, and coming into the Room at the same time, he told him the same Story, whereat my Father was so well pleas'd, that he would see him give me the first Lesson. He perform'd his Part so nicely and naturally, that he would have deceiv'd any body. Whilst we were dancing, he conjur'd me to tell him whether I thought this *Metamorphosis* an Obligation, since I might be assur'd that what
he

he did; proceeded from a Heart full of tender Inclinations; that if he prov'd so unfortunate as to find me insensible, he desir'd I might declare it frankly, that so he might endeavour to cure himself of a Passion, the very beginning whereof had already made such a lively impression upon his Heart, that he had all the reason in the world to fear he should not be able to master it hereafter. I told him, he puzzled me with such a blunt Question, that the Presence of my Father hinder'd my giving him an answer, but if he would come again to morrow, he would much oblige me.

My Father being well pleased with the Dexterity of my new Master, he came again the next day; and being then at liberty to talk, What must be my Destiny? said he: Will you permit me, Madam, to love you; and have so much Goodness as not to hate me? The same moment my Father entering the Room, his Presence robb'd me of the opportunity of returning an answer, at least, such as I would; so all what I could say, with a low Voice, was, *Love, and you may please.*

My Father not staying long, he was no sooner gone, but my Lord continu'd, Oh! Madam, how happy am I, it to please you requires only to love you! A Person of such high Merit as yours, reply'd I blushing, need nothing else than love to please. But, continu'd *Camilla*, I will not rehearse all the Particulars of
C c our

our Conversation, but only tell you, That I never pass'd my Time, all the Days of my life, with more pleasure and satisfaction, than during this lovely Stranger's coming to our House, which was every day. Things were come to such a pass, that we were contriving only the most proper Methods of making my Father consent to our Marriage; and the Great Duke of *Tuscany* having engag'd himself to use all his Interest with my Father in my Lord's behalf, the day for putting this Question was fix'd; when one of my Father's Friends, more sullen and jealous than wise, having got the scent of my Lord's coming to our House under the disguise of a Dancing-Master, thought the Affront was not to be wiped off, but with the loss of his Life. Accordingly he discovers the whole amorous Intreague to my Father, and all its pretended Consequences, and that in so heinous a manner, as put my Father beyond all bounds of Moderation. During this his furious Passion, he dream'd of nothing else, than my having sacrific'd my Reputation to my Lover's Passion; and upon that Supposition (which he took absolutely for granted) he resolv'd to sacrifice him to his Hatred.

It happen'd very fortunately, that whilst my Father was concerting Measures, with his before-nam'd Friend, to have him stabb'd without any noise, they thought fit to communicate the matter to
a cer-

a certain Gentleman, a bold Fellow, who being in my Father's Service, he put an entire Confidence in. By good chance I had some time before acquainted him with what had pass'd betwixt my Lord and I; and he looking upon the matter with quite another eye than my Father, he forewarn'd me of the danger of my Lover, and that unless he soon departed the place, he could not be answerable for his Life, my Father having vow'd his Destruction. But, reply'd I, if my Father is once convinc'd of his Extraction and his Merits, questionless he will not persist in his Passion. No, Madam, says he, don't flatter yourself, I myself have try'd him there. I told him who he was, and how he was back'd by the Interest of the Great Duke; which serv'd only to furnish him with fresh Matter for his Passion. What, said he, a Person of Quality and Merits to go to dishonour my House, and under so scandalous a Disguise to get the opportunity of seeing my Daughter! The Traytor shall die for it, or I will die myself.

I was fully convinc'd, added *Camilla*, by the discourse of this Gentleman, that I must resolve to persuade my Lord to absent himself, unless I would see his Life expos'd to a thousand dangers. Pray consider what a cruel Task this was to me, to be employ'd in procuring the absence of a Person the dearest to me in the world. But as after all no other Misfor-

tune appear'd to me comparable, or what I would not willingly submit to, than that which made me dread some fatal Event in his Person, and that no time was to be lost to advertise him of the danger ; I conjur'd the same Gentleman, whom they intended to make the Instrument of his Destruction, to lend me a helping hand in saving him. My Entreaties prov'd so effectual, that he (tho' not without a great deal of difficulty) undertook to deliver unto him, from me, the following Letter.

Tho' I have all the reason in the world to believe that in losing you I shall lose all the Repose and the only Satisfaction of my life, yet indispensable necessity forces me to conjure you to depart ; my Father is too far overcome by the fury of his Passion for me to expect, without dread or horror, the effects thereof. He fancies I not only love you, but have given you such proofs of it, as are little becoming his Honour and Blood. I must tell you, to the shame of my native Country, Poisons and Daggers are set to work here, and nothing is look'd upon as unbecoming a Man, to revenge his Honour. How can you suppose to secure your self always against such clandestine Designs ? You will never be able to escape the Snares, these Methods being directly opposite to the generous Actions of your Country ; and supposing you could be so fortunate as to escape the Danger, consider what Torments I should continually be

be expos'd to, without any hopes of a Deliverance. Did my Father's Fury aim at my life only, you should find me to expose my Person with such an undaunted Resolution, as perhaps would surprize you: But alas! your share is the greater of the two, and I confess, without a blush, that I find in myself all the Frailties of my Sex, and of a Lover. Depart then, I beg it of you upon that Friendship you have vow'd to me with so much tenderness; depart for my Reputation's, and for your own sake. Oh! what is it I say? This Command will cost me very dear. Don't charge me therefore with laying it upon you without pain; you would do me the greatest piece of Injustice to suspect my Heart; but only that I can't see you continue in a place where you have to do with such dangerous Enemies. Don't increase the Misery of one of the most unhappy Persons in the Universe, by the addition of such cruel Circumstances; but remember I love you at so uncommon a rate, that I would sacrifice my Life only to deliver you from the appearance of Dangers that threaten yours. Remember farther, that our Persecutor is my Father, that you can't do any thing against him, but I must feel the Blow at second hand; and that after all, your departure, which perhaps will cost me my Life, is the only Favour I can ask of you; and I ask it as an effect of that Obedience whereby you will preserve for ever the possession of my Heart. O good God! my

MEMOIRS of the English Court.

Strength fails me, my Torments overcome me ; depart, compassionate and love me.

My Tears almost effaced the Characters of my Letters ; however I gave it to the Gentleman before mention'd, who deliver'd it to my Lord, and told him what else I had charged him with. He continu'd for a long time in suspense, his Soul being distracted by most violent and contrary Passions : But at last resolving to depart, he writ these Lines.

I am going to depart, Madam ; 'tis enough that you have command'd it for the preservation of my Life ; but I can assure you, this Command will not serve to protract it long ; my absence will serve instead of Poison and Dagger to the unjust Revenge of your Father. I shall die, Madam, but remember, 'tis for obeying your Commands.

The reading of this Billet touch'd me so to the quick, that I wonder I did not lose all my Senses ; and my Lord having absented himself pursuant to my desire, I now began to repent of what I had done ; but after all, when I seriously reflected upon the Danger that threatned him, I was forced to be contented as well as I could. My Father not questioning but that his sudden retreat from hence was the effect of being advertis'd of his Design, thought it nevertheless not convenient to reprimand me on account of what had pass'd, for fear of worse consequences, but took a Resolution of marrying

marrying me out of hand, to be rid of the trouble of watching the Conduct of a young Woman; but hitherto no Match that was thought suitable has offered it self. I began, by the help of my Reason, and my Lord's Absence, to forget him by degrees; notwithstanding which, I felt certain frail and tender Intervals, which, as it made me distrust my strength, so I avoided all opportunities of hearing any News from him. Upon your arival here, tho' I own your Merits are very great, yet I should scarce have had such a favourable disposition towards you, had it not been for the resemblance you have to my Lover: I no sooner saw you, but I thought I saw him; the same Features, nay the same Voice; so that my poor Heart, betwixt such a surprize and flattery, suffered itself to be carry'd away to love you. But let us take heed, not to let loose the reigns of our Passion; I have reason to remember the last. I know I am unfortunate; you see how I was forced to break off with what I loved so dearly: Alas! what ought I not to dread upon your account? Here she stopt, and *Pamfilia*, most sensibly touch'd with the sincerity of this fair Person, judged she ought no longer to abuse her Credulity; she discover'd her Sex, asking her a thousand Pardons for this pleasant Imposture. *Pamfilia* was not a little vex'd at the Matter; but conceal'd it, returning her many Thanks for having recall'd her out

of an Error, which in time might have cost her very dear; and the Princesses of *Bourgues* and *Sonnino*, having tarried at *Lucea*, as long as they propos'd, return'd with *Pamfilia* to *Rome*.

The End of the Novel.

I continued in so splenetick a Humour, that the Earl of *Argyle*, being surprized thereat, told me; What, don't you praise this little Novel? Don't you relish it? Or, do you want still another peice of *Donna Maria*, to support your resolution of loving her? One must be very difficult indeed, said I, not to be satisfy'd with what I just now read: But don't you see, as well as I, that the whole is her own History, and that she has only represented it under borrow'd Names, and fix'd the Scene in another Country. I don't see that, reply'd the Earl, such like Adventures happen every day, and are known and written. No, no, reply'd I, she is too particular for any other but herself; she is the *Camilla*. Good God! what a Letter is here, continued I, reading the Billet she sent to my Lord, to command him to depart; how nicely stil'd, and how full of love! Without doubt she still loves him, and her Father, not knowing what to do with her, thought he could not pitch upon a better expedient to cure her Passion, than to send her away. This is the true cause of her Voyage, 'tis this that

that has brought her to our Court, and that with a Heart preposess'd with a tender Passion; judge what I am going to do, to go about to encounter a beloved Rival, and to please a Person gained before by another.

I am surprized, said the Earl, you should be so uneasie, as if you were to encounter with Monsters; methinks you appear so little like yourself, that both my Eyes are scarce sufficient to convince me it is you I speak to. I must confess, said I, that I begin to be asham'd of my Frailty; but what is it I can alledge in my own behalf? I find myself seized already with a most violent Passion, and what Follies are not we guilty of, during these first irregular Motions of our Hearts? Come, let's go to *London*, continued I, *Donna Maria* will, by her Wit, by the Jealousies and Inquietudes she makes me feel already, soon put me in a condition of overcoming my Passion for the Countess; come, let us go and insult over the Charms of this faithless Woman, and pay our homage to the *Portuguese* Lady.

The Earl being almost tired with our stay at *Clevedon*, was glad of this opportunity of returning to *Whitehall*, without leaving me behind in the Country. Upon the Road he heard me say nothing but what related to the lovely *Balboza*. I read her Novel over and over, which serv'd only to confirm me in my opinion, that she loved somebody or other. 'Tis true,

true, in the midst of all my Sufferings, I found some Comfort, when I consider'd, that she had not seen her Lover for a long time; I flatter'd myself, that she retain'd, as yet, so much of his Idea in her Mind, as might make her stand her ground against the Addresses of the Duke of *Monmouth*, and that I might find an opportunity of courting her with such success, as to get the better both of her absent Lover, and of the young Duke. With this confusion of Thoughts I came to *London*. After having paid my Respects to the King, who gave me a reception suitable to his wonted Goodness, and chid me on account of my long stay in the Country, the reason whereof he had been inform'd of much better than I thought he had; I went to the great Appartment, where the Queen just then kept the Circle. The first thing that offer'd itself to my view was the Countess, a thousand times handsomer than ever I saw her before, and the young *Portuguese*, meagre and brown, but very well featur'd, excellent good Teeth, and her Eyes sufficient to tame the fiercest Heart upon Earth.

As she had never seen me before, so she look'd steadfast upon me, whilst she was talking with my Lady *H——*, which made me imagine, that she ask'd her my Name. Highly pleas'd with this piece of curiosity in her, I drew nearer, and told her, Pray Madam, ask not my Name from any body but myself; I am come to Court on purpose

purpose to tell it you. She being surprized, blush'd at so extraordinary a Complement, and said, And who has told you, my Lord, that my Discourse was concerning you? You must certainly be very quick, that I cou'd scarce open my Mouth, but you know what I said. My Lady H—— then interrupting our Discourse, and my aim being to make myself appear as agreeable as possibly I cou'd, I made use of all the sprightliness of my Wit, and a certain diverting Air, which proved not displeasing to *Donna Maria*. But during our Conversation, the Countess being very attentive upon all that pass'd, and the Duke of *Monmouth*, who also claim'd an Interest in her, (as he told me but a few days ago) were both ready to run distracted to see me converse so frankly with *Balboza*, as if our Acquaintance had been of some Years standing. Out of respect to the Queen, we could not discourse together so long as I could have wish'd, and I had not the least opportunity of coming near her again that Evening.

I was no sooner return'd to my Lodgings, but the Dutches of B——m, who had seen me talk to the young *Portugeze*, ask'd me, whither her Wit had not charm'd me? I answered, with an affected Indifference, that I cou'd find no Wonders in her; that she had a great vivacity of Thoughts, but it was impossible such fiery notions should be accompany'd with a sound Judgment,

Judgment, and that I never was fond of a Head without Brain. She makes a great noise, continued she; and as the Queen shews her a great deal of Favour, so most of the Ladies have entertain'd her at Dinner. I, in my turn, have agreed with the Dutchess of *Richmond*, my Lady *H---* and the Countess of *Fesmouth*, to carry her abroad to *Sion-Hill*. And, reply'd I briskly, Why, would you invite only Women? No, said she, the Duke of *Monmouth* and the Earl of *S. Albans* would have given any thing to have been of the Company; but the Queen, who is sensible of their Passion for *Donna Maria*, would perhaps have taken it amiss; so that instead of courting her Favour, as I intend to do, I should have got her Anger. I commended her Prudence, but at the same time told her, that the Queen would not be against my going along with them, and that I intended to bring along with me the Earls of *Argyle*, of *O---*, and Mr. --- *Porter*, he being a Person of so gay and merry a Temper, that I was certain the Ladies wou'd be very well pleas'd with his Company.

And can you imagine, reply'd she, that he can be gay in any place where the Dutchess of *Richmond* is? and that after all his pretensions, and the game he has play'd her, he will not rather affect a serious Air and Countenance? I burst out a laughing; truly, said I, he is not apt to lay things thus to Heart, he makes a game of
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of it all. Oh, cry'd she, make him believe so if you can; I shan't forget what he told me but two days ago. And what did he tell you, said I? All, said she, what a Man reduced to Despair is able to say. So, you are catch'd in the Trap, continu'd I. And so wou'd all the World as well as myself, said she, and without doubt I am not altogether in the wrong, to complain of your Sister. Give me leave to interrupt you, said the Earl of A——n, and to ask you, my Lord, what was the occasion of the falling out betwixt the Dutcheß of *Richmond* and Mr. *Porter*. Are you the only Man at Court, said the Earl of S. A——, that is a stranger to it? However, things sometimes happening thus, that near Relations know less of them than others, I will, whilst my Lord Duke takes a little breathing-time, give you an account of this Adventure.

The Dutcheß of *Richmond* was scarce Eleven Years of Age when she was marry'd to my Lord *Herbert*, Son to the Earl of *Pembrook*; but he dying soon after, she appear'd at Court in her Widows Garb, whilst she was yet a Child; and tho' her Features were at that time not framed to their full perfection, yet she was look'd upon as a Person, who in time wou'd prove the greatest Beauty in *England*. One day she was got up into a Tree in the King's little Garden, to gather some Fruit, and nobody being permitted

mitted to come in there; this, together with her black Gath and long Veil, which being spread over the Twigs of the Tree, look'd like Wings, made the King, who perceiv'd her at a good distance, imagine, that some strange Bird had perch'd in the Tree. Mr.— Porter, a young Courtier, and much in favour with the King, being a handsome Person, and extremely Gallant and Diverting in Conversation, was then with him; and the King knowing him to be an exact Marks Man; told him, you must kill this large Bird which I see in one of the Trees of my little Garden. Mr. Porter looking for some time towards the place, and finding the Bird out of reach of his Ball, told the King he would take his Fusée, and in a moment bring him the Butterfly: But he was ready to burst with laughing, when, approaching the Tree, he found the young Countess; who smil'd at him with an innocent Air, pelted him with the Fruit she had gather'd; whilst he took more peculiar notice, than ever he had done before, of her Beauty, the cleanness of her Skin, and the brightness of her Eyes; every thing appear'd infinitely charming to him; so that when he reflect-ed upon what design he was come thither, he cou'd not forgive himself; sometimes he look'd upon her, then upon his Fusée, without being able to speak one word for himself. *What have you there Porter,* said she, *What can't you speak? Are you*
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bewitch'd? Oh, Madam, reply'd he, did you know what brought me hither, you wou'd be sensible I have sufficient reason to be surprized. The King happening to espy you in the Tree, and taking you for a Bird; guess upon what errant I was sent hither. *What, cry'd she, to kill me?* Yes, *to kill you Madam,* said I; I promised to bring the King some of your Feathers. *Hab, hab,* said she laughing, you must be as good as your word; we will play a merry Game with him: I will put myself into a large Hamper, and so be carry'd into his Appartment. She sent immediately for a Hamper; and one of her Gentlemen taking hold on one and Mr. Porter on the other end, he told her a thousand pretty things, as they went along; unto which she answer'd, with a great vivacity of Wit, and so pass'd her time pleasantly enough in the Hamper. Mr. Porter presenting it to the King, told him, he had had the good fortune to take the Butterfly alive; which was so beautiful, that had he kill'd it, he shou'd never have out-liv'd it himself. His Majesty, eager to see it, opens the Hamper, and the young Countess clasping her Arms about his Neck, furnish'd matter for a most agreeable surprize. 'Tis not to be admired, that she embraced the King in so familiar a way, every body knows they were bred up together, and he look'd upon her no otherwise than his own Sister. Ever since that time, she has been known
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MEMOIRS of the English Court.

by the Name of *Butterfly*, and in several Courts of *Europe*, that name is oftner given her, than her own Title.

Porter fell so deeply in Love with this growing Beauty, that he could scarce live without seeing her, but durst not give a free course to his Passion; because she was afterwards marry'd to the Duke of *Richmond*, and by her high Rank of being a Princess of the Blood Royal, infinitely above him, (tho' he was one of the most accomplish'd Persons of the Court) he lost all hopes of gaining her Affections. As he believ'd that another Love Passion might be able to rase out of his Heart that which had taken absolute possession there before, he entred into an amorous Engagement with one Mrs. L——g, a Player, whom he took along with him into the Country; in hopes that the sweetness of her Conversation might prove a cure to his Love. The King, who knew nothing of his Affections for the Dutchess of *Richmond*, would shew sometimes his dislike at his absence from Court; but he answer'd only with silence, and continu'd his course. The Troubles that arose about that time in *England*, put a stop to the Passion of Mr. *Porter*. The Dutchess of *Richmond*, now once more a Widow, went along with the Queen-Mother into *France*, in the Quality of her Lady of the Bed-Chamber; where by the example of that great Princess, and by her own Experience, she had sufficient

sufficient occasion to learn, that even Persons of a most exalted Fortune, and who seem to be fix'd upon the most firm basis that can be laid, are subject to great Chances: She, who was Beautiful even to Perfection, and who had appear'd with no less Magnificence than if she were a Queen, finding herself reduced to want some Necessaries; for I heard her declare myself, that one Summer she had often occasion for Gloves, not being able to wear them dirty, and wanting Money to buy new ones.

But without insisting farther upon moral Reflexions, I must tell you, that her Heart was not so insensible at *Paris*, as it had been at *London*; and to divert her melancholly hours, she gave a favourable ear to Mr. *Howard*, a Gentleman of merit, handsom, and full of gallantry, (as you know yourself) who, as well as many more, had left *England*, and was fall'n passionately in Love with the Dutchess. At first she received him with indifferency only; but after some time they began to be in earnest. 'Tis true, they carry'd on Matters with so much circumspection, that nobody suspected any thing of the matter, till after the return of the Dutchess to *London*, when the thing took vent; because Mr. *Howard*, who had been in Love with the Countess of S—— before he left *England*, now renew'd his visits to her; which creating a Jealousy in the Dutchess, broke all the measures

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they had taken of keeping this matter private. Mr. *Howard*, finding her enraged at him, told her, it was in her power to secure his Heart for ever, by marrying him, that he would remain faithful to her till Death, and that she should never fail of meeting with all possible tenderness and acknowledgments in his Person. The Dutchess paused a while upon a Proposition of so great a Moment; but at last she consider'd with herself, that the *English* Dutchess's lose neither their Title, nor their Rank, if they marry a private Person; and therefore judg'd, that being twice marry'd by the choice of the Court, she might the third time dispose of herself to a gallant Person whom she liked; accordingly she positively engaged herself to Mr. *Howard*, under Condition to keep their Marriage undiscover'd for some time. He being sensible of the Sweets of so advantageous a Match, willingly promised; and in the mean time look'd out for a convenient House where they might consummate the Marriage without noise or disturbance.

Mr. *Porter* had marry'd a Lady of Quality, and she was very handsome; notwithstanding which, they were parted, and he lived with the Player in the Country, endeavouring to rase out of his Mind the Beauty of the Dutchess of *Richmond*; her absence had afforded him some respite, and his Reason told him, it was next to an impossibility to hope to
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please a Lady, who always loved herself so well, as to be indifferent to others; he had that comfort in his Afflictions, to think, that all the rest who loved her, had been no more successful than himself. Whilst he was distracting his Head with these Thoughts one Night, word was sent him, that Mr. Howard was come to speak with him about Business of consequence. They being most intimate Friends, he stay'd not one moment; but meeting him, they embraced, as Friends used to do, who had not seen one another in two Years. At last, Mr. Howard told him, that he being just now engaged in an affair of the greatest importance to him, he thought he could pitch upon nobody else, but upon him, to put his whole Fortune into his hands; That he was upon the point of marrying the handsomest Lady and of the best Quality in *England*; but that she being willing to marry in private, he conjured him to lend him his House. Mr. Porter, who was overjoy'd at the confidence his Friend put in him, embraced and told him, that all he was master of was at his Service, without reserve; and he might dispose of it at his own pleasure; and to convince him of his sincerity, that if he thought the Name of the Lady ought to remain a mystery to him, he would not so much as ask it. Mr. Howard reply'd, were it in an Affair that concern'd me alone, I should not keep it from your knowlege, but that his Mistress ha-

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ving laid her absolute Commands upon him, he could not but obey her. Then obey her, reply'd Mr. *Porter*, I swear to you I will keep with Mrs. *L—g* in the most remote Appartment of the House, and your Nuptial Pleasures shall not meet with the least interruption here. Mr. *Howard* hereupon takes his leave, and returning strait to the Dutchess, gives her an account of what he had done. I am very glad, said she, you have pitch'd upon Mr. *Porter*, he always shew'd a most peculiar esteem for me; and therefore I would not have you make our Marriage a Secret to him; he being better qualify'd to know it, than any one in the whole Court, and you may discover the whole Matter to him.

The day appointed for this Journey being come, the Dutchess and her Lover departed without any noise; and coming to their Friend's House, find him lock'd up in his Chamber. Mr. *Howard* ask'd for him, but was told he was not at home, but that he might dispose of every thing in the House at his own pleasure. Whilst they were busied in making the necessary Preparations for the Nuptial Ceremonies, a Fire broke out in one of the Rooms, and burning into the Appartment where the Dutchess was, she, full of Fright and Confusion, runs up a pair of back Stairs, and finding a door open, enters the Room; which, proving to be Mr. *Porter's* Closet, she found him busy in

in searching among his Papers: He happening at the same time to light upon a Picture in miniature of the Dutcheſs of *Richmond*, painted at length, dress'd in Mens Apparel, as you see her painted at *Whitehall* in ſeveral places, (becauſe ſhe has a moſt Majestick Air, and the fineſt Leg in the World) left off rumiſhing among his Papers, in order to admire this Picture, the ſight whereof made the Wounds of his Heart, occaſioned by the Beauty of this Dutcheſs, bleed afreſh. Whiſt he was ſighing for her, he heard a noiſe, and turning his Head that way, found her juſt entring the Door.

Never was any Perſon ſurpriz'd with more delight than he; he ran towards her, ſaluted her with a great deal of Reſpect; and ask'd her, What good Fortune brought her thither? The preference, ſaid ſhe, I have given you before all our Friends: I come along with Mr. *Howard*, about the Buſineſs he ſpoke to you of before. That is as much as to ſay, Madam reply'd Mr. *Porter*, you have had ſo good an opinion of my Diſcretion, as to engage for me to the Lady he is going to be married to; and I ſuppoſe you are come, by your Preſence, to add to the Enjoyments of the Feaſt. How! cry'd the Dutcheſs, laughing aloud; Is it poſſible a Perſon of your Wit ſhould not before this imagine it was my own Secret I put into your hands? At theſe Words, Mr. *Porter* looking ſtedfaſt upon
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her for some time, without speaking one Word, his Strength and Senses left him, and he fell in so deep a Swoon, that the Dutches thought he would never have recovered himself. Being strangely surprized at so unexpected an Accident, she was going to cry out for help, when he begg'd, to afford him a few moments audience. Accordingly, having taken a Seat near him, he look'd in her Face for some time longer, without being able to find Words he thought suitable to express the violence of his Passion. The Dutches attributed his Silence to his Weakness; for, knowing him a Man of Wit, and who had the easiest way in the world of expressing his Thoughts, she judg'd that nothing could puzzle him upon that account. But Respect and Fear are the inseparable Companions of Love; and these two are sufficient to make the boldest Man in the world the greatest Coward.

At last, this Gentleman, overwhelm'd with Grief and Vexation, *Is it possible, Madam, said he, you should pitch upon my House to be marry'd in, and that the dearest of all my Friends should be the happy Man you like? And must I be a witness of your mutual Satisfaction, whilst I, condemn'd to silence for ever, must continue to adore you, without the least hopes?* Yes, Madam, yes, added he, *I adore you ever since that fatal Day, when the King sent me with Fire-Arms to fetch you out of*
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the little Garden at Whitehall. Your Eyes gave me some irresistible Wounds; instead of wounding you, according to my orders; I return'd with a Heart pierced in a thousand places. You were then no more than a Child, a light wild Butterfly; what reason was there to entertain you with a Passion so violent, as made my Sufferings almost insupportable? As you increased in Beauty, so my Love grew more violent: I paid you a thousand Homages in private, I sent forth a thousand Sighs, but durst not discover them, being quite startled at your Quality of being a Princess of the Blood. What would become of me, said I, if the D. of Richmond, or the King, being inform'd of my Passion, should command the Dutcheß never to look upon me? Or, what should I do, if she should receive me with Indignation, and punish my Temerity with Hatred? I must certainly languish to death under this cruel Destiny. At last, judging that absence might prove the only Remedy against my Pain, I marry'd, and carry'd my Wife into the Country: But having no great inclination for her, I proved contradictory and opposite to every thing she liked; so that after having spent some time to render us both miserable, we parted. By way of amusement I engaged with Mrs. L—g, she being of a sweet and pliable Disposition, I forbore seeing you, Madam, I never spoke of you; so that if I was not perfectly cured, yet my Distemper was,

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however, much abated. Your Widowhood, your stay in France, the Troubles and Changes in this Kingdom; all these things, I say, did take up my Thoughts. Alas! what are you going to do here? You are come to open afresh my Wounds, and to convince me that your Heart is not insensible of a Man of merits; that to gain your good opinion, one need not court always the Quality of Duke of Lenox and Richmond; and that, had I pursu'd the true Rules of Love, had I been more bold, and had I, during so long a time since, devoted myself to you, discover'd my Sentiments, 'tis possible, out of Acknowledgment, out of your Goodness, or perhaps also moved by your Reason, or out of Capriciousness, you might have done that for me which you do for another. He has, 'tis true, more Merit, but is not superior to me either in Estate or Birth, and does not come near me in Love. See, Madam, see here is the true cause of my Despair, which must render me unfortunate all the days of my life.

Know, Mr. Porter, said the Dutches with a fierce Air, enough to strike him dead, that I reproach myself for having suffer'd you to speak so long; but as the novelty of the thing surpriz'd me, so it has made me altogether silent. I leave you, and forbid you ever to speak to me again. With these Words, and a most disdainful Look, she flew out of the Closet, leaving him under the most cruel

cruel Torments that ever he felt in his Life.

Mr. *Howard* had no sooner perceiv'd the Fire, but all his Care was to look after the Dutcheſs to allay her Fear. He run into her Chamber, but not meeting with her there, he call'd her by her Name, but in vain; ſo imagining ſhe was gone down Stairs, he look'd for her in every Corner, till at laſt he eſpy'd her in the Court; and coming nearer to her, found immediately ſome Diſturbance in her Countenance, which he attributed to her Fright. I will leave the Houſe, ſaid ſhe, this moment, and return to *London*. How, Madam, cry'd he, will you go hence without making me happy? Won't you accompliſh what you were reſolv'd to do for me? I will accompliſh it, ſaid ſhe, but never in this Houſe, for I look upon this Fire as ominous. Oh! Madam, reply'd Mr. *Howard*, who knew nothing of the matter, Fire is an Emblem of Joy and Mirth; we are not to fight a Battel, nor to raze Towns, the whole is nothing but a meer Accident. But the Dutcheſs not hearkning to his Reaſons, they left the Houſe immediately to concert new Meaſure for their Marriage.

No ſooner had the Dutcheſs left Mr. *Porter* in his Cloſet, but running from one Extream to another, from his Languiſhing to the moſt furious Paſſion that can be imagined, he look'd upon Mr. *Howard* no more as his intimate Friend,
but

but as his Rival, who was going to rob him of what he thought he had right to challenge for himself. During these first furious motions, he thought of no less than how to satisfy his Revenge, to punish the Dutchess for her scornful Looks, and to kill both himself and her Lover before her face. With this intention he arose in order to find him out : But then considering that so barbarous and violent a Proceeding would be exclaim'd against by all the World, and that according to all the Rules of Decency, he could not assault a Man who had put himself into his hands; the consideration of his Honour was more prevailing than his Anger, and so for a moment resolv'd to suspend the execution. But so soon as he reflected again, that the Marriage was going to be consummated, Jealousy repossess'd his Heart, he left his Room with a full resolution to stab, in a thousand places, a Person, in whose defence, upon any other occasion, he would have sacrific'd his Life. Most surprizing effects of Love! This Passion reigns with so uncontrollable a Power over our Hearts, that nothing is left us to appease it; and we see the greatest Hero's betray their Frailty in this kind, no less than the meanest Peasant. He was moving forward with the greatest precipitation, when meeting with his Mistress, she told him, the Dutchess and Mr. Howard were gone. He seem'd to be somewhat better satisfy'd at their depar

departure. And now beginning to reflect more seriously upon what he had design'd to do, and calling all the remaining strength of his Reason to his aid, he took a resolution not to appear again at Court, till he were entirely rid of his Love.

He continu'd in this voluntary Exile for several Years, till he was forced to come to *London* on account of his Daughter, nam'd *Olympia*, who being very young and handsom, and educated there, had made a Conquest of the Heart of my Lord —, whose Birth, Merits, Wit and Estate was such, as made him be look'd upon as one of the chiefest Men at Court, for an Affair of this nature. This is the same who in 1667, being engag'd in a Quarrel at the Play-House at *Paris* with some Officers of the King's Guards, they fell upon him several at a time; so that tho' he fought like a Lion, they run him through in divers places, and left him for dead upon the spot. The King being resolv'd to make them a severe example of his Justice, my Lord no sooner understood it, but neglecting the care of his own Life, to preserve his Enemies, caus'd himself to be carried to *Versailles* to intercede for them: which he did so effectually and generously, that he obtain'd their Pardon from the King.

Olympia lov'd him as tenderly as her own Life, and she was no less belov'd by him. But Mr. *Porter*, vex'd to the Soul at this Intreague, without much pondering upon the

the matter, resolv'd to break off a Correspondency, wherein his own Honour and his Daughter's Reputation was so nearly concern'd. With this Resolution he comes to *London*, and being one day in *Hide-Park*, the first thing he casts his Eyes upon, happen'd to be *Olympia*, in her Lover's Coach. His Anger being rais'd to the highest pitch at so unexpected an Accident, he leaps out of his own Coach, and running with Sword in hand to that wherein she was, would have kill'd her without mercy, had not the Coach-Man drove away at full speed, and so saved her Life. The Earl of ——— being inform'd of this Adventure, and dreading the effects of so violent and furious a Resentment might fall upon my Lord ———, he found out *Olympia*, who being still under dreadful apprehensions of her Father's Anger, the Earl promised her a considerable annual Pension if she would break off all farther Commerce with his Son; and representing to her the Danger unto which they must expose themselves if they continu'd to see one another, she resolv'd to go privately into *France*, where she was honourably maintain'd by the Earl, pursuant to his Promise.

I will not insist, at present, to give you an account of what Troubles her absence caus'd to my Lord; he being a Person very well qualify'd for a Lover; the loss of one Mistress was soon repair'd by another, who cost him as dear as this. As

As to Mr. *Porter*, he always lodg'd at Dr. F——r when he came to *London*; who had been for a considerable time the Dutchess of *Richmond's* Physician. It happened one night that Mr. *Howard* being seized with an Apoplexy, which put his Lady and the whole House into no small Confusion, they sent Servant after Servant to fetch the Doctor. But the Dutchess, impatient of all delay, and hurried on with Grief, lays hold of a Flambeaux, without making the least reflexion upon what the World might say of her being seen in the Streets. She run strait to the Doctor's House, covered only with a loose Night-Gown, in Slippers, and without Stockings. Her Servants, that were sent before, having already got the Doctor's Door to be open'd, and the Dutchess entring the House without knocking run, during this Consternation, to the first Chamber, where she found a Key. Mr. *Porter* being awaken'd at the noise, opens his Curtains; but never was a Man more surpriz'd than he, to see the Dutchess almost naked, coming into his Chamber at that time of the Night; and when he suppos'd she but little thought of him. It run in his head she was Dead, and came to communicate something to him. If, said he to himself, our Souls have a perfect knowledge of what passes after their separation from our Bodies, she has discover'd the very bottom of my Heart, and traced the indelible

delible Characters she herself has engraven there, and she has pitch'd upon me, before all the rest that loved her, as him who loved her most. But besides, that he had but a slender faith in Spirit, he cou'd not conceive how the Dutchess cou'd appear so handsome after she was Dead: He saw the sprightliness of her Eyes, the lustre of her Complexion, her fair Hair, some Locks whereof hung out under her Night-cloaths, her majestick Air, and her own Voice; which at once reach'd his Ears and his Heart: All these were such lively Circumstances, as had no relation to a dead Person. He stood amazed, without saying one word, when she came flying into his Arms. Oh! Doctor, said she, is it possible you should be asleep when poor Mr. Howard is at his last gasp? Come, in God's name, go along with me, let's not lose one moment. Mr. Porter, grasping her in his Arms; O cruel and barbarous Dutchess, said he, you whom Fortune has deliver'd into my hands to revenge myself of your Disdain, don't think I will let slip so favourable an opportunity. When she found it was Mr. Porter, she stood like one in a Trance; however, soon recovering herself, with a singular presence of Mind, told him, What will you go about to disoblige me, and beholden to so violent an Action for what you may expect from your own Merits? I am sensibly affected with your Constancy, and your Respect will compleat the conquest

conquest of my Heart. You see whether my Duty calls me, my Spouse is a dying, don't detain me any longer, and believe that this proof of your Respect will make a more sensible impression upon me than if you put a Crown on my Head: But if you are able to forget what you owe to me, I shall turn furious, and cry out with such violence, as will soon draw those to my assistance, that will be able to snatch me out of your Hands. Mr. Porter was divided betwixt Fear and Hope, not knowing what resolution best to take; he questioned not, but if he let the Dutchess go, he should scarce meet with the same opportunity again; but he dreaded the Noise, and much more her Anger. So he told her, that tho' he was sure she would prove ungrateful, he wou'd prefer all these Hardships before the Favours he might obtain against her Will. The Dutchess taking him in the humour, goes out of his Room, and meeting the Doctor as he was coming out of his own Chamber, desired him to make haste to her House.

She was no sooner got out of Mr. Porter's sight, but he began to repent of his Obedience; What cou'd make me to act in such a manner? cry'd he, she is gone, a barbarous Woman, as she is, and now laughs in the face of the whole World at my Submission. It now comes to pass, what I foresaw before, the Dutchess will tell it to Madam of B——, and she to another.

another. *Porter's* Passion will be the subject of the Discourse of the whole Court, and every one will divert himself with it, according to his own Humour. Being almost reduced to Despair, he understood that the Dutchess, with some other Ladies, were to go to *Windsor*. Thither he went also, with a resolution of reproaching her with the injustice he thought he had received at her hands. But how great is the Power and Charms of fair Eyes! She had no sooner turn'd hers towards him, with something a more pleasant Air than she commonly used to do, but he thought himself sufficiently happy, and renouncing his Country Retirement, and appears as great a Courtier as ever. In the mean while, the Dutchess jeers him without intermission. He says, he is come out of Spite, but I believe his Hatred is nothing else but Love; and that, notwithstanding all his Protestations upon that head, he still loves her.

And I, said the Duke of *Buckingham*, believe he does not. But to tell you the truth, are you not ashamed to have given us such a prolix History of what you might have told us in a few Words? You have spent above half an hour in talking, and tho' what you said was very good, yet I thought you might have been a little shorter. You might have silenced me when you were tired of it, said the Earl of *S. Albans*, in a grave tone; and when I speak before you another time, I will

will be sure to remember the Lesson you have given me to day. You take me wrong, said the Duke, interrupting him, and it seems as if you did not apprehend: I only intended to jest with you. To punish you, I will continue my former Discourse, but I swear to you I don't know where I left off, or where I am, unless you help me a little into the way again. You were upon the point of going with the Dutches of *Buckingham* and *Donna Maria de Balboza* to *Sion-hill*, said the Earl of *A——n*, so that you may begin with this Journey. 'Tis true, said I, I manag'd the matter so dexterously, that my Spouse was very glad I should have the honour of this Feast, being well pleased to be rid of the charge: For tho' I give her a yearly Allowance for Cloaths and other necessary Expences, enough to maintain a Princess of the Blood, she is always very ready to put any thing of that nature upon me. A Man that has such a yearly Revenue as you have, said the E. of *S. Albans*, may well afford it, and it would be ridiculous for you, who are one of the chiefest Men in *England*, to see your Spouse appear without a suitable Magnificence at Court.

It seem'd to me, said the Duke, that our going to *Sion-hill* would prove more pleasant by Water than by Land; so I took care to have our Barges adorn'd with rich Furniture, the Watermen that row'd us being dress'd in the Habits of *Moors*,
E e *Indians*,

Indians, Turks, Peasants, Slaves and Savages, for the better Diversion of the Company. On both sides of our Barges we were attended with smaller Boats, painted and gilt full of Shepherds and Shepherdesses, who sung to us certain Country Tunes, whilst the Syrens and Nymphs, placed in some other Boats, play'd upon their Flutes and Hautboys. All the Boats were strew'd with Flowers; and the Weather was so fair, as proved extremely delightful. The young *Balboza* had never been at any Entertainment that promis'd better in its beginning. Whilst we were upon the *Thames*, I talk'd to her as often as I had an opportunity. I observ'd her to blush when she return'd me an Answer, and to cast down her Eyes as often as mine were fix'd upon hers; but when she saw me engag'd another way, she turn'd her Eyes upon me. At our landing place we were met by divers Chariots, order'd for that purpose; each of which holding no more than two Persons at a time, the Ladies were for keeping together; but this being oppos'd by us, every Gentleman took a Lady, and I managed the matter so, that *Balboza* fell to my share. It being not above two Miles from the River-side to *Sion hill*, all what I could do to spin out the Time, was to order them to drive slowly; and for fear notice might be taken of it if I did so alone, all the rest did the like, attended by the Flutes and Violins.

But

But you will perhaps be surpriz'd when I tell you, that I was so far stupified with Fear, that I durst not improve these favourable Moments to make my Addresses to the fair *Portuguese*. She did not disclose her Thoughts to me upon that head. For, as in her native Country they meet but seldom with such like Opportunities, so they scarce ever let them slip; and she was at a stand unto what cause to attribute this Silence, which was often interrupted by my Eyes. You are very pensive, my Lord, said she, with a kind of melancholy Air; without doubt your Thoughts are taken up with Affairs of great moment the King has thought fit to intrust you with. Whilst a Man, said I, is with you, he can scarce think of State Affairs. I have, Madam, such things to manage as concern me much nearer, but am afraid of displeasing you. *Balboza* gave me no answer; but changing the Discourse, began to touch upon the fairness of the Weather, and some other indifferent Matters. I was surpriz'd to see her so indifferent after having herself given the first occasion of declaring my Love. By this time we came to the place where our Feast was prepar'd; which I can assure you was so well contriv'd, that there has scarce been an Entertainment for a long time which surpass'd this, either in Gallantry or good Attendance.

Balboza, who very well perceiv'd it was made for her sake, being affected with a secret Satisfaction, could not forbear to discover it sometimes. I walk'd for a considerable time with her in the Wood; where, being become more bold by our Solitude, I began to urge her to permit me to offer all my Vows and Services to her. I am ignorant, said she, whether it is a receiv'd custom here, as it is in my Country, for the Court Ladies to have their publick Lovers, whether they are married or not, who perform a thousand Gallantries in their behalf, and that in the face of the whole Court, without the least blemish to their Reputation; if this is the Mode here, I am very willing to accept you for my Gallant, and am overjoy'd to see so deserving a Person, and of so high a Rank in the World, to devote his Services to me. I'll tell you, Madam, reply'd I, we are something nicer here than the *Portuguese*, and we making the chief Pleasure of our Passions to consist in Secrecy, 'tis sufficient for us to let our Mistresses be acquainted with our Sentiments, without communicating them to the whole Court. If you will give me leave to love you, you shall be my only Confident, and you shall not have the least reason to be dissatisfy'd with my Conduct. She answer'd me not one Word, but fetching several deep Sighs, continu'd silent for a long time. At last, said I, Oh, Madam, what means this Silence! what these

these Sighs! Are you in love at *Lisbon*, or in *London*? I have read a small Novel you bestow'd upon the Duke of *Monmouth*, I have read certain things there which would perhaps have scarce been observ'd by one less interested than myself. I am not ignorant that your Charms have gain'd you more than one Adorer in our Court. I must intreat you to speak sincerely, to let me know my Destiny. You are too urging, said she, I scarce know you very well, and you would have me disclose my most secret Thoughts to you. I am a Man of Honour, reply'd I, and as I know I can keep any Secret of yours, so I conjure you not to delay any longer to lay open your whole Heart to me. But, said she, won't you be surpriz'd if you should find yourself there already better placed than you imagine? Oh, Madam, said I, throwing myself at her feet, don't flatter me with a Happiness unless it be a real one: Let me know, without delay, what I have to hope or to fear; deal sincerely with a Person who will never fail to repay you with tenderness and acknowledgment. What would you know, reply'd she with an obliging Air? I find I must tell you. Tell me then, said I, whether there has been as yet a Man in the World whom you liked? Yes, reply'd she. And, continu'd I, is this happy Man in *England*? No, said she. Then own, said I, that it is the same Person whom *Camilla* loved at

Lucea. 'Tis true, reply'd she. And you are then, said I, the *Camilla* of the Novel I saw? I am so, said she. Oh, Madam, cry'd I, you make me despair. And why? return'd she: Are not you sufficiently deserving to ruin the good Fortune of an absent Lover? What is my Rival's Name? continued I. *Don Alvarez*, said she. He is born of an illustrious but poor Family, and it is by reason of their slender Fortune they are not much taken notice of; and it is that that rais'd my Father's Anger against him, and which oblig'd him to intercede with the Queen of *England* to accept of me among her Ladies of Honour. I return'd her many Thanks for her Sincerity, and the hopes she had given me, that in time my Services might meet with a favourable reception; and I assure you, I made it my business in good earnest to serve her.

The Countess of ——— did not dream in the least, that after having loved her with so much tenderness, I should be in a condition to engage in another Passion. Her capricious Humour she look'd upon as a refin'd piece of Courtesy, for which, according to her opinion, I should have thought myself oblig'd to her. When she found me without the least uneasiness, and that I look'd upon her with indifference, she judg'd the best way to make me return, was to choose such another Lover as might appear a dangerous Rival to me. But being oblig'd to carry on
this

this new Intreague with the D. of *Monmouth* (for it was he she cast her Eyes upon) with a great deal of secrecy, by reason of her Husband, I heard nothing of the matter. In the mean while, being so far prepossess'd with my young *Balboza's* Beauty that I could not at all times controul my Passion, they began to talk of it at Court, and the Countess was the first who made her Jest of it. The Queen, as you know, being a Princess of the strictest Vertue in the World, did not fail to take *Balboza* to task, and to represent to her the danger that attended her seeing me, and suffering my Courtship. You are young and innocent, said she; you are handsom and of good Extraction; you may promise yourself, that if your Father thinks fit to see you settl'd in *England*, you shall have my Protection, and marry some considerable Person, provided your Conduct is such as it ought to be: But if you are so unfortunate as to love the D. of *Buckingham*, unto what Miseries won't you expose yourself? He being a married Man, you must needs lose your Reputation in the World, I shall despise you, your Father will hate you, and you will meet with as many Misfortunes then as you may hope for good Fortune now.

How weak are these Remonstrances, when a Heart is prepossess'd with a growing Passion? The Queen might say what she pleas'd, and as often as she talk'd to

her, *Balboza* told me she found her Tenderness for me increase most sensibly; I could have often pray'd the Queen to torment her, because it turn'd to my infinite Satisfaction. The Earl of *Argyle*, whom I made my Confident, seeing me thus wholly taken up with *Balboza*, would sometimes put me in mind, what Vexation I was likely to cause to the Queen. But that came too late, these Reflexions finding but little access in my Heart and Mind; so that both her and my Conduct were equally censured by the Court Criticks.

One day, having miss'd to see her, she writ to me, She had something of moment to impart to me. I went to see her, and she told me with a dejected Countenance; I will not make a Secret in which you are nearly concern'd in my regard: Know, my Lord, *Don Alvare* is in this Country. Never was any body more surprized nor more put to a *nonplus* than I. He assur'd me, that having understood how my Father had sent me into *England*, he resolv'd to follow me thither; and, to defray the Charges of his Voyage, and to appear like himself at Court, he had sold all the remainder of his Estate. Judge you, continu'd she, what a condition I was in? *Don Alvare* seem'd to me at *London* so far different from what he appear'd to be at *Lisbon*, that I could scarce afford him one Look. 'Tis you, said she, 'tis you who

who is the cause of it. Oh, Madam, reply'd I, don't repent of it, you don't cultivate an ungrateful Soil, and I hope you will never have the least occasion of relenting at your having given to me the preference before *Don Alvaro*. He begins already, said she, to be sensible of the change of my Mind, by my deportment towards him; he seems to be much concern'd thereat, and I am much at a stand how to manage Matters with him: For, if I check him absolutely in his Addresses, and he finds out the reason, he may perhaps, moved with Despair, give notice thereof to my Father; and if I engage him to stay here, judge what a troublesome Guardian he will prove to us, as if I had not enough of these already, I begg'd her not to be too much disturb'd, and that I wou'd consider what was the best to be done upon this occasion.

Coming to pay my Respects to the King, I there saw *Don Alvaro*, who had been presented to his Majesty by the Queen. Tho' I did not look upon him with a very good Eye, yet I must own he was a handsome Person; and you having seen him yourself, said I, to the Earl of St. *Albans*, I will not enlarge myself upon his goodly Mien and Wit, neither wou'd I pursue the consequence of this Adventure, wherewith you are as well acquainted as myself, but that the Earl of *A——n* being then in *Ireland*, ought not to be kept

kept out of the Secret. I accosted *Don Alvarez*, who told me, he had been travelling for some Months, and our Court being one of the finest in *Europe*, he cou'd not forgo to see it, without reproaching himself; and tho' he had been only two Days here, he was so extreemly taken with it, that he intended his stay should be longer here than in all others together. You may easily imagine the answer I made was far different from my Thoughts; but Strangers being regarded in some measure by me, as sacred, I cou'd not think of giving any Offence to a Person who made so good an appearance, and who being without Protection in *England*, it pity'd me he should have the misfortune to light in my way, and that he shou'd sell his Estate for an unfaithful Mistress, who had taken an Antipathy against him.

Balboza, who was of a quick Apprehension, did not fail, the very next time I spoke to her, to ask me, Whether I had consider'd of a way to bring her out of this *Dilemma*? I told her, I had thought of it, but it wou'd be better to let it go on for a few Days, that the thing might appear the more natural. Good God! crys she, methinks I cou'd wish you far enough: Do you so little dread the loss of my Heart? You don't hate *Don Alvarez*, nay you have been so imprudent, as to commend him before my face. You are very careless to maintain what ought to be sacred

cred to you. Awakened by these Reproaches, I told her, How will you charge me with want of tenderness to your Person? Is it possible you shou'd be so little acquainted with the real Sentiments of my Heart, as to suspect it in this manner as you do? 'Tis true, I am satisfy'd you will prove true to me, this is the effect of that good opinion I have of you; and supposing it were the consequence also of the opinion I have of my Deserts, you wou'd not quarrel upon that score. Wou'd you have me be jealous of a Person whom you sacrifice to me? Yes, I wou'd have you be so, cry'd she, and were you born in *Portugal*, you wou'd not have stay'd so long to be reproach'd upon that account by me. You are too full of Presumption, *My Lord*, you think one can't change you for another; but know, People are sometimes much deceiv'd. I was not a little startled at these words. Do you intend to ruin me, Madam, said I? Have I deserved such cruel Menaces at your hands? Since *Don Alvaro's* Presence is so odious to you, let me measure Swords with him; perhaps I may be so fortunate as to deliver you from it. God forbid, cry'd she, your Life is too dear to me to expose it thus upon any account whatever; but let me alone, I'll contrive a way to make him depart. She spoke not one word more upon that Head.

A whole Month pass'd, during which, she was so far from shewing the least coldness

ness to *Don Alvare*, which might give him the least suspicion of her sinister intentions, that on the contrary she gave him peculiar marks of her Friendship, and he appear'd so gay and brisk, that sometimes I cou'd not forbear to reproach *Balboza*, which she only answered with laughing, to justify her Proceedings. There was at that time much talk at Court of a certain *India Ship* very richly laden, lately come into the *Thames*; every one went to see it; and *Balboza* having got an exact information of the time when she was to return to the *Indies*, sends for the Captain when *Don Alvare* was at her Lodgings. The Captain coming thither, she discours'd him in private, and bidding him to view *Don Alvare* very well, she told him, he was a Slave of hers, but grown so insolent, that she was not able to endure him any longer; for he wou'd sit down by her, and be as familiar with her, as if she had not redeem'd him from his Chains, or as if it were not in her power to put them on again at pleasure. If you will have him, I will dispose of him very cheap; you may take him along with you, and dispose of him as you think fit. But *England* being a free Country, and that, if you take him by force, he may make a noise, I will send him aboard your Ship, and so you may keep him. The Captain being very well satisfy'd with *Balboza's* Proposition, agreed with her for the Price, and

and she promised to bring him aboard the next Day.

This done, she told *Don Alvaro* she intended to buy some *Indian* Goods, and intended to take nobody along with her aboard the Ship but himself and her waiting Women. He being overjoy'd to go along with her, they set out from *Whitehall*, and as they were going along, (as I am inform'd by one of her *Portuguze* Women) she carels'd this poor unhappy Lover to the highest degree. Ships of a great bulk ride always at Anchor at such a distance from the Shoar, that there is no coming at them, but by the help of a Boat. As they were ready to go into it, she cry'd she was afraid of being sick, and much more of the Water, it being somewhat blustery Weather; and therefore desir'd *Don Alvaro* to buy her what she wanted, offering to give him Money for that use. But, poor Lover, tho' he had sufficient reason to save his Money, being in a strange Country, and without any hopes of farther Supplies out of his Estate; yet was overjoy'd of having met with this opportunity of making her some very valuable Presents. She having seated herself on an Eminency, with her Women, not far from the Shoar, cou'd from thence see all that pass'd in the Ship. Scarce had *Don Alvaro* got one Foot on Ship-board, but they sent back the Boat which had carry'd him thither. The Captain told him, at the same time,

time, that he having bought him of *Balboza*, he was now his Slave. You may guess at his Surprize, and the Rage it put him into. He protested, in vain, *Balboza* had no power over him; his Words were spoken into the Air; so that, reduc'd to the utmost Despair, he resolv'd, with Sword in hand, to sell his Life at the dearest rate. But being overpower'd, they clapt this miserable Wretch in Irons. *Balboza* having fed her Eyes with so pitiful a Spectacle, return'd to *London*; and sent me word she desir'd to speak with me.

Having receiv'd the whole Account of this Matter from her own Mouth, I stood amaz'd thereat, to such a degree, as to want Words to express my Sentiments. How, thought I to myself, *Balboza*, can'st thou carry thy Aversion to such a pitch, against a Person who was once so dear to thee, and who has committed no other fault than to love thee faithfully, and to follow thee! How! could'st thou sell an unhappy Lover, who sold all his Estate he had left in the World, to give thee fresh Proofs of his Passion, and that without having given thee the least occasion of Complaint; and after all this, treat'st him worse than if he were thy most cruel Enemy! *Balboza* was not a little surpriz'd at my Silence, and being Mistress of a singular Penetration and vivacity of Wit, she soon guess'd at the reason of my present Disturbance. So that
without

without giving me any farther leisure to recover myself, or to return an Answer, she said, Oh ! I see very well, your Rival is dearer to you than your Mistress ; what I have done, ought to be to you a convincing proof of the preference I give you before *Don Alvare* ; but this does little affect you, who have Compassion for him, but want Acknowledgement for me. Oh, Madam, cry'd I, Was there no other way to be rid of him, but to send him to the *Indies* ? How cou'd you prepare such heavy Chains for a Person who was yours already ? Cou'd you put such heavy Fetters on a Man who had so little deserv'd it ? and cou'd you see them without Compassion ? Let his Fortune prove as it will, he was a Man of Sense, and of good Extraction : These Qualifications alone, if you had had no other reasons, ought they not to have been prevailing enough with you, to put a stop to your design ? Why wou'd not you ask my Advice, at the beginning of an Affair, whereof you now tell me the Consequences ?

Balboza saw very well that I made most severe Reflexions upon her treacherous Action. She was vex'd at the Heart to find so little Complaisance in me, that instead of applauding, I blam'd her with so much freedom, she was ready to die with Spite and Anger ; and in this humour, told me a thousand reflecting things ; and wou'd have gon on farther, had not a sudden Swelling in her Throat stop't her Mouth.

Mouth. I left her as much dissatisfy'd as she cou'd be for her life; and whilst she was taking care of her Health, I for my part, sent immediately to fetch *Don Alvare* from aboard the *India* Vessel; but, as ill fortune wou'd have it, they having set sail before, my Endeavours for his Liberty prov'd fruitless. Whatever Pains I took to conceal from *Belboza* the regret I had of giving her so harsh a Treatment, I cou'd not so far disguise myself, but, that she very well perceiv'd the Matter. On the other hand, the Countess, who had a mind to see me once more wear her Chains, never met me without paying to me some peculiar marks of her Respect; which hitherto I have return'd but in an indifferent manner; tho', as my Passion for the fair *Portuguze* began to abate, that which I felt for the Countess gather'd new strength. I was strangely puzzl'd with different, violent and contrary Passions; Oblig'd to avoid a Person who had treated me ill, oblig'd to court one who, according to her opinion, had ventur'd every thing for me, in sending *Don Alvare* to the *Indies*, and that at a juncture when I had not the same indifference for the first, nor the same inclinations for the other, which I had hitherto prescrib'd myself as certain rules of my Duty I can't express my Sufferings under this Perplexity, till I was deliver'd from it by a certain Accident.

I told

I told you before, that *Balboza*, when she sent *Alvare* aboard the *Indian Ship*, was attended only by two of her Women: These highly compassionated the fate of *Alvare*; and tho' their Mistress enjoyn'd them Secrecy, and they promised it; yet they kept it no longer than their good understanding lasted, which prov'd of no long continuance. For *Balboza* happening to fall out with them about some frivolous Matter, they told all they knew. The whole Matter being divulg'd at Court, and the Queen especially having taken an exact account of it, (*Alvare* being a *Portugueze*) she was highly incens'd against *Balboza*; and as her Conduct had not been pleasing to her upon several other accounts, she wou'd not suffer her to continue any longer in her Service, and without any previous notice given her, (unless it were a few days before) she caus'd her to be embark'd aboard a Vessel bound for *Lisbon*, to reconduct her to her Father. But she dreading his Anger, and his Poison or Dagger, found means to get out of the Ship, and returning to *London* under another Name, marry'd some obscure Person, and remain'd unknown to the Court for a considerable time after. Such a parting as this wou'd have cost me very dear, if I had loved *Balboza* as well as I cou'd have done, without her treacherous Heart. For you are sensible, my Lord of *S. Albans*, added I, she was worthy of being beloved, and that her whole De-

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portment

portment was so engaging, as to prove almost irresistible. But now I parted with her without Tears, and began to bend all my Thoughts upon ways and means how to be reconciled to the Countess's Favour.

The D. of *Monmouth*, with whom she was engaged in a secret Correspondence, being tir'd with an Intreague he was oblig'd to conceal, soon threw off his Fetters after they became heavy and troublesome to him. As she, on the other hand, finding his Inconstancy, was very willing to afford me all opportunities of justifying myself. I own'd, without hesitating in the Matter, I had loved *Balboza*, but that it was she that had forced me so to do; because I cou'd not, I thought, pitch upon a more proper remedy to cure me of my Passion for her; that if she wou'd consider, without prejudice, the ill Treatment I receiv'd at *Tunbridge* from her, she wou'd soon be convinc'd, that these were not the right methods to keep a faithful Lover. She reproach'd me in her turn with Haughtiness, and with having left her so abruptly in the Wood. Whither I was in the right or not, said she, you ought to have shewn more Submission, and to have endeavour'd by your Complaisance to convince me of your Passion, which you had sworn to me by so many Oaths. I ask'd her Pardon, and clear'd myself as to what had been told her concerning my Passion

Passion for the Countess of *Grimbergue*; and she made so many most obliging Excuses, as restor'd in our Hearts an entire Harmony, to such a degree, that ever since we have not had the least misunderstanding or reason of Complaint against one another, till yesterday; when, after having used all my Interest to prevent her Husband from carrying her into *Holland*, she entertain'd me as coldly as if she had never seen me before. Whether it be that she is vex'd with herself for having refus'd the King's offers; or whether her Passion for the Duke of *Monmouth* is reviv'd; or whether my Lord R—— has found out the Secret of pleasing her; this I am certain of, that she has given me sufficient reason of Complaint, and that I shall let slip no opportunity of revenging myself.

The Duke having left of speaking, the Earl of *S. Albans* looking hard at him; Is it possible, said he, you shou'd be vex'd at such Trifles? You don't know, as yet, whether the Countess is in the wrong; whither she may not have undeniable Reasons for what she did, and you ought not to condemn her absolutely, without being heard. If I was in no worse Condition, cry'd the Earl of *A——n*, I shou'd think myself the happiest of Men; but, after what I have seen, there is no room left to doubt of it. And what is it you have seen, said the Earl of *S. Albans*? Oh! continu'd he, perfidious Dealings
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without Example, want of Conduct and Faith not to be parallel'd. To be short, the Duke of *Monmouth*, in a Basket ty'd to a Rope, let down out of the Window of *Emilia*. How! has the constant *Emilia* done you this good turn, said the Duke of *Buckingham* smiling? I was so unfortunate as to be an Eye-witness of it, added the Earl; now judge whether our case is equal? and whether I don't deserve a thousand times more Compassion than you?

I am sorry for your Misfortune, reply'd the Duke; but, dear Nephew, I think you have your Deserts; you were beloved by my Lady ---, she was a Lady worth your care; you prov'd unfaithful to her; you are repaid in your own Coin. Oh! my Lord Duke, added the Earl, with something of a peevish Countenance, you preach what you never practise'd yourself; I know you have left more Mistresses without cause, than you have lov'd with good reason. What will you tell me, return'd the Duke, *I have left more without cause, than I have lov'd upon good reasons?* It seems to me, that if I had no reason to love them, I had sufficient cause to part with them. Your Pardon, Sir, continu'd the Earl, for you have often engag'd your Heart to such Persons as had not the least pretension to so glorious a Conquest; notwithstanding which, you perswaded them of your Passion by a thousand Oaths, till they belived and

loved

loved you; but no sooner had you made sure of their Hearts, but you withdrew yours; then don't deny, but that you lov'd without reason, and that you left them without cause. Own to me, that you wou'd not have been guilty of either, had you been your own Master. What I have to say in my own justification, in regard to my Lady ——— is, I had an uncommon Tenderness for her, which insensibly wore off in spite of all my Endeavours to the contrary; it was beyond my power to continue in the same degree of Respect to her; and she being not ignorant of the disposition of my Heart, became chagrin and angry with me. Scarce had I got clear of this Engagement, when I was entangled in another; my Heart wou'd turn Rebel in spite of all my Reason. The fatal *Emilia* reduc'd me by her Charms to the most miserable condition that ever you saw. You are so amorous and so frail, said the Earl of *S. Albans*, that I will lay odds, that if she thinks it worth her trouble, she may see you wear her Fetters again, and play the Tyrant more than ever. No, cry'd the Earl, taking his Hat, and striking it upon the Table, *no, never whilst I live.*

The Stroak happening to light upon a wooden Case, cover'd with a Carper, (to represent a Tablet) it was broken all to pieces, to the great regret of the Earls of *S. Albans* and *A——n*, especially of the last, who had given the Stroak.

But the Duke of *Buckingham* drawing nearer, and meeting, enclosed within it, the Portraiture of the Earl of — done in Wax-work, what chance has brought this Piece into your hands, said he? A very odd one, reply'd the Earl; and were you not a declared Enemy to *Episodes*, I wou'd relate it to you. And don't you know, my Lord, said the Duke smiling, that you sometimes take things in the wrong? Wou'd it not be very unfair for you to rob your Friends of the liberty of breaking a Jest? And can you think my Palate so far out of taste, as not to relish your Discourse with Satisfaction? I am so easily inclin'd to believe you, said the Earl, that notwithstanding all my Reason tells me I shou'd not, yet I can't forbear it. But, without making any farther Reflexions upon the Matter, I am ready to relate to you all the Particulars of a certain Intreague which you never knew but in general, and which I was better acquainted with than any other Person whatever, by reason of the most strict Amity that was betwixt the Earl of — and me; and since the Earl of *A——* was too young at that time to be truly inform'd of this Adventure, I will give it you in all its Circumstances.

Oxford
Tis sufficiently known, that the Earl of — is one of the handsomest and most lovely Persons of our Court; being, besides his high Quality, Master of a considerable Estate, and generous to an excess;

cess; we were such intimate Friends, and so constantly together, that they call'd us by the Names of *Castor* and *Pollux*. A certain noted Author, having written a Tragedy, call'd *Ibrahim*, the same was acted with great applause; among the rest of the Actors, she that acted *Roxelana* did her Part so exceedingly, that the Earl of ——— and I were charm'd at the sight of it. I observed he always heightn'd the Praises I bestow'd upon this Actress, who was from that day forward known by the Name of *Roxelana*. And as she was a Person scarce to be match'd in Beauty and a goodly Mien, he wonder'd at himself, how he could look upon her all this while with indifferent Eyes, and at that moment took a resolution to love her. The King being then at the Play, he order'd *Roxelana* to come to *Whitehall* to act her Part over again there. The Earl of ——— was very diligent to carry her these Orders, and at the same time offer'd to bring her before his Majesty. She accepted of his Coach, and taking one of her Acquaintance along with her, we went all four into the Room where the King was to Sup. As we were going along in the Coach, the Earl was so full of his Courtship that he continu'd talking without intermission. For my part, I could scarce forbear laughing when I reflected upon the oddness of this Passion; having sufficient leisure so to do, because *Roxelana's* Friend was so

old and ugly, that I thought silence much better than what I could expect from her Conversation.

Roxelana being dress'd with all the Lustre of a Queen to gain the Hearts and Praises of the Auditory, did so gracefully perform her Part before the King, that every one was of opinion she needed no more appear upon the publick Stage. The Earl of — having conducted her home, ask'd leave to visit her sometimes. She told him she should always have a great Respect for him, but that a young Woman in her Station could not receive the Visits of a Person of his Quality without making herself a Town talk. He told her, that tho' he look'd upon it as his greatest Satisfaction to see her often, yet would he do it with so much reserve, that she should not have the least reason of complaint against him. He came to see me the next day, but so much in love with *Roxelana*, that he could not speak one Word but of her. I saw he was absolutely set, and I knew her Character so well by hearsay, that I could easily guess what Game she would be at. If you will take my word for it, said I to him, don't follow so far as you do your Inclinations for a young Woman who will be too hard for you. Oh, reply'd he, what danger can there be in it? If she loves Pride, she shall have what she likes: Has she a mind to leave the Stage, I will make her very happy, and be complaisant to her

to

to the highest degree. I have heard her represented, reply'd I, as a Person not fit for love; her Head runs upon making her Fortune, and that by Marriage. I know some who have sufficiently been manag'd by her upon that point. The Earl fell a laughing, and desiring me to go to the Play-House, I went along with him. Here he made his Addresses to *Roxelana*, paid her afterwards a Visit, and back'd the declaration of his Love by a rich Present. She refus'd it with an Air and majestick Look becoming a Queen; and told him, That had he known her right, he would not have gone about to open the way to her Heart by Presents, these being things that made no impression upon her. The Earl answer'd her with a great deal of Respect and Politeness, tho' he was not a little disturb'd to find her to assume such an Air of Grandeur, as would in all likelihood check the progress of his Love; for Women inclin'd to love are of a much easier access than those of a contrary disposition.

He gave me an account of all that pass'd. Will you believe now, said I, that my meaning is very good? And if you will take my Advice, you should engage no farther with her. 'Tis too late, cry'd he, my Passion is too great to think of renouncing those ravishing Pleasures I propose to myself in enjoying her, Perhaps I may meet with more Difficulties than I suppos'd I should when I first began

began to love her; but Love and Constancy surmount all. You should, reply'd I, add also your Deserts and your good Qualifications; no doubt but *Roxelana* will take them into due Consideration, I will engage for her. So we parted, and we met not so often as we used to do; not that our Friendship was grown cold, but he was so far infatuated with this young Woman, that he could scarce be a moment without her; and my Business lying another way, I seldom had an opportunity of seeing him. One Evening he came to see me with all the marks of a distracted Person in his Countenance; and so in effect he was. He told me that *Roxelana* kept him at a greater Distance now than she did the first day he saw her, and that at that very moment she had positively declar'd to him, he must not set one Foot more in her House, unless he resolv'd to marry her. Judge, added he, unto what a *nonplus* she has reduc'd me. I love her like my own life, and can't live without seeing her; but the Condition she proposes is so hard, that I will rather die than submit to it. I conjure you therefore to advise me what is best to be done. This is a very puzzling case, reply'd I; were I less tender of your Honour, I would be for your marrying her immediately. You are not in earnest, said he. No certainly, continu'd I. But what do you think of it yourself? I told you already, added he; I would rather

ther run myself through with my own Sword. I did all I could to make him persist in this resolution, by putting him in mind, what a fine thing it would be to see *Roxelana* the second Countess of *England*. Don't speak any more of it, said he, she shall never be that whilst she lives.

I did not see him for a Week after, till I happen'd to meet him in *St. James's Park* with two Persons that made but a very ill Appearance. So soon as he saw me, he left them, and came to me. Well, my Lord; said I smiling, how do Matters go with your Intreague? I hope they will do pretty well, answer'd he; and to make you an absolute Confident of my present Condition, I can't but disclose my whole Design to you. I have done, continu'd he, for these three Months last past, all what is possible to be done to gain the Heart of *Roxelana*: All my Sufferings, Care, Liberality, all is in vain; her Humour being as haughty as that of the *Sultana* herself, whose Name she bears, will not permit her to grant me the least Favour. I intend not to take the same measures in this case as I would do with a Person of Quality; I intend to seize her this Evening as she comes out of the Play-House, and carry her into the Country; when I have once got her at my Seat, I know well enough how to deal with her. These Men you saw with me are to put it in execution. I was so surpriz'd

surpriz'd, that for some time I was not able to speak. Why are you silent, said he? Don't you approve of it? I am too much your Friend, answer'd I, to approve of so unjust and violent an Action. One ought not to expect more from a Mistress than what she is free to give. Is it possible you should find a relish in such Favours as are snatch'd by constraint? Believe me, a nice and tender Passion, as it is attended by a thousand Charms which affect our Hearts and Senses; so a brutish and forced Love must needs cause such Remorses in a Person of Honour, as will not suffer him to relish the Pleasure he hopes to enjoy. Is it possible, reply'd the Earl, interrupting me, you can think me capable of repenting in this kind; this seems to have in it more of the Frailty of a Woman, than of the Courage becoming a Man. My business is to enjoy, and so soon as I have done, I shall never think any more of this Actress. You are in the wrong, said I, if you imagine to enjoy in spite of her you love: Force may make you Master of her Body, but you will never be the more happy if you can't be so over her Heart. Take my word for't, my Lord, you had better have patience for some time longer, you had better Sigh and shed Tears at her Feet, rather than exasperate her by an Action so contrary to what ought to be expected from a Lover.

All these Reasons made at last such an impression upon the Earl, that he assur'd me he would quit all Thoughts of pursuing this Design, that he would renew his Visits and Addresses, praying me to visit her also sometimes, in order to do him all the good Offices I could. I was willing to do it, it being my opinion, that since he had shewn so much deference for my Advice, I could do no less than shew him this piece of Complaisance. I often visited her, and the better I knew her, the more I was convinced of her Merits and Wit, and that she look'd not for a Lover, tho' never so deserving, but for a Husband. As this could not but augment my Esteem for her, so I pitied the Earl of ———

Eight Months pass'd, during which we could not perceive the least compliance in *Roxelana's* Temper, tho' she appear'd very merry, and nothing could be more agreeable than her Conversation. But whenever the Earl would give himself some familiar Airs, she told him, she would see him no more as long as she liv'd, because she was resolv'd to keep herself always within the same Bounds of Prudence and Vertue, as she had done hitherto, unless he would resolve to marry her. At last he promis'd he would with a thousand Oaths, but begg'd her not to discover it to me, because I was absolutely against the Match, and would thwart it as much as ever I could. She engag'd not to speak
of

of it; but her Joy being so excessive that she was not able to contain it; she cou'd not forbear to tell me the reason, begging of me, for God's sake, not to spoil her Fortune. Truly, said I, fair *Roxelana*, the Earl of ——— is not very wise to mistrust me upon this occasion, I being neither his Father nor his Guardian, but only his Friend, have no power to constrain him in such Matters as he judges most convenient for his purpose; and consequently I may easily hold my Tongue, and remain an idle Spectator of what he intends to do, without being blam'd for it. Every thing being settl'd for the Consummation of the Match betwixt them, without the privity of any body, except such as must of necessity know it, he propos'd she should go along with him into the Country. But, as if she had had some foresight of what afterwards happen'd, she told him, she would be marry'd in *London*. After some Contests, he consented to it, and marry'd her at his own House. The Ceremony being over, she thought herself now at the highest pitch of her Wishes. And never did any Person shew more Satisfaction at her good Fortune than she did.

The first Night was scarce pass'd, when *Roxelana* being still asleep, the Earl push'd her very roughly; Awake, said he, awake, *Roxelana*, 'tis time to be gone. She turning her Eyes upon him, Why, my Lord, said she, do you call me *Roxelana*?

Iana? Why must I not have the Honour of being Countess of — ? No, reply'd he, you are not so, you are not marry'd to me; and to unfold the whole Myſtery, know, That it was my Steward disguis'd who perform'd the Marriage Ceremony betwixt us yesterday. Oh! Traytor, cry'd ſhe, taking hold of his Throat, and endeavouring in this firſt Fury to ſtrangle him, thou ſhalt die by my hands. The Earl ſeeing her thus furious, found means to diſengage himſelf, and ſo left the Chamber. She got out of the Bed, and laying hold of his Sword, which lay upon the Table, purſu'd him to the very Dining Room Door, which he ſhut and lock'd againſt her. Now *Roxelana* finding herſelf bereav'd of the main Object of her Fury, turn'd the Effects thereof againſt herſelf. She tore her Hair and Face, and made moſt dreadful Outcries and moſt pitiful Lamentations, enough to touch her Husband's Heart. But finding him not to appear, ſhe reſolv'd to kill herſelf; and turning the point of the naked Sword againſt her Boſom, thruſt it into her Body with ſuch a force as muſt needs have put an end to her Life, had not her trembling Hand fail'd in ſome meaſure in the intended fatal Execution; for the Sword paſſing along the Ribs, gave her a Wound which prov'd rather large than dangerous. She dropt, ſwimming in her own Blood: And the Earl, who had ſeen all what paſs'd from a place

place where he cou'd not easily be seen; now mov'd with Compassion, sent to me to give her all possible Assistance. Towards Evening she was carry'd to her own Home, and I happen'd to come in at the same moment, being impatient to hear how Matters went, guess at my surprize, when I saw her supported half dead by several Persons who put her to Bed. I drew nearer, and she no sooner saw me, but, Oh! My Lord, cry'd she, pray understand from my own Mouth my Misfortunes, and the Perfidiousness of a Monster, unworthy to see the Light of the Sun. She then related to me, with Tears and Sighs, all what had pass'd; which cou'd not but move me to Compassion. Whilst she was talking to me with the utmost vehemency, casting her Eyes upon a Pourtraiture of Wax-work of the Earl of ———, which he had presented to her not long before, she was so enrag'd at the sight thereof, that in spite of her Weakness, she leapt out of Bed, with an intention to dash it to pieces. I had much ado to prevent her; and for fear of some new commotion of her Spirits, which might have prov'd very dangerous, I order'd my Servants to take the Case with the Pourtraiture, and carry it to my House. This is the same you see, continu'd he, looking upon the Duke of *Buckingham* and the Earl of *A———*. But, to end this Story in a few words, *Roxelana* attempted to make her Marriage stand good in

in Law, but the power of the Earl carry'd it above the poor Actress. However, he was forced to allow her a Maintenance, and to provide for a Son she brought into the World. Ever since this odd Adventure we have not been so intimate Friends as we used to be. He has own'd to me, he thought fit to conceal from me that ill Action he intended to put upon the poor young Woman, judging I would be against it, and that it might prove the occasion of a Difference betwixt us.

I know almost every thing you have related to be true, said the Duke of *Buckingham*, and I can't but confess the Conduct of the Earl of — in this Affair was very dishonourable, and I was always one of those that blam'd him most for it. As for me, said the Earl of A——n, I commend him for it; why should he not by one dishonourable act prevent another, which he must have expected from *Roxelana*? And if we understood ourselves rightly, we should deal thus with all Womenkind. The Earl of S. *Albans* smiled, and told him, that his Spite against *Emilia* and the Duke of *Monmouth* made him launch out thus against the whole fair Sex, and that it was but reasonable he should put some Bounds to his Resentment.

Whilst they were yet busie in talking, in comes a *Valet de Chambre* of the Duke of *Buckingham's* and brings him a Billet, which was deliver'd to him by *Esther*,

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from the Countess of ——— At the receipt thereof, the Duke changed his Countenance : He had a great mind to read it, but his Haughtiness would not let him ; for, after what he had told these two Lords concerning his Mistress, he fear'd they would observe him, and divert themselves at his cost. The Earl of *S. Albans* shrewdly guessing at the Matter : Believe me for once, said he, don't side with your Anger against the true Sentiments of your Heart ; mine foretells me, there's a Justification in the case. Would not you be overjoy'd in case the Countess should offer such Measures towards a Reconciliation as you could wish for ? I don't very well know, as the case just now stands, what I could wish, said the Duke, with an Air that discover'd more of Love than of Trouble ; but be it as it will, I have a mind to see once more, what way this *Ungrateful* will find to justify the Reception she gave me. He found only these few Lines written in the Billet.

Your Eyes sufficiently discover'd your Anger ; why would not you at the same time find out my Discontent ? You know part of what makes me complain of you, but I have a mind to convince you of it, by telling you what reason you have to commend me. Don't fail to expect me at your House this Evening, tho' it were at the peril of my Life.

Hah !

Hah! said the Duke, I begin to breath something easier. I must own it, to my Shame, whatever Indifferency and Spite I might pretend to, I loved still at the bottom of my Heart; and I was almost reduced to Despair, to see myself obliged to hate what was so dear to me. How happy are you, said the Earl of A——n? You are in a condition to be beguil'd by what you love. You are not so well used, said the Earl of S. *Albans*. No, added the Earl, I must not have seen with my own Eyes the Duke of *Monmouth* let down out of *Emilia's* Window; is it possible for a Man to digest such an unworthy Contrivance? and did I not deserve to be used at a very scurvy rate, if I should dispense with it? Good God! reply'd my Lord of St. *Albans*, you argue but very indifferently for your Repose; if our Weakness is very great, we must controul our Reason, we must seek not to know what we know, and conceal what we see; we must, say I, persuade ourselves we are contented. Yes, cry'd the Earl of A——n, somewhat impatient, yes, my Lord, that is to say, one must be a ridiculous Fool, a Sot, a Bubble; suffer oneself to be kill'd, and to kiss the Hand that directs the Dagger to your Heart. Your Maxims and mine, continu'd he, are very differenet; instead of this complaisant Air, which you would infuse into me, I shall make use of another, directly opposite to yours: And

since I know not how to make myself to be belov'd, I will at least make myself to be fear'd.

Having utter'd these Words, he was going to leave the Room ; but the Duke laugh'd so loud, and cry'd out, *Adieu*, good Sir, the Terror of the fair Sex, and Bugbear of Husbands, that the Earl of *A——n*, in spite of all his Anger, could not forbear laughing in his turn. We parted very near at the same Moment : The Duke went to his House to attend his Appointment ; the Earl of *A——n*, full of Melancholy, to his Retirement ; and the Earl of *S. Albans* to Court.

The Duke of *Monmouth*, after having quitted his Basket, came to my Lord Grey. It being then after Supper, my Lord upbraided him for making him stay so long. If you knew, said the Duke, what it was that detain'd me, you would pity me instead of complaining. He took him aside, and told him what had happen'd. My Lord Grey not being able to forbear laughing at several Passages he related to him, the Duke was almost angry. Did ever a Man, said he, laugh at the Misfortunes of his Friend ? To be pestred with three Mistresses at once ; and besides this, the fear I lay under that the thing might come to the King's ear ; was not all this Vexation enough ? Were you not an unconstant Wretch, answer'd my Lord Grey, you need

need not fear such like Adventures ; but you are always fluttering about like a Butterfly. You do well, reply'd the Duke, to upbraid me ; were I not so much out of humour, I would not be long indebted to you ; but at this time I am not for Diversions and Jest. The Duke continu'd his Discourse, and every foot the thought of the Basket returning into my Lord Grey's head, he laugh'd out aloud. 'Tis now no time to laugh, said the Duke, but our business is to contrive means how to appease Madam —, *Emilia* and *Philadelphia*. You have without doubt a hard piece of Work to do, and more difficult than you imagine, reply'd my Lord, but nothing shall be too hard a task for me to serve you. I will go and see *Emilia* ; I will also speak to her Companion ; but as to Madam —, I leave you to manage her. If you will undertake, said the Duke, to set Matters to rights with the other two fair Ladies, I will go to the third immediately. What, without eating, said my Lord, pray stay a little. I can't, said the Duke, I will make my Peace whilst her Husband is absent, and then go to Supper. Coming to Madam —, he was told, she was not very well, and gone to Bed : He then kneeling at her Bed side, and squeezing her Hand betwixt his for a considerable time, not knowing what to say ; at last ask'd her, how she did ? and whether nothing could be done to ease her ? You

can do all, my Lord, said she, with a languishing tone, which render'd her infinitely lovely ; you can do every thing for my ease, if you please. But what reason have I to hope for any thing from a faithless Man, who loves me not ? Madam, reply'd he, I confess to you, that I have already upbraided myself for having given you some apparent occasion of Complaint ; but sometimes things happen so unforeseen, that 'tis impossible to avoid them. Such a one was this Night's Adventure, which is, questionless, what now troubles you ; and I swear to you, never was a Man more innocent.

I happen'd by chance to come into the Room of the Ladies of her when *Philadelphia* was very ill, and *Emilia* did assist her ; tho' I have only a bare Indifference for *Emilia*, I thought it unhandfom to leave her. Scarce was she recovered out of her Swoon, when the Governess coming, and the young Ladies dreading her Anger, shut me up in the Closet ; you coming in at the same time, and this proving a new Matter of trouble, they thought to deliver themselves from it by letting me down out of the Window. I want a little more Faith, said Madam —, and something of your Dexterity, to be satisfy'd of the truth of the Account you give me. But, my Lord, is it not too too true, that you are in love with one of these Ladies ? I retain still fresh in memory, with what a tender and passio-

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nate Air you used to entertain *Emilia* : 'Tis in vain to tell me she is indifferent to you ; I need only take a little pains to be convinced of your Sentiments. You will do much better, reply'd the Duke, not to be instructed by any body but my self ; for if you set a watch over me, these jealous Proceedings will excite my Heart to Rebellion. Believe me, 'tis only yours ; and is not this sufficient for your Satisfaction ? Madam ——— by her Sighs and Silence gave him to understand, she knew what she had to do. The Duke was vex'd thereat, it being his custom to be beforehand with his Mistress in Courtesies, expecting they should take his word for what he told them, whether out of inclination or design, and to rest satisfied, without diving farther into the matter. Madam ——— had not Strength enough to answer him, being much indisposed, as I told you before, and much vex'd at his Presence. He perceiving the matter, departed the Room ; and going home, pass'd the remainder of the Night in contriving the best means he could to redress his amorous Affairs, which were then but in a very bad condition.

After having made his Appearance at Court, the next day he retir'd into his Closet, in expectation of my Lord Grey's coming, he having promis'd to bring him his Mistress's Answer. He came soon after, and finding the Duke alone ; Guess,

said he, what I am going to tell you. Truly, reply'd he, I am not able to guess. *Emilia* is of too uneven a Temper to tell you what to make of her; and *Philadelphia* is such a piece of Formality, that I know not what Character to give her. I spoke to both, but to each in private, said my Lord Grey, chance having offer'd me an opportunity of so doing. Neither of them would declare themselves frankly upon the Matter; but was charged by *Emilia*, that she must speak to you herself. *Philadelphia* also told me, she should be well pleased to see you, but that being watch'd and overlook'd in all Corners, she conjures you, if you have any respect for her, to be upon your guard, and rather not to look at her in a Week's time, than to raise a jealousy in *Emilia*.

The Duke assur'd my Lord, he would punctually observe the Commands of his two Mistresses. And, added he, do you really believe them to be angry with me? I could not, I tell you, dive into their real Sentiments; but it seem'd to me as if *Emilia* was uneasy and melancholy. The reason is, because I am not so indifferent to her as to her Companion, reply'd the Duke, with an angry Countenance. To see you sigh, says my Lord, seems as if you were troubled at it. The Duke answer'd not one Word, till after having paused a while, he look'd upon my Lord Grey; I confess to you, said he, I never took any real delight in the possession

session of a Heart whereof I thought myself absolutely sure. And what is it, said my Lord, that affects you most, you have a very good Relish? My greatest Delight is, continu'd the Duke, in paying my Services to a new Mistress, to watch her Scorns, my Hopes, Fears, Uneasiness, and, in short, every thing we meet with at the beginning of an amorous Passion.

This is the state of the case betwixt *Philadelphia* and me. I am apt to believe her Inclinations are for me; that she strives against them; that there is a great Contest betwixt Vertue, Reason, and the Inclinations of her Heart, which pleads for me; and that in spite of herself, she will love me at last. This 'tis that I am ambitious of, this flatters my Vanity.

Oh! my Lord, cry'd my Lord *Grey*, I find you are as yet unacquainted with the essential part of Love; your Mind runs only upon Trifles and Amusements. If your Heart were truly inclin'd to Tenderness, you would put all your Happiness in being belov'd by the Object you love. The very Thoughts whether you were in possession of your Mistress's Heart or not, would drive you to Despair; and whatever might thwart it, would cause you a thousand Inquietudes. Now judge, by your own Sentiments, and by those I have describ'd, what prodigious difference there is betwixt

twixt Fiction and Reality. I swear to you, said the Duke interrupting him, at that rate I know nothing but Fiction to this moment ; if it be true, that if a Man will love well, he must love in earnest, I see, said my Lord, your Hour is not come yet ; but time will come, when you will tell me enough of it, and perhaps more than you wish for. He went away, after having spoken this Prophecy, which was sufficiently verify'd in the Event ; but of this it is not convenient to speak in this place.

The Duke was preparing to go to pay his Respects to the Dutches of *York*, when word was brought him, that the Prince of *Newburg* being arriv'd lately, the King requir'd him to conduct that Prince to the Ball, which was to be at the Queens that Night. He cou'd do no less than obey. He had seen that Prince before in his Travels, when he continu'd for some time in the Dominions of the Duke his Father. He was receiv'd by him with all the Honour and Respect he might expect from a young Prince of an illustrious Birth, and the Rank he himself bore in the *English* Court. The Prince of *Newburg* did not fail to come in good time to wait on the King, that he might stay for some time with him, before the Ball began. He was a very handsome Person, of a beautiful Countenance, and a very agreeable Deportment ; he danc'd with a very good Grace ; and as he was
Master

Master of several Languages, it was easie for him to enter into Conversation with such as he lik'd best.

Among all the rest that made their Appearance at the Ball, my Lady —— pleas'd him most. She being then in a melancholy Temper, occasion'd by the Infidelity of the Earl of A———n, made her Eyes appear with a certain languishing Sweetness, which was very desirable; the whiteness of her Complexion was not faded, her Lips as red as Coral, and a certain careless Air, natural to Women when they have no Conquest in view, were more becoming in her, than the borrow'd and artificial Charms of all the rest. She was in so eminent a Station at Court, that her Name alone was sufficient to make her to be taken notice of by a foreign Prince. He drew near to her with a Compliment: Which she returning with a great deal of Civility, he made it his business to entertain her in Discourse all that Night, which she was well enough pleased with; for let a handsome Woman be never so indifferent, she loves to be taken notice of before others; and looking upon this as a proof of her Deserts, Self-love will not give her leave to neglect such an opportunity. She had, besides this, another insight in the Matter, viz. the Earl of A———n being at the Ball, she was ambitious to kindle some sparks of Jealousie in him. She perceiv'd him much out of Humour, and consequently guess'd he
was

twixt Fiction and Reality. I swear to you, said the Duke interrupting him, at that rate I know nothing but Fiction to this moment ; if it be true, that if a Man will love well, he must love in earnest, I see, said my Lord, your Hour is not come yet ; but time will come, when you will tell me enough of it, and perhaps more than you wish for. He went away, after having spoken this Prophecy, which was sufficiently verifys'd in the Event ; but of this it is not convenient to speak in this place.

The Duke was preparing to go to pay his Respects to the Dutches of *Tork*, when word was brought him, that the Prince of *Newburg* being arriv'd lately, the King requir'd him to conduct that Prince to the Ball, which was to be at the Queens that Night. He cou'd do no less than obey. He had seen that Prince before in his Travels, when he continu'd for some time in the Dominions of the Duke his Father. He was receiv'd by him with all the Honour and Respect he might expect from a young Prince of an illustrious Birth, and the Rank he himself bore in the *English* Court. The Prince of *Newburg* did not fail to come in good time to wait on the King, that he might stay for some time with him, before the Ball began. He was a very handsome Person, of a beautiful Countenance, and a very agreeable Deportment ; he danc'd with a very good Grace ; and as he was
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Master of several Languages, it was easie for him to enter into Conversation with such as he lik'd best.

Among all the rest that made their Appearance at the Ball, my Lady —— pleas'd him most. She being then in a melancholy Temper, occasion'd by the Infidelity of the Earl of A———n, made her Eyes appear with a certain languishing Sweetness, which was very desirable; the whiteness of her Complexion was not faded, her Lips as red as Coral, and a certain careless Air, natural to Women when they have no Conquest in view, were more becoming in her, than the borrow'd and artificial Charms of all the rest. She was in so eminent a Station at Court, that her Name alone was sufficient to make her to be taken notice of by a foreign Prince. He drew near to her with a Compliment: Which she returning with a great deal of Civility, he made it his business to entertain her in Discourse all that Night, which she was well enough pleas'd with; for let a handfom Woman be never so indifferent, she loves to be taken notice of before others; and looking upon this as a proof of her Deserts, Self-love will not give her leave to neglect such an opportunity. She had, besides this, another insight in the Matter, viz. the Earl of A———n being at the Ball, she was ambitious to kindle some sparks of Jealousie in him. She perceiv'd him much out of Humour, and consequently guess'd he
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was troubl'd in his Mind. He did not speak to *Emilia*, and this young Lady had never made a worse shew than she did at that time, her Eyes not appearing with their usual Sprightliness, or Fire, unless when she cast them towards my Lady; and remembering the Ink-bottle, she discover'd a certain desire of Revenge, which she cou'd scarce keep within the bounds of Moderation; but as often as she look'd towards the Earl of A——n, she had not courage enough to let them continue that way; and a redness, which over-spread her whole Face, was an undeniable witness of the secret Reproaches she felt at the Adventure of the Duke of *Monmouth* in the Hamper. The Duke wou'd fain have taken the opportunity of the Ball, to seat himself by, and to speak to her, had not *Philadelpia*, who was not far off, spoil'd his Intentions of talking with one, without being over-heard by the other. Cou'd he have spoke to *Philadelphia*, he wou'd have been tolerably well satisfy'd, but he labour'd under the same Difficulty with her, in respect of the nearness of *Emilia*; besides that, the Earl of A——n and Madam —— (who came to the Ball chiefly for that purpose) kept a watchful Eye over him. The Duke finding himself under this *Dilemma*, was yet more surpriz'd at the coming of *Nelly*. 'Tis known to every body, that she was an Actress, and that the King delighted in her more for her diverting and agreeable Humour, than for

for her Person, tho' she made a pretty good figure; but she was so very sprightly and gay in Conversation, as to make all the Company to partake of her merry Disposition. She enter'd masked, and disguised in Shepherdesses Habit, attended by several other Ladies and Gentlemen of Quality, all in the same Dress. After having danced some Country-Dances, which she perform'd very well, (tho' her way of dancing was as odd and singular as all the rest of her Actions) she exclaim'd against the heat of the Room, and that it were more convenient to take a little fresh Air. 'Tis true, the Season being not very proper for so numerous a Company to be enclos'd in a Room, they were not a little incommoded with the Heat.

The Queen, who took no great diversion at the Ball, being retired into her own Apartment, the Ladies of Honour of the Dutchess of —, who were there present with their Governess, arose in order to be gone. But the King order'd them to follow him with the rest of the Ladies into the *Park*. The King and Prince of *Newburg*, attended by the whole Court, and follow'd by the Musick, went into the *Bowling-Green*, where some seated themselves upon Benches, some upon green Turfs. They danc'd in divers places at once; and it being a clear bright Night, there was no occasion for Lights; the Flutes and Hautboys answering by means of the Echo to the Violins. This Entertainment,

ment, tho unforeseen, and unconcerted, prov'd infinitely agreeable and diverting.

Every thing being transacted there in a kind of pleasing Disorder, there was a sufficient opportunity of talking to one another, without being observ'd. My Lady ——— seeing the Earl of A ——— n pass behind certain Pallisado-Rails, against which she was leaning at that time, went out of one of the *Bowling-Green* Doors, in order to meet him. The Earl, not a little surpriz'd thereat, was at a stand whether to turn back; he having, during the Ball, look'd much more favourably upon her, than he had done for a long time before. He accosted her, Oh! Madam, said he, how happy wou'd this moment seem to me, were you the same you us'd to be in my regard. *Ungrateful*, said she, how cou'd you think it possible? Can you imagine I cou'd forget the Game you have plaid me? With what indifference you receiv'd my Compliments; with what Disdain you spoke of me to my Face in the Queens Gallery; what answer you return'd to a Letter, which ought to have touch'd you to the Heart; and what Pains you took to convince me of your Infidelity? And you have done it so effectually, that I shall never forgive it. Will you never pardon me, Madam, cry'd the Earl, drawing nearer to her, and taking her by the Hand? Is it possible you shou'd take a Resolution so opposite to what you have

have promis'd me before? Can you imagine, that during these frail Intervals I spent with *Emilia*, I cou'd attempt to promise I never wou'd love you? You are likely enough to attempt or to do any thing, perfidious Man! reply'd my Lady; you wou'd have thrust a Dagger into my Heart to purchase one favourable Look from her. 'Tis no difficult matter for me to see, that you are at odds together, but I suppose 'tis her, and not your Fault; she has found the way of making you a submissive and patient Creature. You connive at her light Actions, you love her not a jot the worse, and you see your Rival preferr'd before you, with so sweet and calm a Temper, as can't be sufficiently commended. Oh! Madam, cry'd the Earl, 'tis too hard to insult over me, I was just upon the point of putting your Fetters on again, I felt within my Breast certain Sparks of Fire, which being not well couch'd, were ready to kindle afresh; but you add Ironies to your Reproaches. There is nothing I wou'd not do to be reveng'd, reply'd she, an enrag'd Heart knows no bounds of Moderation.

She had continu'd her Discourse, if they had not been silenc'd by a noise they heard not far from thence. At the same time she espy'd the Duke of *Monmouth* with *Emilia*; as these two had an equal desire to Discourse one another, they got into an Arbour, in order to clear the point, concerning what Matters of Complaint

plaint one might have against the other. Do you see here two Persons, said she, to the Earl of A——n. who, I am apt to believe, have no occasion for such a witness as you of their Conversation; notwithstanding which, your Interest lying so far at stake as it does, I will not rob you of the pleasure of hearing them. This is a satisfaction I should be glad to sacrifice to you, reply'd he, were it not that your Eyes betray the Aversion you have against me. My Respects forbids me not to detain you any longer with an unhappy Man, who is insupportable to you. Say rather, return'd she, at parting, that what most torments you, is your Curiosity.

My Lady went away, and she was not in the wrong to imagine, that the Earl was very glad to hear the Conversation betwixt the Duke and his Mistress. He crept very softly to the place where they were, he listen'd attentively, and seeing the Duke with one Knee upon the Ground at *Emilia's* Feet, he heard her continue her Discourse, which she had began before. Before my Face, said she, barbarous Man! under my very Eyes you have made me see in yours all the marks of a violent Passion, as if you had never lov'd any thing but her. This haughty Rival pretended to fall into a Swoon, for no other reason, than to ensnare you the deeper, and you acted without controul, and with a very slender regard to my Presence.

fence. Just Heav'ns! Was I to be an eye-witness of what I wou'd have remain'd doubtful of all the Days of my Life? Your Surmizes, Madam, reply'd the Duke, wou'd perplex me, had I by my Conduct given any real occasion for it. But I protest to you, *Emilia*, you have no real reason of Complaint; I have shewn some Compassion for a dying young Woman; wou'd you have me to have assisted in choaking her; and to please your Humour, left her without, or beyond all hopes of Relief? You ought to have done it, cry'd *Emilia*, you ought to have consider'd the Trouble it would cause in me; you ought to have suppress'd my Jealousie by a procedure quite contrary to what you did; and you may be perswaded, had you remov'd all cause of Complaint against you, *Philadelphia* should not have wanted any thing that was either convenient or necessary. But here was the Touchstone; you durst not trust any body else, because you were willing to do every thing yourself; this was indeed the best way to revive her Colour in her Lips. Do you remember what proofs of a most tender Affection you ventur'd to give her? They were so indifferent to me, said he, that I have already forgot them. Oh! perfidious Man, said she, I know you only too well, and notwithstanding all what I have seen, I will rather blind my own Eyes, my Reason, my Resentment, and flatter myself that I am still very dear to you. You are so,

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my lovely *Emilia*, above every thing in the World, reply'd the Duke, and you shall be convinc'd thereof by my Conduct.

The Conversation now rising to so high a pitch of Tenderness, put the Earl of *A—n* into such a ferment, that he had certainly broke out into some outrageous Action, had it not been for the King's Presence, who just then happen'd to pass by that way with *Nelly*, being follow'd by the Pr. of *Newburg*, who leading my Lady—, it seem'd as if he spoke to her with more than ordinary Affidity, and as if she hearken'd to him with more Attention than is usual betwixt Persons of a few Hours Acquaintance.

To speak the Truth, never was any Man in a more melancholy and disturbed Condition than the Earl of *A—n* at that time. He heard on one side the Conversation betwixt *Emilia* and the Duke of *Monmouth*; he saw on the other hand my Lady with a foreign Prince, and himself alone, overwhelm'd with Jealousie and Vexation. He could not endure to stay any longer in a place where it seem'd as if all that were there were inspir'd with nothing else but Love and Mirth. He left the *Bowling Green*, but passing through a very thick Wood, heard a Person fetch such deep and violent Sighs, that it seem'd as if she, that fetch'd them, was breathing her last. The Earl being touch'd with Compassion, and reflecting upon his own Condition,

Condition, thought he should be well-pleas'd to meet with one under the same Circumstances, that they might bemoan their Misfortunes together, and prove a Comfort to one another. So approaching to the place as softly and near as he could, he heard her express herself thus : O unfortunate Woman ! that my Heart should be engaged to so fickle and unconstant a Man ! What can I hope for in this fatal Inclination ? He loves *Emilia*, and I shall die for Grief. Here she stop'd, but soon reassuming her former Discourse ; Is it possible, said she, I should flatter myself, and that the Tenderneſs I have for him should make more lively Impressions upon my Mind, than all those Expressions I heard him utter to my Rival. Oh ! too fatal a Curiosity for the Repose of my Life ! I shall pay very dear for it ! I was under an uncertainty which afforded me some room for flattering myself ; but now am beyond all doubt, and almost distracted for being undeceiv'd.

The Earl of *A——n* very well knew the Voice of *Philadelphia*, but would not come too near, for fear she might have somebody or other with her. But hearing nobody speak but her, without receiving any Answer, he soon imagin'd it was the violence of her Grief that made her break out into these Complaints. And so it prov'd, for coming nearer, he saw her alone, lying upon a green Turf under a Tree. She hearing a noise, turn'd her

Head, and seeing him so near her, was sorely afraid he might have overheard her; she began to reflect upon her own Imprudence, to have thus reveal'd the Secret of her Passion; and the Earl might easily guess at the present Condition of her Heart.

Don't fear, *Philadelphia*, said he, all the Tenderness you have for a Person whom I have so much reason to hate, shall never oblige me to betray your Frailty: I can hold my Tongue, and even compassionate your Misfortune. It would be considerably encreas'd, said she, if you should go about to revenge yourself upon the Duke of *Monmouth*, since it must furnish new matter of Trouble to me; and if you did, which I hope you will not, he would be little disturbed thereat upon my account; he loves nobody but *Emilia*, and if he has told me some obliging things, it was only to deceive me. And why, said the Earl, should you be so fond of him, if you know him to be such a fickle Person? O! my Heart, that frail Heart of mine, said she, surrender'd without consulting my Reason; I found I lov'd before I was aware of the Effects his Presence and Conversation had produc'd in me. But, my Lord, continu'd she, the better to moderate my Grief, let me have this Comfort, to believe that you will forget all the Extravagances you heard me speak.

Rest satisfy'd upon my account, fair *Philadelphia*, reply'd he, I promise to keep
your

your Secret, and I am a Man of Honour : But I do declare to you, that, if you are so frail, as not to desist from loving him, I — He had scarce spoke these Words, but he saw him not above ten Paces distant. Hah ! What are you a doing here, said the Duke of *Monmouth*, with a fierce Countenance, laying his Hand to his Sword ? The Earl of *A——n*, without speaking one word, fac'd about in a fighting Posture, and in spite of the respect due to the King's Palace, the Quarrel would not have ended without a fatal Event, had not *Philadelphia*, with an unparellel'd Courage, thrown herself betwixt them ; whilst she was conjuring them to reflect upon what they were going to do. The Duke of *Buckingham*, who was not far of, hearing a confus'd Noise of several Voices he knew very well, drew nearer, and saw what pass'd. He intreated them in Conjunction with *Philadelphia* to desist, and being an intimate Friend of the Duke, and the Earl's Uncle, urg'd the Matter so home betwixt them, that they engag'd, upon their Parole of Honour, not to Fight till he had taken full Cognizance of the Matter.

Philadelphia was going to retire : But the Duke of *Monmouth* intreated her most earnestly to hear him for one moment. Tho' she had all the reason in the world to refuse him this Favour, yet finding herself not Mistress of her own Curiosity, she staid behind. Am not I, said he, the

most unfortunate of all Lovers? I love you, *Philadelphia*, but am not able to convince you of it. You believe *Emilia* alone possesses my Heart, and you are angry upon that account, but without reason. You ought to consider, that if I am obliging to her, 'tis because I would not have her intermeddle with me, and for fear, lest her jealous Temper should create you some Trouble. You act your Part too well to the Life, reply'd she, for one not to believe that there is a great deal of Truth in this Fiction. I am apt to persuade myself, that you have some Inclinations towards me, because you make nothing (after the rate you love) of loving several at a time. But, my Lord, you will find it a hard Task to make me forget those disobliging Words you spoke upon my account to *Emilia*. I did not come there to dive into your Sentiments; nay, I freely confess, that as far as it depends on me, I would never be undeceived; that would be more to my Satisfaction. For, when I heard you speak thus, I was so far touch'd, that I had died upon the spot; had I not been reserv'd for more durable Miseries. O *Philadelphia*! cry'd the Duke, how unjustly do you deal with me? I find, notwithstanding these flattering Intervals, you are going to hate me; and of all my Misfortunes, this touches me in the most sensible Part. May it please Heavens! said she smiling, may it please Heavens! my Lord, you prove fin-

cere for once in all your Life; but this is a thing I dare not so much as expect; and as the prejudice I have conceived is strong against you, you must not propose to yourself to remove it in a short time. Adieu, said she, I must be gone, our Governess believes me to be very ill at this time. I got from her under that Pretext, and told her I would go to Bed immediately; but happening to pass through this Wood, Darkness, Solitude, and Troubles invited me so far, as to stay here and vent my Grief, which I had no power to resist. I owe this to my good Fortune, says the Duke, endeavouring to stop her, 'tis she that has given me this opportunity of assuring you I am yours only, and if you heard me speak any Words contrary to this Truth, it was by way of Dissimulation. I was never in an Intrigue, reply'd *Philadelphia*; but I am of opinion, that if one loves sincerely, one can't betray oneself to such a degree as you did, and I despise such Politics as make one disown one's own Sentiments. You are in the right, Madam, said he hastily, you shall not upbraid me long with that, I will gainsay all the Lyes I have told her; I will declare the Tenderness I have for you, if it raises a Discourse, if *Emilia* grows Extravagant, you No, my Lord, no, don't do so, cry'd *Philadelphia*, I am satisfy'd, I will be persuaded, take care of my Reputation, nothing is dearer to me in the World; and I declare, this is the only

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thing I prefer before you; go on, make your Courtship to *Emilia*, don't speak to me but very seldom; don't look out for Opportunities, Time and Constancy may perhaps repay you with Usury the Respect you shew me. Having said these Words, she went away.

It was broad Day before the Duke of *Monmouth* came back to the Prince of *Newburg*, whom he conducted Home, and so they parted. The Earl of *A——n*, more grieved than ever, was sensible that if he should go home alone, he should be overwhelm'd with a thousand vexatious Reflexions. He wanted one unto whom he might make his Complaints; and as the Duke of *Buckingham* had been present at the late Quarrel betwixt the Duke of *Monmouth* and himself, he thought it better to go to his Lodgings than any other place. He did not stay long before the Duke came; for being a Person who delighted much more in private Pleasures than publick Feasts, he contented himself with staying a little while, whilst the King entertain'd the *German Prince*, and then went home.

I am overjoy'd, said he, to the Earl of *A——n*, to see you here; methinks we have both occasion to meet; for, according to all appearance, you have sufficient reason of Complaint, and I am inclin'd to relate to you the most diverting Adventure that ever you heard of, which happened to me. Our Condition is very
different,

different, said the Earl; you have cause to rejoice, but I to bemoan myself. Which of us two shall speak first? You shall, poor my Lord, said the Duke, with an obliging Air; because my Relation may serve in some measure to efface the grievous Idea's of yours.

Never, said the Earl, was poor Lover worse used than myself; Vex'd to the Heart I went to the Ball, with no other intention than to expostulate with *Emilia*: But she shun'd me so dexterously, that I could not come near enough to speak to her; and all the satisfaction I had, was to keep an eye upon her, and to prevent the Duke of *Monmouth* from entring into Conversation with her. But whilst I was thus busied in interrupting them, I cast my Eyes upon my Lady ———, and she appear'd to me alone much handsomer than all the other Ladies together, tho' her Dress was rather neat than magnificent, but attended with a certain negligent Air, which, in my opinion, became her extreamly well. I was under no small Perplexity I could not leave my Seat without giving opportunity to the Duke of *Monmouth* of talking to her; and I could not look upon my Lady with so wishful an Eye and Countenance, without an extream desire to come nearer to her, and to tell her, that upon the first favourable Look, my Fire would be rekindled in my Heart. To be short, I labour'd under a strange confusion of Thoughts at
divers

divers times, upon what reason I had to praise her, and to blame *Emilia*; and what methods I should make use of, to ask pardon of one, and bestow the most bitter Reproaches upon the other. Sometimes I flatter'd my self with Hopes, sometimes I run almost into Despair, when I consider'd I had lost both my Mistresses, and I cursed myself for my Ingratitude to one of them. Thus swallow'd up in an abyfs of different Thoughts. Yet was my aim only upon her, till my Jealousy conceiv'd against *Emilia*, which had been kept in suspense by my Passion for my Lady ———, got new Strength, and caus'd me fresh Inquietudes. Yes, my Lord, I found myself all on fire with Rage and Anger, when, after some time, I turn'd my Head to see where *Emilia* was, but I might look long enough, for she and the Duke of *Monmouth* were vanish'd. I found also new matter of distraction in my Lady and the Prince of *Newburg*, who, both in the Room where the Ball was, and in the Bowling-Green, was continually at her heels; no sooner had he left off dancing with another Lady, but he would seat himself again next to her; sometimes he would lie at her Feet, pretending he did it for the conveniency of the coolness of the Grails; sometimes he would stand and cool her with a Fan; he presented her with Oranges, and he affected to eat what she had tasted before. These little Trifles, which an indifferent Person would

would not as much as have minded, appear'd like monstrous things (as you know very well) in the eyes of a Lover; and what most of all vex'd me, was, that so often as I look'd upon her, she affected to oblige the Prince with some gracious Air, more insupportable to me, than if she had stuck a Dagger into my Heart.

Oh! my Lord, said the Duke of Buckingham smiling, you are soon vex'd. Don't interrupt me, I conjure you, said the Earl, for I am willing to come to the period of the Relation of my Frailties. I tell you, being almost reduc'd to Despair by her Coquetteries, I perceiv'd, as I told you before, that *Emilia* had given me the slip. Here again I was reduc'd to no small Perplexity. I had a mind to follow *Emilia*, and at the same time inclin'd to observe the Transactions betwixt my Lady and the foreign Prince. My Heart thus divided betwixt these two different Interests, remain'd undetermin'd what to chuse: At last it carry'd it for *Emilia*. But whilst I was still in search after her, I espy'd my Lady — alone coming the same way; and without Presumption I am apt to believe she came thither to look for me. This Reflexion caused in me a certain secret Satisfaction, which I durst not discover till I might be satisfied in her Sentiments concerning me. I discover'd mine to her, but found her averse and very satyrical; and after having made me to suffer a thousand Reproaches,

proaches, she left me abruptly. I was almost beyond myself at so unlucky an Adventure; but instead of following her, I was very attentive in overhearing the inconstant *Emilia*. Oh! what did she not say to the Duke of *Monmouth*? Their Conversation was partly Reproaches, partly tender Expressions intermix'd with Tears; and in the conclusion, they gave one another fresh assurances of a violent Passion.

You acted there but a very melancholy Part, my dear Nephew, cry'd the Duke of *Buckingham*. I was going to act a Tragedy, reply'd the Earl, and to seek for the Satisfaction deny'd me by Love: In my Revenge, I was just going, said I, to enter the Arbor where they had hid themselves, when the King, with *Nell*, attended by many of the Court, happening to pass that way, I found it no seasonable time to commit Extravagances: So leaving the place that had prov'd so fatal to my Repose, I resolv'd to find out another more suitable to my present condition, and then it was I heard *Philadelphia* in the Wood.

Drawn thither by her Lamentations and bitter Complaints, I came as near as I well could; I heard all she said for some time, and I declare to you, whether it were out of Compassion, or out of Revenge, or out of Inclination, it being natural to love what seems aimable to us, I was sensibly touch'd with her Grief,
and

and could willingly have supplanted the the Duke of *Monmouth*. I told her of his Inconstancy, and the unfortunate Consequences she must expect from such an Engagement which would prove fatal to her Repose: I represented to her his fickle Temper; and began insensibly to insinuate my self into that Discourse, when chance brought him so near us, as to overhear part of what we said; we were going to decide our Quarrel when you came and prevented us.

I praise Heavens for it, my Lord, said the Duke of *Buckingham*, I should have run distracted for your sake, and the Consequences that would have attended it. The King, exasperated by an Action which shew'd so much want of Respect to his Person, would perhaps have made you pay dear for this Extravagancy. One must not at all times follow one's splenetic Inclinations, and this is not the first time you have had the unfortunate Temptation of drawing your Sword against the Duke of *Monmouth*. You may tell me, it was a Misfortune to draw my Sword in the Royal Palace; but for the rest, I think it an honour for the Duke to measure his Sword with me. Let us not differ upon the point, said the Duke of *Buckingham*, you know that I, being more advanced in Years than you, and the Uncle of your Wife, have a fair pretence to talk to you, both as to my Friend, and as my Relation. You honour me
very

very much in so doing, reply'd the Earl, and in looking upon me under that Qualification; but I am persuaded also, that you take me to be the most unfortunate of Mankind. Without dispute, said the Duke; and I never saw any Intreagues go on so unsuccessful as yours: You would be happy if you could lay them aside. Nothing but time, reply'd he, can clear my Head of these Chimera's, wherewith it is possess'd all over. I intend to go into *Ireland* to my Father, I will forget my Lady, I will detest *Emilia*, and I will not remember *Philadelphia*.

The Duke fell a laughing: A Lover whose Heart is so much divided as yours, need not save himself by flight; if you love in two or three places, 'tis no more than playing; and Coquertry has a greater share in it than real Passion. What do you say, cry'd the Earl of A——n? What do you mean? I am sensible I was born for Love, and where ever my Heart fixes, it engages too far for its own Repose. But, continu'd he, after having abused your Patience, in giving you an account of my Disasters, pray tell me what it is that makes you look with so chearful a Countenance?

You remember, said the Duke, the Billet of the Countess, which was brought me at my Lord of *S. Albans's* House. I left you both not without a great deal of regret; I shut myself up in my Closet,
and

and I order'd the same *Valet de Chambre* that brought the Countess's Billet, to let no body come to me, except herself, or any Messenger from her. It began to be late, I was told the King wanted to speak with me; but being resolv'd not to stir abroad, word was sent I was not at home. You are sensible with what impatience one expects what one loves; without the least exaggeration, every Hour seem'd to me a Day. At last comes a Man into my Closet, dress'd like a Messenger, with an *English* Cap on his Head pull'd over his Face, booted and spur'd, and a Whip in his Hand, who presented to me a Letter from the Countess, which I am going to read to you.

Every thing seems to prove contrary to the desire I have of seeing you: I flatter'd myself that *Esther* might have Dexterity enough to convey me out of my House without being seen; but all her Contrivance can't come up to that of my jealous Husband: He watches me more carefully than if I were a Prisoner of State, guilty of some capital Crime, for whom he was to be responsible. I declare to you I am almost desperate, I fear every thing, and hope for little; my only Comfort under these Misfortunes, is, that I believe you are sensible of them, and that you will neglect nothing that may put an end to them.

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The reading of this Biller caused me abundance of Vexation ; I found myself frustrated of a Pleasure wherewith I had flatter'd myself ; and I fear'd that in endeavouring to do a piece of Service to the Countess against her Husband, it would make such a Noise at Court, as might compleat her Ruin. I was ruminating upon these Matters, and the Messenger staid all this while ; At last I ask'd him, whether he would undertake to deliver my Answer to the same Person that had given him the Letter ? He said, No ; and that he was going into *Wales* to carry some Dispatches from the King. Well, Friend, said I, go where you will, and so gave him some Guineas for his Reward. He went to the Door, but as he was pulling off his Cap to take his leave, I perceiv'd a Head of Hair, which being of the finest Colour in the world, spread all over the Shoulders down to the Knees. The pretended Messenger throwing them aside, discover'd a little Hand whiter than Snow, and a most charming Face. Why should I amuse you any longer ? Don't you guess, my Lord, it was the Countess. I must confess the pleasure of the Surprize was no small addition to that of seeing her. I made her sensible of my Satisfaction by such lively Expressions, but so disorderly withal, that my Disturbance sufficiently discover'd to her the present state of my Heart. Her Presence had wip'd out all the remembrance of my

my Repentment, I thought no more of those Reproaches I intended to have made to her; she herself was the first that entered upon the point of my last ill Reception: She told me, her mistrustful and jealous Husband had shut himself up in a Closet adjoining to the Room, where he could hear and see, without being seen, all she said or did. Would you, continu'd she, have me expose you to the Fury of a Madman, who might have taken the opportunity of being too hard for you and me, under pretence of finding you in disguise in his House? Nobody is so brave, but he must give way to great odds.

I assure you, these are the Reasons that oblig'd me to put Bounds to my Inclinations: I durst not turn my Eyes towards you, I trembled when I spoke to you, I was afraid lest he should discover you, and I chose rather to appear cold, ungrateful and scornful, than to see you and my Husband a quarrelling. 'Tis not for the care you have taken of me I return you Thanks, said I, my dear lovely Countess, for I dare venture to say, your Husband will consider of it twice before he attacks me once; but stand highly indebted to you in respect of yourself; and you may rest assured, I am a thousand times more sensible of it, than what relates immediately to myself.

She told me afterwards, that in order to get out of the Doors, she was obliged

to disguise herself under the Dress I saw her ; and what was most diverting, was, that she had got a Pacquet of Letters brought and directed to him, to deliver to him in case he should meet her ; and that nothing could have happen'd more luckily, because he came home the same Moment with my Lord Grey when she went out ; that without the least concern she met him and gave him the Pacquet, and so went her ways. You get off very fortunately, said I ; but, good God ! what measures have you taken to get home again without trouble ? I don't question it, reply'd she ; *Esther* is to pretend I am not well, and asleep, to prevent the Earl from coming into my Chamber. Alas ! Madam, added I, is that all ? I am afraid you'll pay dearly for the pleasure of this Visit. Would you have me to leave you longer in a Mistake, which must needs have exasperated you against me ? I would rather have any thing, said I, interrupting her, nay even Death itself, than see you expos'd to the least Danger. My Lord, cry'd she, don't disturb the Sweets of our Passion with needless Foresights, let it happen as Heaven thinks fit ; but let us not despair of our good Fortune. Her Resolution seem'd to me as convincing a Proof of her Tenderneſs, as my Fearfulness ought to be to her of my Passion. However, I obey'd her Orders, and did not touch upon any thing that might disturb her good Disposition. I assure you,

you, my Lord, such a Reconciliation has something of extraordinary Sweetness in it for a sensible Heart; and that these Hours, which seem'd so long to me whilst I was expecting her coming, appear'd very short in her Company; her Presence heal'd up all the Wounds of Jealousy, I remembred no more what Passion the King, the D. of *Monmouth*, and my Lord — had once for her. She told me a thousand times, I was the only Man she thought worthy her Esteem; and I find too much satisfaction in believing her, to trouble my head with any thing that might persuade me to the contrary. At last, the parting Hour being come, we took our leaves at Day-break; and to allay my Fear, I pray'd her to put a Ribbon out of the Window as a token that she got safe home. I pass'd by soon after that way, and seeing the Ribbon, was better satisfied than the greatest Man in the world, and thence went to the *Park* to see part of the Feast.

This is the present state of my Affairs. You may conclude from thence, that things are never reduced to so desperate a condition betwixt a Lover and his Mistress, but that they may take a happy turn again. I have sworn bitterly at my Lord *S. Albans*, that I would never see her again as long as I lived; you are a witness to what a degree of Spite and Anger I had rais'd my Thoughts, and how often I have reproach'd myself. Good God!

is it possible one should commit a grosser Error than this? I have shewn you her Letters, I have told you things which ought to have been buried in everlasting Silence; I am only too happy to have done these things before two Men who can keep a Secret. What must have become of me by this time, had I put my Confidence in Men of a suspected Faith? In such a case, the Reputation of the Countess must suffer for my extravagant Surmises. Learn to be wiser, by my Example, continu'd he, with a very serious Countenance, and take this for a constant Rule, that a gallant Man ought at no time, nor upon any account whatever, to revile a Lady, whether she has given him occasion of Satisfaction or Complaint. You talk at your own pleasure, my Lord Duke, cry'd the Earl of A———: But your Condition and mine being so different, I am not surprized our Opinions should be so too. You have all the reason to be satisfied, and I to complain. If you have a mind to revive your Intreague with my Lady, added the Duke, and will leave the management of that Matter to me, I am much mistaken if I don't bring her back. I can scarce believe it, reply'd the Earl; she has only too much reason of Complaint against me; and when I call to mind what harsh Treatment she had from me, (believing that I spoke to *Emilia*) I don't wonder to see her treat me like a Stranger. Add to this, what the Prince

Prince of *Newburg* does to gain her good will, and the obliging way wherewith she receives his Addresses. If this Prince was to stay long in *London*, continu'd the Duke, I would not swear for her, but that she might be for a change; and that, were it only for the pleasure of a compleat Revenge, she might set you aside, and put the Prince in your place; but at the worst this would prove only an Intreague of a few Weeks, which must end in trouble, the natural consequence of absence. She has loved you, and I'm sure she does not hate you. Once more, will you have me try for a Composition betwixt you? The Earl paused a while, but at last desired him to act in it with the same application as if it were for himself.

The King having taken a resolution to go to *Hampton Court*, and to take the Prince of *Newburg* along with him, in order to divert him there with a Ball, the next day every thing was got in readiness to carry the Court thither by Water. The Barges were cover'd with *Persian* Carpets, the ground-work of Gold, and hung with brocaded Tapestries of Rose colour and Silk. Towards the Evening, the Court having taken their respective Places in the Barges, you saw them go forward by the help of Oars upon that spacious River the *Thames*, which is perhaps the handsomest in the World. You heard the Air resound with a most agreeable Symphony of Trumpets, Kettel-Drums, Flutes,

Violins, Voices, Theorbes and Clave-Cymbals. These different Instruments produc'd different Chorus's, which play'd every one in their turn; and the Confort was so well contriv'd, that nothing could be more pleasing or enticing in the World. The foreign Prince admir'd the Beauty of *London*, where all the great Houses, standing on the River-side, are adorn'd with Balcones, and at that time were fill'd with handfom Ladies, who came to see the King in this Pomp, and to hear the warlike Sound of the Kettel-Drums, or the sweet Harmony of the Violins. *London* affords the finest Prospect that can be imagin'd from the River *Thames*, and I question whether any other comes near it among all the other Cities of *Europe*.

The Duke of *Monmouth* having taken notice that the Prince of *Newburg* address'd himself more frequently to my Lady ——— than to any of the other Ladies at Court, manag'd the matter so as to place him next to her. And as she was of opinion, that if any thing could recal the Earl of *A——n*, it would be a point of Jealousie, which often brings back the fugitive Lover, and revives the Heart, so she affected to have no other regard but for the Prince, and to hear him with attention, as if she was pleas'd and sensible of what he said to her. He, on his part, omitted nothing to make her accept of the Gallantries he told her, and he was deserving

deserving enough to flatter himself he should not meet with a Repulse; Won't you think me too bold, Madam, said he; if I take this opportunity to give you to understand the progress you have made in my Heart? I know I ought to endeavour to gain your Inclinations by my Assiduity and Services, and to convince you of mine before I speak of them to you; but that little Time I have to stay in this Court being too short to hope for success that way, I must, Madam, conjure you to shorten my Pain, and to accept of the Offer I make you of a Heart which has not as yet receiv'd such lively Impressions as yours. It would be highly glorious for me, said she, if I could flatter myself into a belief that you tell me the truth; who can assure me of that Point? Mankind make not the least scruple of imposing upon Ladies; and we know, by long Experience, how dangerous you are; they make it their business to ensnare them, whilst they keep out of the Trap. Oh! Madam, what is it you say? said the Prince, interrupting her. Is it possible you should imagine that one would covet to be beloved only, and that by so aimable a Person as you are? You see 'tis I that makes the beginning, and I should not fail to make the conclusion, were I Master of my Destiny, so as to stay with you as long as I would. Alas! why were you not born in my Country? or, why must I leave yours? Don't disturb yourself upon

that score, said she, I don't deserve your care, and you would perhaps be unhappy if you should engage too far upon my account. For God's sake, cry'd he, pray tell me the reason. The reason is, because among my Friends I am always of a sweet, even Temper, and in a good Humour; but to those who pretend to more, I am foolish, capricious and tyrannical; I consider them no otherwise than my Slaves; I have not the least complaisance for them; I defy them and myself; and if I find the least favourable Inclination for them, I banish them for ever. I am contented with all this, said the Prince; only give me leave to serve you, and to endeavour all means to please you; perhaps some more benign Star than that which is predominant over those unfortunate Wretches you treat thus cruelly, may alter the case in my behalf. This is a stretch of Vanity, said my Lady, not unbecoming a Sovereign Prince. Well then, Sir, serve me, I accept of you for my Knight. And I you for my Lady, reply'd he, with a merry Countenance; and turning his Head, repeated with an indifferent loud Voice that Verse out of the French Tragedy of *Cid*:

Appear you Navarrases, Moors and Castilians.

The Duke of *Buckingham*, and the Earl of *A——n*, who sat next to one another, were at too great a distance from the Prince

Prince and my Lady to hear their Conversation, but could not miss of hearing these last Words, both of them understanding *French* very well. The Earl told the Duke, we need not doubt but that this young Prince intends to bid defiance to all my Ladies Lovers; had I no other Reflexion to make than what relates to my Courage, I should soon appear in the List of them, and make him know, that he is not the *Cid* of *England*. What a fine pretence you have found out of picking a Quarrel, reply'd the Duke; would you have a Lover, in the beginning of his Passion, talk like Men who have their Reason and true Senses about them? Be not uneasy, I will take care of your Interest, and you shall have no reason to be dissatisfy'd. Whilst they were talking together, *Nelly*, who was in the same Barge, had found out Matter of Divertisement for the Ladies and Gentlemen; and among the rest, one which occasioned a great deal of Mirth. She desir'd the King to stop a little upon the Water, the better to enjoy the benefit of the fair Season and the melodious Harmony of Musick. She then caused to be brought forth some Angling Rods, with silk Lines, the Hooks of Gold. The King went to Angling with several others, but could catch nothing, whereat the Ladies laught very heartily, and the King told them he would Angle no longer; and so pulling up his Line, found half a dozen of fry'd *Smelts* ty'd to the Hook with a silk

filk Thread. He fell a laughing aloud, and so did every body else. *Nelly* told him, that so great a King should have something peculiar above the rest; that poor Fishermen catch Fish alive, but his were ready dress'd. The Prince of *Newburg* told them, that six being not enough, he would try whether he could take two or three more to the King's Fish. He threw his Line, and feeling it weighty, O Sire! said he, we shall live merrily; and so pulling it up, found a Purse ty'd to the Hook which, being open'd, there was in it a golden Case set with Stones, and the Picture of my Lady ———. This occasion'd a general Mirth, and the King, who was ignorant that *Nelly* had order'd some Divers to tie the Fish and Picture to the Hooks, was above all extremely delighted with it. *Cleopatra*, said he, to *Nelly*, caus'd a *Sardine* to be ty'd to *Mark Anthony's* Hook, but you exceed her in your Contrivance, for you bestow Pictures, which are much more acceptable. These are Presents, said my Lady, (somewhat concern'd) which cost her nothing. She sent this Morning to my House, to tell me, that she being inclin'd to have her Picture drawn, she desir'd I would send her mine, because she would take a view of the Drapery. You see, Sir, to what use she has put it. Nothing could happen more agreeable to me, said the Prince; I know not, said he, adressing himself to *Nelly*, how to pay you my Respects sufficiently.

ficiently. I should be very glad to merit your Acknowledgments, answer'd she; but you thank me for a good Office I had no hand in. I believe these were the *Najades* of the *Thames*, who perform'd this act of Gallantry on purpose to oblige you, and if my Lady has an inclination to see her Picture this Night, I have it at home, and will send for it.

Whilst every one was enjoying the Sweets of an agreeable Conversation, the Earl of *A——n* was the only Person who appear'd extreamly Melancholy. He could not, without much dissatisfaction, see the Prince of *Newburg* to take this opportunity of telling a thousand pretty Things to my Lady; and his Fancy, which was very ingenious in tormenting him, suggested that she had combin'd with *Nelly* to convey, by this means, her Picture to the Prince; and tho' he heard her tell him very seriously, that she desir'd he should restore it to her immediately, he look'd upon it only as a faint; his Jealousie having rekindled a more violent Fire in his Heart, than all her Tenderness and Carresses could do before. The Duke of *Buckingham*, who read his Troubles in his Eyes, would not leave him alone to his sad Reflexions, but check'd and told him, with a low Voice; do you see how careful I am of you, poor disturb'd confounded Lover; you don't as much as look at *Emilia*, she has talk'd above a quarter of an Hour to the Duke of *Monmouth*, without

out your taking the least notice of it. O my Lord, said the Earl, 'tis not worth one's while, she is an inconsiderable, unconstant Woman, more fit to act her Part in a Play, than to engage a Man of Honour; I assure you I am quite clear of her, and am vex'd at the Frailties I have been guilty of upon her-account.

The Barges went forward with an easie Pace towards *Hampton-Court*; when on a sudden they were surprized with the sight of two others, exceeding all the rest in Magnificence; besides that, their manner of appearance had in it something peculiar to raise one's Curiosity. The first of the two was full of handfom well-shap'd Men dress'd like the Antick Knights, as we see them still painted now a-days; in the midst of them you saw one in the same Habit, but in Armour, *Capapie* his 'Squire standing by him, and holding his Helmet, adorn'd with white Feathers. Upon a rich Pacillion of Green and Gold, you saw the Picture of a Lady, plac'd upon a Pedestal, supported by *Love*, most curiously Engraven. In the other Barge appear'd nothing but Ladies attired like Nymphs, with their Quivers hanging upon their Backs, and their Arrows in their Hands. A Lady, representing *Diana*, had the pre-eminency above all the rest, as well by reason of the richness of her Cloaths and Jewels, as by her Age; it being certain, that never was so aged a *Diana* seen before; however, she had certain ruins of Beauty,

Beauty, which were more valuable than all her Attire. The King, and those that attended him, soon discover'd him who was in Armour in the first Barge to be the Duke of ———, and the Lady, who represented the chaste *Diana*, to be his Wife. But the Prince of *Newburg*, who knew nothing of them, took them for a Band of Players, that were going to act at some place or other near *London*, till the Duke of *Monmouth* undeceived him. Do you see, said he, these Persons, they have something very peculiar in them, perhaps beyond any in the World. Him whom you see there in the midst of the other Gentlemen, is the Duke of ———, one of the greatest Lords in *England*, being Master of an Estate of Twenty five thousand Pounds a Year; and as there are many other Lords of great Estates, who love to be independent, they take the least occasion of Complaint to retire from Court into the Country, where they lead an easie Life. This Duke has a most magnificent Seat in the *North*, seated in the midst of Woods and Rivers, and of a very difficult access. This Solitude has engaged both my Lord and my Lady to reading to such an excess, that they spend Day and Night in it; and being but little acquainted with the true choice of Books, they are fall'n upon the reading of *Romances*, and the Adventures of Knight's Errant; these being things which only suit their Pallates, and that to admiration.

miration. Not only this, but they have taken a fancy to imitate them, and to act in their Country some of those marvelous things, which the *Amadis's* and *Knights Errant* perform'd in all parts of the World. Is it possible it should be as you tell me? cry'd the Prince of *Newburg*. If you question it, continu'd he, you may be satisfy'd in it by the whole Court, and by the Duke of ——— himself, who marry'd his Daughter. There needs no farther confirmation than your Word, my Lord, said the young Prince; and besides this, I need only consult my own Eyes, it being not very natural to appear in such a Dress without some extraordinary reason. My Lady ———, said the Duke, will sometimes disguise herself like an *Amazon*; she rides on Horseback, attended by nine young Ladies of good Families, but without Fortunes: These she takes under her Care, with a great deal of pleasure, and sees them settl'd in the World, provided they will comply to share with her in these *Romantick Fancies*. The Duke acts the Knight-Errant, he meets his Lady abroad a Hunting, or perhaps taking her rest in a Wood near some murmuring Brook; he falls in love with her, and makes his trusty Squire his Confident. She, on her part, being an Heiress of the *Invisible Isle*, or of some *Enchanted Palace*, or representing *Armide* or *Medea*, is charm'd with the goodly Mien of the lovely Stranger; and notwithstanding she is engag'd

engag'd already to a neighbouring Prince of great Renown, being of the Stature of a Giant, she declares to her Nurse, she will marry nobody else but the *Knight of the Wood*. These Preliminaries of Love are follow'd by all manner of Gallantries, or to speak properly, by all the Extravagances that can be imagin'd, such as Feasts, Combats, and a thousand other Impertinences; and the whole concludes with the Nuptials of this noble Pair.

This Ceremony is no sooner over, but they torment their Brains to set up another fictitious Story; they are provided with Actors for that purpose, richly attired, and all other Necessaries, for they are excessive Rich, spending but little, but what they bestow upon such like Fopperies. I can't be tir'd with hearing your Relation, my Lord, said the Duke of *Newburg*, and a small matter would incline me to go to visit them at their Seat, to become a Spectator of one of the purest diverting Comedies that a Man can well see. Before they had quite finish'd their Discourse, they saw a Boat coming from the Duke's Barge, in which was his Squire and two Watermen. The King having stopt his own Barge, they drew near to it, and the Squire began thus: Sire, the Duke of ———, my Master, offers his most humble and profound Services to your Royal Majesty, and salutes the whole illustrious Company that attends you; he desires to know, whether there
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is amongst them all, a Knight, who will maintain that his Lady is a more exquisite Beauty than the whose Picture you see there upon that glorious Pavillion? And under your Majesty's good leave, I will conduct him safely to my Lord Duke, that they may make trial in the open Field, which of them two is most capable of maintaining the Beauty of her he loves. In spite of all the Gravity the King had affected, during this Harangue, he could not forbear laughing two or three times; but soon reassuming his serious Air, go tell your Master, said he, 'tis impossible to discover the Lineaments of the Picture he so much boasts of, at such a distance, that he must send it to us, that we may be able to judge whether he is in the right or not, and that then he shall have his Answer. The Squire hereupon, pulls out of his Pocket a Picture, telling the King, this was the Copy of the fair Original which his Master adored. There was scarce any body there but what knew it to be the Picture of the old Dutchesse, painted in a Shepherdess's Habit, with a Garland of Flowers about her Temples, such as we commonly see *Astrea* presented by the Painters. The King could not forbear laughing aloud at the sight thereof, and the Squire would have done the same, but that he durst not. This Lady is too beautiful, said the King, for any one to pretend to dispute the precedency with her; I am sure every one here will submit.

mit: Not at so easie a rate, said the Prince of *Newburg*; I have a mind, Sire, to maintain the Beauty of this Lady, whereof I here shew you the Picture, and whose Knight I declare myself to be; he produced that of my Lady ———, and comparing it with the other; Your Majesty shall judge, continued he, which of these has the most Perfections. That of the *Shepherdes*, cry'd the King; Prince, upon this occasion, Justice must prevail above Favour; and as you have a bad Cause, my Judgment is, you must own you are in the wrong at present, and that nothing but a blind Prejudice can be alledg'd in your behalf. The 'Squire departed to give an account to his Master of his good Success. Never was any Man better pleas'd, he ran and told it the *Dutches*, who conceived so much Joy thereat, that she was not her own Mistress, nor could contain herself within the bounds of a *Decorum*; but as her Barge pass'd by that of the King's, she stood as upright as a Dart, being so fully persuaded of her having got the better of all the Ladies that were there present, that she afforded sufficient matter of Mirth to the Court, for that time.

You must understand, said the Duke of *Buckingham* to the Prince of *Newburg*, that no Woman in the World takes more pains to preserve her Beauty, than this Lady you have seen just now; an Empirick, no less extravagant than herself, had persuad-

ed her to have a Man well fatten'd, and afterwards to destil him, the Water whereof, he told her, would revive her Youth more effectually than the *Fountain of Youth*. She not questioning but that the Secret must be good, because it was rare, found means to get a young Fellow, of a beautiful Complexion, whom she shut up in a Room, and caus'd him to be fed with the best Dainties that could be had. His whole time being employ'd in eating and sleeping, he fatten'd apace, and so often as the Dutchess came to look upon him, she would be sure to tell him, *Friend, cram thyself well*. At last the Fellow being curious to know what made her so careful of his Belly; he ask'd the reason of him who us'd to bring him his Provisions? What, said he, dost thou not know, that, so soon as thou beest well fatten'd, thou must be cut to pieces, and be put into an Alembic for Destillation, to make the Dutchess young again? At these Words, the poor Prisoner, being ready to die with Fear, grew leaner and leaner every Day with the Thoughts of his approaching Destiny; so that at last resembling more a Skeleton than a Man, and the Dutchess seeing him in this miserable Condition, set him at Liberty. She was laying out for another to be fatten'd for the same purpose: When the King having got notice of her Designs, sent her word, that he would advise her rather to run the risque of being Old, than of his Indignation;

Indignation; and that if she committed such a barbarous Act, she might well be assur'd, he would never pardon it. I must tell you, said the Prince of *Newburg*, a Man ought to be an eye witness of these things, before one can give credit to them; however, your Discourse is very diverting. There are Stories enough of her, which will hold us till we come to *Hampton Court*, said *Nelly*; as for instance, She had caus'd six Bulls to be train'd up to draw her Coach, which was of such a bulk, that there were but few Streets broad enough to afford it a passage. However, she would make her Appearance in *Hide-Park* with her new Equipage; but no sooner began the Bulls to move forward, when the Mob beginning to hallow, so frightened the Bulls, that they ran away with the Coach, dash'd it all to pieces, and the Lady had enough to do to save her Life. So she was cur'd of her fancy of training up Bulls.

This is a pleasant Adventure, said the Dutchess of *Richmond*, but you must all confess, it does not come up to what she did at *Whitehall*. You must know, that the Dutchess seldom came to Court; and as the Queen us'd to make her her Diversi-
on, she order'd me to bring her to the Circle. I knew she was lately come out of the Country, I went to Compliment her in her Majesties Name, and afterwards ask'd her, whether she would not pay her Respects to her? I would do her

that Honour with all my heart, said she, provided she would honour me with some peculiar Mark of Distinction. I don't question, said I, but that the Queen will do it with a great deal of pleasure. Then, reply'd she, pray desire her, that my nine Nymphs may hold up my Gown whilst I am at the Circle. The Dutchesse in France enjoy the Privilege of the Stool, but this is not allow'd of in England, or at least our Train can't be held up without particular leave. I promised her I would speak to the Queen about it, and that myself was so far concern'd in it, as not to neglect the Matter. Truly, said she, it is the common Cause you are going to plead, and it will be very glorious for you in time to come, to read in our Histories, that it was the Dutchesse of Richmond, Daughter to the brave Duke of Buckingham, who obtain'd that Privilege from the Queen. I gave the Queen an account of what had pass'd in our interview, who laugh'd very heartily, but would not allow of that Privilege. I gave the Dutchesse an account of my ill Success, who was much vex'd at it. But, said she, let me alone, I will shew you I don't want Wit. Within two Days after she came to the Circle, in a Gown of black Velvet, the Ground-work Gold, and almost covered with Jewels. The Train of the Gown was of such a length, that its extremity reach'd into the Guard Chamber, where it was held up by her nine Ladies;

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it appear'd like a blazing Star, which reach'd through all the Apartments, and I give you leave to guess, whether this very Fancy was not the Subject of Diversion to all the World, and whether any of us might have an inclination to imitate it.

The Barges were now come to the landing place: Whilst my Lady *Richmond* was yet a talking, and whilst she and *Nelly* were entertaining the Prince of *Newburg*, the Duke of *Buckingham* address'd himself to my Lady ———; You act most egregiously the Coquet, said he, if you can but hold this Humour, you will be sure to catch somebody or other in the Net. No Woman in the World, said she, loves Coquettry less than I, but I am a little revengeful, and my business is to be even with an ungrateful Person. Oh! Madam, you have done your business too much, reply'd the Duke; the poor Earl of *A——n* feels the effects of your just Indignation, which touches him to the very Heart. He has not so much Goodness in him, added my Lady, as to be capable of repenting; but I am apt to believe, he is fall'n out with *Emilia*, and has a mind to raise in her some little Jealousie, in order to be friends with her again. Madam, continu'd the Duke, you are not a Woman to be made use of for a Cloak, and I can't have patience to hear you treat yourself so indifferently, merely to gratifie your own desire of abusing

the Earl. Your Charity, my Lord, said she smiling, is very extensive; and notwithstanding all this, you will find it a hard Task to convince me; I have certain causes of Prejudice against this ungrateful Man, which will prove undeniable. I am not come here, said he, to justify him, I will own him to be as guilty as you would have him, and as he actually has been; call to mind his Inconstancy, and how he made a Sacrifice of so well-fix'd a Passion to the love he had for your Rival; don't forget the Instability of his Conduct towards you, but after having remember'd all that has rais'd your Anger against him, remember it is the Earl of A——n, who was once so dear to you, and is so still; he returns to you full of Tendernefs and Submission, reduc'd to Despair for having disoblig'd you; and that, to make you forget his Faults committed against you, there is nothing but what you may not expect from his Complaisance. Believe me, Madam, before you bid him quite farewell, consult your own Heart. You are very urgent, said she, if you would have me advise with my own Heart, you must allow me time to put the Question. No, Madam, answer'd the Duke, my Honour lies at stake, I engaged to the Earl, to bring him his Pardon seal'd by yourself, a longer delay may throw some Obstacles in the way. You have promised what was not in your power, reply'd she, and I should be very unwilling to be a Guarantee

gantee for those Treaties you make : Is it possible for a Minister of State to engage so far without considering the Matter ? Let us talk with the Earl, said the Duke interrupting her, cast an eye upon him ; see whether he has not the whole Air of a Person touch'd to the Heart. That is true, continu'd she, but 'tis perhaps *Emilia* that is the occasion of it. No certainly, Madam, said he, drawing nearer, *Emilia* has no farther Pretensions to my Heart, 'tis in your Possession alone, and it owns nobody for its Sovereign but you. Pray, said she to him, how long is it since you have learn'd the Secret of what one says at so great a distance from you, and that with so low a Voice, that we scarce could hear one another ? Let us not talk of that, Madam, said he, but how I came to displease you ; let us discourse of my Repentance, and the Affiduities I intend to pay you, to blot out the ill Impressions I have made in your Heart. I shall return you no answer, said she, till you have satisfy'd my Curiosity, in telling me, by what Miracle you overheard me. The Duke of *Buckingham*, said he, can tell you better than I ; 'tis he that put me in the way of it.

Because you are so resolute, reply'd the Duke, you must know, that a certain Person came to me some time ago with an Offer to make in my Laboratory what they call among the Artists, *The Great Work*, or commonly the *Philosophers Stone*.

'Tis a thing I have been always very fond of; but the best *Philosophers Stone* that I could wish for, would be to cure me of the desire of finding it. I must interrupt you, my Lord, said my Lady, to ask you, whether the desire of making Gold is not an effect of Avarice? As to what concerns myself, I don't think it, continu'd he, for I want rather to know the Secret for Curiosity's sake, than for its Usefulness; and if I was to make any use of it, it should be only to enrich others, and to keep myself from Poverty.

The Person who pretended to have this Secret, shew'd a great deal of Moderation and Prudence in his Actions, had a vast Memory, spoke little, but very well, was very well vers'd in all the terms of Art, and appear'd very sincere. The matter requir'd a long Preparation, he liv'd in my House, amus'd me with a thousand Inventions, which would not have pass'd for current with a Man less prepossess'd than I was with the notion of obtaining the Secret. At last, being quite tir'd out with those continual Delays wherewith he had fed my Impatience hitherto; I told him positively, that I would not be jested with any longer, and that he must either make Gold, or else I would throw him out of the Window.

This Alternative seeming somewhat too hard for him, and not knowing what

to do at this slippery Conjunction, he at last judged that a sincere confession of his Ignorance might have a better influence upon me than all the fictitious Pretences he could alledge; he threw himself at my Feet, and, after a little Preamble, begg'd my Pardon; telling me, with a great deal of Sincerity, he had but a very indifferent Knowledge in the Preparation of the *Philosopher Stone*, but that, if I pleased, he would make me a small Horn to be put into the Ear, and so small that it might be hid under the Hair; and that keeping at a certain distance, provided the Wind came from the same Corner where I stood, I might hear what others said, let them speak never so low. This Proposition appeased in some measure my Anger, I order'd him to go about it immediately; and I found him no Lye in that point, as I had in the other.

The Earl of A———n urging me to speak to you in his behalf, I promised him I would, and at the same time giving him the Horn, he by the help thereof overheard our Discourse. This is no better than betraying one's Friend, cry'd my Lady; should I not be very much pleas'd if I had told you something which I would not have confided to any body else? I should have kept the Secret as well as himself, Madam, said the Earl, and I think myself very happy to have some share in it; I am sure I will never make any ill use of it. My Lady —

was

was well pleas'd with their Discourse, but he had been too much wanting in his Respect, to pardon him so soon; she would make him suffer for his Fault; so looking upon him with an affected Indifferency, Certainly, said she, you must have but a very indifferent opinion of me, if you imagine I can forget so soon your Faults; don't you know, the more one loves, the more one hates? He would not acknowledge any thing against himself, but endeavour'd to convince her she was too rigorous, when they saw the King going a-shoar, and every body making what haste he could to follow him; The Prince of *Newburg*, among the rest, was very forward to come up with my Lady ———, to give her his Hand, before the Dutchess of *Richmond* and *Nelly*.

'Twas pretty late before they entred the Palace; but the darkness of the Night was supplied by a most noble Illumination, by the King's orders. After a noble Supper, every one went into the Garden; and the Company was most agreeably surpriz'd to see in the middle of a Square, which faced several Walks, a Theatre erected, where the Players acted a very diverting Piece. The King was seated next to *Nelly*, the Prince of *Newburg* next to my Lady ———, and the Earl of *A——n* behind her. The Duke of *Monmouth* perceiving Madam ——— and *Emilia* to look with a jealous Eye upon

upon one another, kept at some distance, to remove all occasion of dispute betwixt them. The Duke of *Buckingham*, seeing himself without his dear Countess, entered into a separate Conversation with my Lord of *S. Albans*. I am overjoy'd, said the Earl to the Duke, to have this opportunity of satisfying my Curiosity: Pray tell me, did you see the Countess? Yes, my Lord, said he, I have seen her, and am charm'd with her: How far is a Man mistaken, to imagine one may be cured of an excessive Love Passion at pleasure. I protest to you, my Fetters are stronger than ever; and my distracted Mind, which was a continual torment to me before, is now in the most agreeable state of Tranquillity that can be imagin'd. I congratulate your Happiness, reply'd he, and could wish the Earl of *A——n* was under the same happy Circumstances: I find he is exceeding Melancholy; do you know the reason? He is jealous, said the Duke; are you acquainted with that Devil, call'd *Jealousy*? Whoever is possess'd with this *Demon*, must bid farewell to Reason, had he the best Head-piece in the world: He is to be pitied, continu'd the Earl; and after what has happen'd, he ought to think no more of *Emilia*. Do you believe 'tis for *Emilia*? said the Duke; and for whom else? askt the Earl. 'Tis for my Lady ———, answer'd the Duke, I am heartily glad of it, reply'd the Earl of *S. Albans*. Truly, I could

I could not but pity her ; but pray only look upon her now, and see whether she does not appear with a triumphant Air ? Nothing makes a Lady look brisker, than when she has recover'd her Lover. And tho' you see the young Prince of *Newburg* entertain her at this time, I'm sure she wishes him in *Germany*. I question that, return'd the Earl ; the Addressee of a Person of his Rank in the World, are seldom receiv'd with so much Indifferency. Pray observe the motion of her Eyes when she looks at him : This does not seem as if she was not well pleas'd. Oh ! my Lord, said the Duke, you make me mad when you put me in mind how the Spirit of Coquetry reigns both in the Head and Heart of Women. This Rule admits of an Exception, reply'd the Earl. I am of opinion you need not fear any thing upon that score from your Countess ; and as for my Lady, I am apt to believe she knows what she is doing. His Judgment prov'd not amiss, her Inclinations being for the Earl of *A——n* ; but being resolv'd to chastise him, she had pitch'd upon the young Prince as the fittest Instrument to attain her end. They did not speak so low but that the Earl of *A——n*, who made use of the Duke's Horn, overheard part of what they said.

Tho' I was sure, said the young Prince to the fair my Lady, to be jeer'd soundly by you, I can't forbear telling you, that I
am

am angry with myself for not accepting the Duke's Challenge; Being engag'd by Fortune, which put your Picture into my hands, and by the honour you have done me, in accepting me for your Knight, to maintain your Beauty. Neither of these two, reply'd my Lady, has put any Obligation upon you. Those Times are past when such kind of chimerical Notions used to vanquish Reason, and make People cut one another's Throats for a Lady. And, said he, Madam, don't we love now as they used to do in former Times? And since our Sentiments are the same, why should not the Effects be answerable to them? For my part, I should have been overjoy'd to have had this opportunity of making the Duke of ——— speak with more respect of your Beauty, than of any he ever saw before. And for my part, said she, I should have been very much concern'd to see myself made the Subject of so odd an Adventure; and if you were ever in earnest to oblige me, this would not have been the right way to do it. The E. of A—n had a great inclination to make the third Person in their Conversation, either to interrupt their Discourse, or to repartee upon the Prince for pretending to fight a Man who was noted throughout the Kingdom for such-like odd Adventures of his own contrivance; but that his Respect for my Lady, and his fear of disobliging her,

her, made him refrain from this piece of Curiosity.

Emilia never had a worse time of it than during this Play, whither she was come in company of one of her Relations. The Duke of *Monmouth* did not sit near her, and Madam ——— kept her Eyes so steadfast upon her, that he had not so much opportunity as to afford her one obliging Look. He himself was as little pleased with it as his two Mistresses; and the best comfort he had for the present, was to enter into a Discourse with my Lord *Grey* upon that Subject. I am resolv'd, said he, to fix myself; nothing can be more troublesome than to be pestered with two at a time, each of which claims an equal Prerogative of calling you to an account for what you do; and if you prefer one, you must disoblige the other: 'Tis quite otherwise if you love one at a time. That's true, said my Lord; but supposing this only Mistress should not be very well, and consequently can't stir abroad to meet you, or her jealous Husband will keep her at home, then you are left destitute; whereas, if you have three or four, you are sure never to miss or want; and if you happen to meet them together, the Pleasure is the greater. You preach a Doctrine, said the Duke smiling, you do not practise yourself: I know more of your Intreagues than you think for, and perhaps more than you are willing I should. What
can

can you know, said my Lord, of a Man that scarce stirs from his Family, who as yet acts the Lover with his Wife, and whose Pleasure is centred in a Father and Mother in Law? No question, return'd the Duke, with something of a malicious Smiler, but my Lord *Barkley* is the Man that pleases you best, and Madam *Barkley* has found means to be with you; but there is another you forgot to mention; she is the Mirrour of Beauty and Sweetness; what do you say to her? I say, reply'd my Lord *Grey*, not without some confusion, she is a Child, and I take so little notice of her, that were she not my Relation, I should scarce know there was such a one living. We will say no more then, said the Duke, but I'll tell you as a Secret, that I don't intend to continue much longer at Court, being resolv'd not to lead such an idle Life for the future as I now do: I find my Heart tells me, I was made for greater things than to trifle away all my time with Women; and if the King will bestow upon me the Command of the *English* Troops in *France*, I shall be very ambitious to signalize myself in that Post.

The Play being done, the King and the Court retir'd every one to his Lodgings. The next day the Ladies went abroad with the King a hunting, so gallantly dress'd, that the Prince of *Newburg* declar'd several times, the *English* Ladies surpass'd

surpass'd all the Women in the World. Whilst the King and the Court were a hunting, my Lady ——— staid at home, pretending to have the Head-Ach, but in effect to try what the Earl of A——n would do upon this occasion. He attended the King till hunting was begun, then slipping aside unperceiv'd by any, he clap'd Spurs to his Horse, and so return'd to *Hampton Court*. As this took up some considerable time, my Lady —— appear'd much out of humour, and very uneasie, walking up and down the Room, upbraiding herself with having such favourable Sentiments for the Earl, who had given her such convincing Proofs of the little Respect he bore her: But, when she saw him suddenly enter the Room, her Satisfaction was so great, that in vain she endeavour'd to conceal it; but found herself insensibly betray'd, both by her Eyes and Heart, and in spite of herself, and all her Resolution, pardon'd her submissive Lover; And to convince him how far she preferr'd him before the Prince of *Newburg*, she promised him to go back to *Whitehall* the next Day. 'Tis easie to imagine with what Satisfaction the Earl embraced these tender and obliging Offers, and that he gave all possible assurances of his Gratitude and Acknowledgment. The King was no sooner return'd from hunting, but he ask'd after my Lady, and being told she had the Head-Ach, he went to visit her, taking the young Prince (who

(who appear'd much concern'd thereat) along with him. After a general Conversation of a few Minutes, the King went away, telling him he left him in good Company, and desiring my Lady ——— and some other Ladies, there present, to entertain him.

Can you imagine, Madam, said he, drawing nearer unto her with a low Voice, can you imagine, I should have taken the least Diversion in this Hunting? To know you to be so ill, and not to be near you, and now to be confined to so little time to stay here; all these Reflexions cause the most cruel Torments to me that can be imagin'd. You speak so seriously, said she, that to return you a suitable Answer, I am oblig'd to tell you, that so long as our Conversation runs upon Amusements, such as might be pleasing to you, I did accept of your engaging Expressions, looking upon them no otherwise than Pastimes; but since I am forced to speak to you upon other Terms, I declare to you, I am not fond of having that Reputation in the World, to say you had a more peculiar Esteem for me, than for all the rest of the Ladies of our Court. The Prince was highly surpriz'd at such an Answer; but being of a haughty Temper, and still Master of his Heart, he told her, in a very obliging manner: The Sentence you pronounce against me, Madam, seems to me premeditated for a considerable time before. I confess, I want Merits to flat-

ter myself to be able to please a Lady of so exquisite a Palate, and you look upon me to be a poor Traveller, fit to be turn'd off with the first opportunity. 'Tis done, Madam, this Moment shall be the last of my Life, to tell you I love you. He had scarce spoke these Words, but rising from his Seat, took his leave of the Ladies with a most profound Reverence. They look'd at one another, much surprized, and my Lady most of all, tho' she, being the Person that knew the Cause, should have shewn the least. But notwithstanding her firm Resolution of bestowing her Heart entirely upon the Earl of A———, and that it was to oblige him she had made this Answer to the young Prince, she was not very well pleased to see him take her so punctually at her Word.

The King intended to stay for some Days longer at *Hampton Court*, but upon the News of the Queen's being not very well, he went to *London* the next Morning; for it must be own'd, they always liv'd in a very good Harmony, and if she was not so happy as to be Mistress of his Heart, yet he always had so much Respect and Deference to her, as in a great measure supply'd the defects of an entire Union; and upon this occasion, the Queen was so sensible of the King's Goodness, that this prov'd the chief cause of her sudden Recovery.

The Prince of *Newburg*, who had flatter'd himself with vain Hopes, now seeing himself disappointed by my Lady,

resolv'd

resolv'd to leave the Kingdom. But speaking to the King about it, he urged him to stay till his Birth-day was past. Upon this occasion, all the Ladies and Gentlemen appearing at Court in the utmost Splendor, the Prince took extream delight in seeing them. The Duke of *Monmouth* did more than once endeavour to discourse *Philadelphia*, but could find no opportunity, because he was so narrowly watch'd by Madam ———. She finding the Duke out of humour, ask'd him, what made him so uneasie? Oh! said she, how can you answer to be thus dissatisfy'd while you are with me? I can't be otherwise, reply'd he, when I reflect upon your jealous and mistrustful Temper, that you watch me with your Eyes, and would make me accountable to you for a Look, a Sigh, nay, for the least thing that can be. Oh! my Lord, said she, I think you are too happy, to have no other Matter of Complaint against me; what thus affects you, ought to be remembred to my advantage by you, if your Heart was capable of knowing the true value of mine; but I find one must love you according to your capacity; you rather play the Coquet, than the part of an engaging Lover. I am free to tell you, this does not well agree with my Constitution; and therefore you will much oblige me, if you will be pleas'd to tell me your real Mind at once. Well, Madam, reply'd the
L 1 2 Duke,

Duke, briskly, because you command me, I declare, that if you any longer pretend to traverse all my Designs, and to prove vexatious to those I esteem, you and I must break off for ever. You shall have my consent, cry'd she, interrupting him, you shall have it with more pleasure on my side, than ever I heard your Vows and Protestations. Bestow them where you think fit, I readily resign all the Power and Right you gave me over your Heart; and I will retake Possession of my own. Love *Emilia*, love *Philadelphia*, but take heed not to love me any more. With these Words she arose, in order to take another Seat. The Duke being surprized thereat, would have held her by her Gown; but, full of Anger as she was, going away, did not perceive that the Duke took out of her Pocket a Case, which by its outward appearance seem'd to contain a Picture. He had then no opportunity of leaving the Queen's Apartment in order to look upon it, tho' he was impatient, to the highest degree, to see it, being at that juncture taken with a jealous fit, that seem'd but little suitable to a Man of so inconstant a Temper as he was. But these sudden Motions of Jealousie are not so very extraordinary, they proceeding sometimes rather from Self love, than from any Passion for another Person. The Duke of *Monmouth* made trial of this Truth, and this was
not

not the first time he had occasion to do so.

The King's Birth-day being celebrated with all possible Grandeur and Magnificence, the Prince of *Newburg* appear'd as well satisfy'd as he could. My Lady being the only Person who knew the true Condition of his Heart, and the reason of his discovering a certain intermixture of Sadness, whereof she was the cause. The Earl of *A——n* triumph'd both over his Rival and the inconstant *Emilia*, and tasted all the Sweets and Pleasures of a happy Reconciliation; and after his unhappiness, wanted nothing now to compleat his good Fortune but the Absence of the Prince of *Newburg*; neither was it long before he saw his wishes accomplish'd that way as well as in other respects. The Prince, having taken leave of the King, departed, without bidding farewell to my Lady. However, he went first to *Oxford*, to take a view of that famous University. He was receiv'd there with extraordinary marks of Honour, and with the same Ceremonies the Prince of *Tuscany* had there before; he was created Doctor of Law, and presented with a Book full of curious Pieces in Miniature, containing the History of that University. As he was looking upon these Pictures, he espy'd one among the rest which he thought had a great resemblance to my Lady ———, so that upon comparing them, he could guess no otherwise than

L 1 3 that

that it was a Copy of her. This made him break out into Sighs, and to complain of his Misfortune, of seeing the Idea of a Person which he intended to banish for ever from his Mind, reviv'd there afresh : He shut the Book, put up the Picture, and leaving *England*, sought for the remedy of his Love in another place.

Give me leave, dear Cousin, to stop here; if I find these *Memoirs* to prove acceptable to you, I will oblige you with the Conclusion of those Adventures whereof, as yet, you have learn'd only the Beginning. In those you will be entertain'd with more serious Matters; tho' what you have read hitherto, is intermix'd with some Tragical Scenes; but I am resolv'd to go no farther, till you have given me your opinion of this.



THE END.

The Unknown Lady's
PACQUET OF LETTERS

Taken from her

By a *French Privateer* in her
Passage to *Holland*.

Suppos'd to be written

By *several Men of Quality*.

Brought over from *St. Malo's*, by an *English Officer*, at the last Exchange of
Prisoners.



LETTER I.

I Am going to fatigue myself with a long Letter to you, Madam, in hopes of entertaining you for an Hour. I wish I may not be disappointed, and in giving myself Pain, afford your Ladyship no Pleasure. The truth or probability I leave to your Censure : I have nothing to offer against either, but a Woman's Malice, which, when animated by Revenge, is generally powerful enough to make her blacken the most Innocent.

The little Interest I have in the World must always be at the devotion of the fair Sex ; and it has been my good Fortune sometimes to render 'em Services. A young Lady, who has it in her power of commanding me as she pleases, not long since recommended to me an Affair of an elderly Gentlewoman's, who had been a Favourite (in a late Reign) of the then She-Favourite, but has since been abandon'd by her, (whether grown out of use or for some other reason) Disgust and Neglect has succeeded her Care and Kindness ; nor could all her former secret Services oblige her to remember her as she ought, tho' in an Occasion where it was to do herself

herself no Hurt: She ungratefully refus'd to use her Interest to the Lord Keeper in a Cause she had depending, (where I had the opportunity of serving her) as she might easily have done, without any Prejudice to herself. This so transported the old Lady, (with Anger and Resentment) that I think there is nothing she would not attempt for her Revenge. She told me in her Rage a thousand dangerous Se-
*Postern*creters against my Lady ———; pre-
 tended Gratitude to me, set her upon paying my Score at her cost. One part of her Entertainment I here present your Ladyship. But before you imagine her the Speaker, allow me to say something by way of Introduction.

Wilson
 You must remember, Madam, that some Years since, one Mr. *W—l—n*, (who was known about the Town by the Name of Beau *W—l—n*) from very mean Circumstances and an obscure Condition, set up an Equipage, and made a Figure beyond many of the Nobility. After blazing some few Years, (I can't exactly tell how long) he was kill'd by one Mr. *L—w* going to fight a Duel with him; the report ran, that *L.* murder'd him before he could draw his Sword: Nor could it ever be discover'd, either before or since his death, who it was that had supported him in all that Grandeur. Most certain it is, that being a younger Brother, his Friends had procur'd him a Colours, and in that Post he was sent to serve in *Flanders*;
Law

ders ; where he had not long continu'd, but he was broke, as some report, for Cowardice. But he it as it would, he might well say with *Themistocles*, That he had been lost if he had not been lost : For such were his Necessities, that a then Colonel (but since, by the death of his Father, a Baronet) lent (but as he thought gave) him forty Shillings to serve him in his Passage back for *England*. Here, within a small time, he appear'd the brightest Star in the Hemisphere : His Coaches, Saddle, Hunting, Race Horses ; Equipage, Dress and Table, were the admiration of the World, and continu'd such, when they saw him continue them, and that they could not assign any support to all this Glory. He never play'd, or but inconsiderably ; Entertain'd with Profuseness all who visited him : Himself drank liberally ; but in all Hours, as well sober as otherwise, he kept a strict guard upon his Words ; tho' several were either employ'd by the Curiosity of others, or their own, to take him at his looser Moments, and persuade him to reveal his Secret. But he so inviolably preserv'd it, that even their GuesSES were but at random, and without probability or foundation. He was not known to be an admirer of Ladies ; for amidst all his Diversions, we (that way) hear no news of his Pleasures ; tho' he might, doubtless, have had the good Fortune to have pleased, his Person being no ways despicable. What adds to our
Surprize,

Surprize, is, That he appropriated none of his Hours, he was at all times to be found, and ever with some of his People; seemingly open in Conversation, free from Spleen or Chagrin; in a word, he had that settl'd Air, as if he were assur'd his good Fortune would for ever continue. One of his Friends advis'd him to Purchase whilst he had Money. Mr. W—— thank'd him, and said, He did not forget the future in the present, he was oblig'd to him for his Counsel, but whilst he liv'd it would be ever thus, for he was always certain to be Master of such a sum of Money. This more and more confounded the World: For, if they would say he deriv'd his good Fortune from the Ladies, there was scarce any rich enough to support him, neither did he bestow any of his Time unaccounted for; and 'tis not to be believ'd that the fair Sex, being such rigid Creditors in Love, would not, at least, expect Usefruit for their Money, especially for such considerable Sums. Those who pretend to guess better, have recourse to Chymistry, (I mean such as have faith in the *Hermetick Philosophy*) and said he had found *The Grand Secret*, and was Master of that unvaluable *Transmuting Stone*, at least of a Powder that had power to make Gold of Silver. But whence should he have this Discovery? Who could be found so obliging to bestow such a Fortune upon an obscure Person, unacquainted

quainted to the whole Set of Pretenders in *Trismegistus's* Art? What *Raymudus Lullius* would impart this darling Secret to an Useless, Illiterate, Unknown? Or say it were bestow'd upon him, when did he find time for the Operation? Or if he had, during his being private, wrought sufficient for his Life, why did he not Purchase with it? Or what became of that precious Metal? an inconsiderable Sum being all that could be found after his death. This may also be urged to those who blasted his Reputation with the report, that he must once have robb'd a *Holland Mail* of a considerable quantity of rough Diamonds; tho' another Person suffer'd for it, and deny'd the Fact to the last. Others would have it, that the *Jews* kept him, (I don't find they can tell for what) it being very unlikely that a sett of Men should agree to maintain the Riots of an useless Person; neither did he frequent their Conversation in publick. And, as we have before observ'd, the grand Objection continues still in force, in that Mr. *W*—— was never wanting, nor had he any particular known Confident; or if he had, they have been rigorously just, not only to him, but to his Memory. Thus is this great Secret like to continue such; for neither Time nor Chance, which are reported for the certain Discoverers of all Things, have yet reveal'd it to us, unless by the following Relation you will allow the
Riddle

Riddle to be at length expounded, which you must do me the favour to imagine you hear a malicious Person making to me. I do not promise to give it you either in or all her Words, yet in her Circumstances and in the gross 'tis thus.

Forcing the Tears, (to make her Treachery tolerated) *Ungrateful Lady!* cry'd she, her Handkerchief at her Eyes: *But 'tis the Temper of the Great, they hate whom they have trusted, and those by whom they have been much oblig'd; nay sooner would they forgive and serve a mortal Enemy, being in nothing more perfect than Ingratitude. Once I was belov'd, trusted and favour'd, or I had not been a manager of guilty Secrets. All the time of the late King's Life I was indeed consider'd, but 'tis past, and I am forgotten; but transported with my Resentments, I delay to shew you, that if I had been base, 'twas more than once in my power to ruin her, this ungrateful Lady! this Person accomplish'd in Ingratitude!*

After her Attendance was over in the King's Closet, she took me one Evening to walk with her in the Gardens at — — The Season was hot, and the Air refreshing. In one of the most retired Walks, we found there lying upon the Ground, a Person whom we after knew to be one *Mr. W——*, a Cadet of a Gentleman's Family, but in his Circumstances unfortunate; his Posture was melancholy, his Looks dejected, and so buried in Thought,

that

that he rais'd not his Eyes to us, tho' my Lady (who is now) made a full stop, and staid some Moments to consider him. She saw something either in his Air or Face, or both, that irresistably charm'd her: Tho' perhaps he ought not to be reckon'd amongst those Beauties that strike all those who look on 'em with love and wonder, yet he might very well be said to be a pretty Man: However, with Mr. Dryden, we may say;

*The Cause of Love can never be assign'd;
'Tis in no Face, but in the Lover's Mind.*

Whether her amorous Star had then the Ascendant, that she could not resist her Fate, or willing herself to give in to the Pleasures of Love in an Amour of Secrecy, or any other cause, but we pass'd and repass'd him several times (tying close our Hoods, and pulling 'em as much as could be to hide our Faces) without raising his Person or Curiosity; therefore leaving me at the Garden Gate, with Instructions, she took Coach for London, and bid me try to discover who he was. I went and seated myself so near, that he could no longer avoid turning his Looks towards me; whereupon he arose, and saluting me with a Bow civil enough, walk'd away. I got up and follow'd him, keeping so close that he could not but fancy I had a desire to speak with him: But that seem'd none of his Concern. He was going as
fast

fast as he could to that Door which opens into *Hide Park*, when I call'd, *Stay, Sir,* have you no *Curiosity* to hear what can be said to you? None at all, *Madam*, he answer'd, unless the *Goddeſs of Fortune* ſhould call upon me to offer ſome of thoſe Favours I very much ſtand in need of. Perhaps I am ſhe, reply'd I, for 'tis known that blind Deity beſtows her Bleſſings at random, and therefore not always to the moſt deſerving. You ſaw the Lady who not long ſince parted with me; no *Goddeſs* could have ſent you ſo invaluable a Preſent as is her Heart. The *News* perhaps (answer'd my careleſs Gentleman) would not be unpleaſing to thoſe who have any inclination to Toys, but I ſtand in need of more ſubſtantial Favours; my broken Fortunes are not fit for Ladies; this Night I mean to paſs in the neighbouring Park, to determine with myſelf what to do: Death is my Refuge, the manner of it is only the debate: Tho' when the thing is once reſolv'd on, a Moment or two more of Pain being the only difference, ought not to keep us long in ſuſpence; therefore, *Madam*, you cannot but find me the moſt improper Perſon alive for yours or any other fair Lady's Occaſions. To conclude, upon my preſſing and encouraging him, he told me, he had been broke in *Flanders*, and was undone, not only in his Fortunes, but Reputation, which had been blaſted by Malice and Miſtake; and that being deny'd Revenge upon his too powerful Enemies,

Enemies, he was determin'd to turn it upon himself. I said all I could to dissuade him from Despair; told him his better Angel had lately, in the Form of my Friend, appear'd to him; that if he would live but till to Morrow Night, I would engage to ease him of part of his Misfortunes. My Spark was no otherwise out of conceit with Life, but because he had not the means of living in it with Pleasures, or rather Conveniency, so moderate was he before the affluence of Fortune. I thought it improper to leave him, lest by means of any of the Gardners he might discover us: So that I told him, if he would but walk to the Gravel-Walk in the *Park*, I would come round and take him up in a Hackney-Coach, and carry him to *London*. That there might be no return for him that way, I took care to shut the Garden Door after him. When I had got a Coach, I went to look for my Soldier: I found him at his Post upon Duty. I took him up, and bad him have courage, for Fortune had done more for him than he cou'd have had the presumption to desire. He put on a more pleasing Air, and entertaining me (till we came to *London*) with Rallery upon our Adventure, press'd me close to discover to him who we were. I told him, 'twas *Fairy Land*, which when ever reveal'd, would fly before him; but charg'd him to attend the next Night at Twelve (if it did not Rain, as there was

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then little probability of any) at the Rail that goes into *St. James's Park*, at the end of the Walk by *Madam Mazarine's* Lodgings. He fail'd not his Affignation, nor we to meet me. The custom of the place permitting Masks, the Moon shone bright, and the Centuries were civil. My Lady was so charm'd with her Lover, that till two of the Clock she did not think of retiring. She had no interruption in her Amour, but discours'd him so much to her Satisfaction, that at parting she put into his hands a Bill for Five hundred Pounds upon Sir F—— C——; then ord'ring him to stay with me for a quarter of an Hour, she struck, unseen by him, into *Madam Mazarine's*, where her Chair and People waited. The greatness of the Present amaz'd him, he could scarce believe his own Eyes, nor that Moon which lent him Light to read his good Fortune. But I must do him the justice to say, that he bore it handsomly. *You are, indeed, Madam*, said he, *the Goddess you spoke of, and 'tis but just that at your Shrine I offer part of what, by your means, I have receiv'd.* I told him, that the Lady who had bestow'd that upon him, took care to let Persons that serv'd her stand in no need of dividing her Favours. We took Coach at *St. James's Gate*, and I set him home at his own Lodgings near *Hippolito's*, for fear he should return and ask what Ladies were at *Madam Mazarine's*; tho' ours was got home before me, but
so

so transported, and so in love, that I was surpriz'd who found no such Inclinations in myself of admiration for the Person that had charm'd her. How often did she embrace and kiss me? I believe in Imagination that 'twas Mr. W——. She begg'd my Conduct and Secrecy in the management of an Affair upon which her Pleasure and her Interest (two considerable Points) depended. She said, she was resolv'd to shew what a Fortune it was to be her Favourite; that she intended to abundantly exceed the Hopes I had given him, and would be the very Goddess of Bounty to him. He had Principles and Vertue, with a Soul deserving the noblest Favours; that could he be but secret; (which she would not doubt) her Pride should be, to raise his Fortunes equal to his Merit. When I waited on her in the Morning, her Thoughts were rather more inflamed. She arose to her strong Box; and gave me a Bag of a thousand Guineas; with an Order upon the same Banker for Five hundred more. So that laden with Riches and Instructions, I took a Chair to the Piazza. Discharging it there, I walk'd to a Coach, which carry'd me to Mr. W——'s Lodgings, who was not yet stirring. After a little waiting, I was introduc'd to his Bed side. 'Twas then that I could not chuse but make some Reflexions upon the Vicissitudes of human Affairs. The Chamber was two Pair of Stairs, dark and dirty, the Furniture old and

The Lady's Pacquet broke open.

poor : Rise, Sir, said I to him, and meet your good Genius ; I am sent as the God of Riches was to Timon ; there's Fifteen hundred Guineas thrown upon the Bed for your Morning's welcom : 'Tis your Lady's Pleasure that you should immediately put yourself in a Condition fitting the Favourite of Love and hers. Take the handsomest Lodgings (till a House can be furnish'd) that the Town affords ; form your Equipage according to the nicest, richest Fancy ; be every thing that's Great and Noble. To those that have Money all things may be perform'd with expedition. She is impatient till your Fortune shines equal to the opinion that is had of your Merit. Rest assured that hers are no transitory Favours ; they are not for a day, but for ever. All you have to perform, on your part, is to reserve yourself entirely for her, and never, by an indiscreet Curiosity, endeavour to discover her ; perhaps Time and Experience may bring her to trust the mighty Secret with you ; till then, if you enquire, and succeed in that Enquiry, you must not only lose her, but your life also. Beware, lest like the Psyche in Apuleius, you seek not to behold the dangerous Cupid. These Lines are recommended for your Motto, from Sir William Davenant :

Ask not Bodies (doom'd to die)
to what Abode they go,
Knowledge is but Sorrow's Spy,
It is not safe to know.

Amuse

Amuse the World, and let 'em in vain inquire whence you derive this Fortune. It is not to be told; for in telling, the Principles are destroy'd, and you remove far from you, Her, the Foundation upon which you stand. 'Twill also be her Ruin, and the height of Baseness in you, to level that by which you were rais'd. This and more you Indiscretion (if you are guilty of any) will bring to pass. But because we with difficulty believe Ill of those we resolve to favour, she has not half my apprehensions of your Indiscretion, and therefore orders you to come this Night at Twelve of the Clock to the Two — Posts in the Pall-Mall. Ask no Questions, nor will you need, for I shall take care to be there to introduce you. But because Instructions may be then improper, take 'em now: You will find my Lady in Bed, there shall be but one Light in the Chamber, but do not (by it) endeavour to see her Face; be satisfied that she's young, and by some thought the handsomest. Make use of your good Fortune. I suppose Sleep will not be your business. When the Clock strikes two, rise and be gon, a Chair shall wait to carry you home. Thus may you be bless'd both with Riches and Beauty. And for the continuation of both, that entirely depends on yourself; whilst you please you shall be the only Favourite. These Experiments are too dangerous and expensive for repetition, neither will she be able, without difficulty, to steal those happy Hours allotted you. I suppose when you

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are together, you will take measures for future Favours. Farewel, and remember to be, if possible, (what is difficult in this turn of Fortune) Discreet.

Thus, for a long time, did our happy Lovers taste uninterruptedly the Sweets of Love. Mr. W—— took a House and furnish'd it splendidly, appearing to all Eyes the wonder of his Time: My Lady's Opportunities were few, which the better help'd to conceal the Myſtery; her Hours always late, so that Mr. W—— having the Keys brought every Night into his own Chamber, without acquainting any of his Servants, he would rise and dress himself, and go in or out unknown to any of 'em, a Chair, by my directions, always waiting to carry him. Thus (when the World would wonder that he never absented himself from publick Views) has this great Secret pass'd. His Expences were so vast, that, as the Town said, none but a Queen could support, without ruining herself; which confounded all Penetration, and well deserves to be set down as a principal Article in the account of secret Service, &c.

One Night returning with me from the Rendezvous, my Lady —— told me, she was undone, for that Fool W—— would be knowing. She had in vain warn'd him against himself and that destroying Devil, *Curiosity*; he seem'd resolv'd, and had gone so far as to tell her, that if it cost whatever was dearest to him,

him, he could not be easie till she had given him that last proof of her Love. Ah, my Dear, crys she, what Things these Men are? Whilst we yet have any Reserve, we still are importun'd; 'tis a supply to Conversation, which without a Theam languishes: Love, however Omnipotent he be counted, abates much of his Divinity when he comes to full Enjoyment. I must either see this Creature no more, or resolve to disclose myself. I cannot wisely do the latter; for W—— seems to be too weak a Vessel to trust my Secret to; the Fumes of his good Fortune has turn'd his Brain. Is he not satisfied that I love him more than I ought, without I love him as much as I can? Ah, this might have succeeded when Love was young, and Desire stronger; whilst my Passion had yet the gloss of Novelty; but I see him now with the Eyes of Custom; I have taken leisure to view him with Consideration; he is undone by it; for his Defects balances his Possessions and he, at least, wants as many Vertues as he enjoys. Nothing can be more disagreeable than Importunity: I am tir'd by it; my softer Moments are fatigu'd with it. What opinion can a Person have of our Understanding, when we yield that to impertinent Solicitations, which we have refus'd to Reason? Were I but secure that he would never come to the knowledge of who I am, I could be well contented to let the Affair end here; and

would take care (for the Dignity of my former Passion) to see him so well provided for, that he might end his Days with Splendor. More just in this than Fortune, (that fickle Goddess) who makes her Sport out of the Ruins of her Favourites, and rejoices as much at the Calamity of those she abandons, as ever she did at the Prosperity of whom she raises. That I have not hitherto thought fit to bestow supernumerary Sums of Money for him to purchase any great Estate with, was because he should have a more immediate Dependance upon my Bounty: Neither did I refrain his natural Inclinations to Expence, because that manner of living more refin'd his Conversation, and brought him so much nearer to my Taste. But now that the matter is otherwise, you shall meet him the next time in my place, and give him what Advice I think necessary for both our sakes.

I went accordingly, he took me for his Lady, tho' instead of being in Bed, I sat within the Curtains upon the Bed-side; after some little silence, *Madam*, (said he) *Are you come with more favourable Inclinations to your Slave? or are you resolv'd to persevere in your cruel denial? Better by much to refuse all, than grant by halves. How can I whisper to my Heart that I'm belov'd, when treated with such Reserve? Is not the sight of the Person enjoy'd, half the Pleasure? When I have you in my Arms, know I what Ideas to fill my Mind with? 'Tis true your Wit and Conversation have*
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a thousand Charms, but where the lovely Face is wanting, Enjoyment must be imperfect. Where is that noble Confidence which ought to snatch hence these forbidding Reserves to the Person loving and being beloved? My Happiness is so imperfect, than I know not how, properly, it can be call'd such; if I am to be undone by the Sin of Knowledge, 'twas the loss of Paradise, and must be mine. Whether push'd on by my evil Genius, or some more irresistible unaccountable Power, I am resolv'd this Night shall end my Pain; (if you do not think fit yourself to oblige me with the discovery) thus (clasping your lovely Body in my Arms) will I expect the Morning, Day will confess the Charmer; but if your Face happen to be unknown to me (as 'tis scarce possible, since the late opportunities I have had of seeing those few Persons who have it in their Power to do as you have done) I'll follow you this moment, like your Shadow, till I explore that Secret you have so long, so disobligingly, and so religiously kept; and to which you can have no other Motive, but vile distrust of my Honour, or have too great an opinion of my Vanity. Pray guess how obliging this must be to a Lover, who would die to serve, but never can deceive you. Ungrateful! interrupted I, discovering myself, Fool and Traitor both to thy own Fortune, and those Conditions thou at first mad'st with me, and wert sworn to observe: Came not this Lady to thee, like thy better Fortune, with flowing
Love

The Lady's Pacquet broke open.

Love and lavish Bounty, at the last of all thy Hours, when every Star had abandon'd thee, and thy Despair was precipitating thee into eternal Ruin? Hast thou not, by her waste of Passion, her prodigality of Love, shone like a blazing Meteor, the wonder and the envy of the most Happy? Woudst thou with Baseness requite Favours so invaluable? not naming the possession of her own lovely Person, a Glory Kings wou'd pride themselves in — Go —, she shall never see thee more, from this moment thy better Fortune turns her Face from thee, her own propitious Star had not forsaken her, she had Warnings or Presages of thy Villanies, and will no longer trust herself with one so ungrateful; ev'n now she ravishes from thee, the continuation of those Blessings she had bestow'd; despised and poor, gather up the Shipwrecks of thy ruin'd Fortune, depart a Country where thou hast only blazed, and if thou art wise, will vanish from ——— Never Madam, (interrupted he briskly) so long as our happy Monarch Reigns, and my Goddess possesses his Favour. See, Madam, if I had any occasion to be obliged to her, or you, for the knowledge of — 'Tis some time since I had the good Luck to discover her; but I'm persuaded, had I ever been where she was, Instinct must have done it. Our Coaches once met in Hyde Park, she was then speaking as we pass'd, and the Tone and Mode of her Voice are too particular to be conceal'd; besides, her Hand ungloved rested

rested upon the Window, and she had upon her Finger that large Diamond Ring, which, for its particular Beauty, she was pleas'd to accept and wear as my Present; my Heart confess'd the Charmer, and flew after her Chariot Wheels. Let her but recollect how long since that happen'd, and from thence assure herself of my Discretion, and that she has no occasion to distrust her most faithful Slave. As for you, Madam, I remember well, my Life was to be the price of this important Secret; if you please, 'tis yours to take, tho' Chance made the forfeit, I can't well fear such fair Enemies: I therefore, with my Knees to the Ground, beg of you to intercede for (and with) me to my Goddess, that she may permit me to serve her out of Love, as before out of Gratitude. My Ardours have been much redoubled, since touch'd with that noble Passion my Transports have had a more exalted Motive; for to a Heart like mine, Interest can never act like Love. You have Power to do all things with her; make her easy under this Discovery. What I pretend to from hence, is, but a greater freedom in the Enjoyment of her my Soul is fond of, that all constraint may vanish, I may see her Face, her Air and Shape, her Motions, and every other Grace, sometimes Eat with her; (no remote Pleasure in Love) and in short, make it appear that I can value and adore her as I ought. Can I be properly said to have a Passion for her whilst she was unknown? 'Tis only then
since

since she was reveal'd to me, that mine can be call'd such, from thence it begins its Rise, and shall continue to the end of my Life. If (as all agree) the noblest Pleasure be in Pleasing, my Princess must have wanted that Pleasure, since I could not, with good Sense, pretend to love what I did not know; she might, for what I could tell, be old, or very ugly. 'Tis true, I was grateful to my Benefactress no more — But there are other Transports due to Love, not to be imitated, and impossible to be conceal'd. Will she not have reason to be better satisfy'd with me, when my Heart, fill'd with her fair Image, has involuntary Fondness? when all my Transports are excited by her Beauty, and that I consider nothing in the possession of her, but her own Charms? Here he left speaking, and me in an irrecoverable Amazement. I rose and ask'd his leave to retire, for what had newly happen'd was so unforeseen, that I had no Commission to treat upon it; but the next Night, if he pleas'd, (to be in the same place) I might wait upon him with such Commands as might decide his Destiny.

Nor you, nor any living Soul can guess the Lady's Grief and Rage; she wept, she fobb'd, she travers'd the Lodging; Disdain and Fury fill'd her Eyes and Motions; she accus'd her own Indiscretion, or, to call it better, Folly. When the height of her Indignation was abated; See (says she) the just Reward of ingrateful,

ful, new and sudden Passions; I am going to pay dearly for mine. Oh Duty! how powerfully dost thou revenge thyself for our neglect of thee? W—— shall never see me more, that Vainglorious Fool, who, even to myself, cou'd not forbear boasting of his good Fortune. Will he be more discreet to others? No, 'tis impossible, the Wretch must die, that's certain; but the manner, ay, there's the difficulty. Oh! *Italy! Italy!* thy Poisons or thy Banditty, my whole Estate for Revenge. What do I say, for Revenge? for Security: I can never be safe whilst such a dangerous Secret is lodg'd in so loose a Breast. What shall I do? Dissimulation does but increase my Torment; but till I find an opportunity to securely punish, it must be so —— Go to him, and tell him, he may thank himself for seeing me no more. I had set it down for a Rule, never after this discovery to converse with him, whenever he should prefer Vanity to me; but if he betrays me, he shall die, like *Alexander*. I mean with my own Hands to taste the Sweets of Murder and Revenge. Were I to meet with him in the King's Closet, on such an Errand, it should be thus. But if his Discovery be made to others, I have Money, and Rage has Industry, to find out needy Villains to dispatch the Traitor. But if he prove a Man of Honour, and conceal me, he shall still live and flourish, tho' I no more converse with him,

him ; if in publick Places he should meet me, (tho' if he be wise he will avoid 'em) bid him beware, lest he cast a glance of acquainted Love ; I forbid a Smile, a Bow, the least shadow of what has been ; nay, if the Secret be blown abroad, or but whisper'd, he dies for it, since it can only come from him (thee I am well assured on). Is not the whole Nation upon Enquiry whence he derives his Fortune ? Should they but think he knew me, 'twere all unravel'd ; for who but the Queen and me could support a Favourite at such a shining height ? 'Twill, ay 'twill be too easily believ'd. But if he be Discreet, and engage himself in no Amour, (not that I value the conquest of such a tawdry vain glorious Heart, or can be jealous of what I think fit no longer to possess) but the Creature on whom he bestows it may exact my Secret) my Bounty shall know no other Period but his Life ; care shall be taken to supply him successively with Bills of *Exchange*. If he be wise, he'll go out of *England*, or retire into the Country ; not that I exact either from him, but as to the rest, his choice won't sure be difficult to make between Poverty and Wealth, Death and Life.

Mr. W—— was forc'd (when he saw he cou'd get no better) to agree to these Conditions. My Lady, tho' she constantly supply'd him, as before, yet wou'd never again by any means be brought to
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See him. What I have hitherto related is matter of fact, and from the Original; what follows, is circumstantial only, but enough to blacken her with the suspicion of the monstrous cruelest of Actions. Poor Mr. W——, thou surely deserv'st better Usage; 'twas her pleasure to raise him, he could not seek it, 'twas the work of her own Hands, he kept her Secret religiously, denying himself any converse with Ladies, lest he should give her occasion of complaint against him. His Vanity indeed still kept him Company; for whereas a wise Man might easily have guess'd, that a Fool only cou'd be content to maintain (for always) such an unprofitable Expence, he shou'd therefore have retrench'd his, and have consider'd of some solid Establishment in the World; but he still had some weak ray of Hope, that his Perseverance and Obedience wou'd allay her Passion of Anger, and restore him to her Favour again. But alas! 'twas but ill-grounded, for there had pass'd too much Time, and he might well conclude she lov'd him not, when she cou'd be contented to live so long without what she lov'd. In short, myself thought him despised and forgotten, his Name being but rarely mention'd, and that only when her Bounty was concern'd.

I imagin'd one Night that she had pick'd up a new Favourite, but where I cou'd not tell; my Orders were to go to the short Piazza, and take up a Gentleman

man I should find walking there, (and who wou'd come to the Coach) his Gloves hanging out of his Coat Pocket. This Spark I was to introduce by the *Park* Door up the back Stairs into the Dressing Room. She press'd my Hand, begging me to retire, and to take care she was not overheard by any of her own People. Her faithful Centinel obey'd; and after a Conference of two Hours, I heard her go into the Bed-Chamber with him, open her strong Box, and in a voice louder than before, (for she seem'd for that moment to have forgot I was her Neighbour) said to him, *Take this, and your Work done depend upon another Thousand, and my Favour for ever.* Then I was call'd, and order'd to reconduct him to the place I took him up at. I wou'd have enter'd into some Discourse with him in the Coach, but he was upon the Reserve, and methought something abrupt in his Departure. This was a Secret which I was not to be let into. The Wretch was young, well dress'd, and handsom enough, and it seem'd to me, that he was going to succeed Mr. W—— in the good Fortune of my Lady ——'s Favour; but I began to change my Mind when I saw him no more, nor ever heard her mention him. My guess was, that he had not pleas'd her, and was only a Mushroom Favourite of a Night.

Not long after, the News surpriz'd and reach'd me of poor Mr. W——'s being

ing kill'd upon the Place appointed by him to fight a Duel with Mr. ———. A Name I had never known; the Quarrel an inconsiderable Pretence about Mr. W.'s Sister. I, all innocent of Revenge, ran to acquaint my Lady ——— with it. Nor did I well know what temper her Soul might be in, and whether 'twere best condole or congratulate her. She receiv'd the News with an Air so unmov'd, that I could not make any judgment of her Thoughts. After some silence, she cry'd out, *Poor vainglorious W——!* And *is it true that thou art dead?* I have kept my Word with thee; my Bounty has no other period but thy Life. Thus indifferently did she take the death of one whom she with such an eagerness of Passion had loved, such a magnificence of Favour. Now did the Town redouble its Curiosity, imagining to have it gratify'd by Mr. W——'s Papers; and that the long hid Secret would be discover'd. But they were as silent as his Grave, and as I should ever have been, had I not been used after so cruel and unpresidented a manner.

When the Gentleman's Tryal came on who had kill'd Mr. W——, my Curiosity carried me to hear it, because I had been so well acquainted with the deceas'd. I did not mention my design to my Lady ———, or she would, doubtless, have prevented me. My Surprize was inexpressible, when I saw that the Gentleman brought to the Bar was the same who I told

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you I had once introduc'd *Incognito* to my Lady — I almost imagin'd myself a remote Accessary; and shuddring with dread and guilt, my Knees knock'd together, my Nose gush'd out violently with Blood, or I had sounded upon the place. His Indirement beginning to be read, I found myself unable to hear it; therefore way was made for me, with much difficulty, and I recover'd (half dead) the Coach that waited for me. Whilst they were carrying me home, I reflected on what a Person I had to deal with, and saw that if I had any value for my Life, I must not let her know the discovery I had made; for such a dangerous Secret to one steep'd in Blood, would not have been long suffer'd to sleep in my Breast. Therefore I mention'd nothing of my Suspicion; nor knows she to this day that I was at the Tryal, or knew Mr. — was the same Person that had had a private Audience of her Ladyship. Nothing could have been manag'd with more address; for I'm still ignorant how she came acquainted with him, and of the means she found of procuring a Person so fit for her business.

See. 'Tis needless to repeat to you how the Tryal pass'd: Mr. L — was condemn'd, and all Endeavours used to get his Pardon. But the King was always inexorable upon the account of Murder. My Lady never seem'd to appear in it, and therefore pitch'd upon a method that as well

well serv'd her ends. Doubtless, her Remorse would not have been great should the Criminal have suffer'd, could there have been any security of his persisting to the last in secrecy and silence: But the Gallows is a general and dangerous Confessional; and had he come to that, what might he not have discover'd? How exclaim'd against the Ingratitude and Treachery of those who set him to work? It is to be imagin'd he had not engag'd himself without an assurance either of Pardon, or an Equivalent to it. All the World knows how miraculously he escap'd out of Prison. I say, miraculously! For nothing but the force of Gold could have prevail'd over his inflexible Irons. His arrival in the *Low-Countries* and continu'd Expences, his appearance like a Man of Quality and Estate, tho' 'twas known that he had not the value of a Groat to his own, and lived, before that fatal Duel, upon the Favours his good Fortune procur'd him from the Ladies. I find she can either keep her Word with him, or he has been wise enough to secure a Sum sufficient to arm him against Ingratitude. With me 'tis not so well; Affairs have chang'd faces; the King is dead, she no longer fears him; and concerning not her self for the discretionary part, leaves me at liberty to say what I please, after the thousand Protestations she has a thousand times made me, she would never else dare to abandon me as she has done.

Thus, Madam, in as succinct a manner as the Story would permit, have I told your Ladyship what the good old Gentlewoman was three Hours in relating. I subscribe implicitly to your Opinion as to the truth of it, and desire in the next that you will favour me with the knowledge of it. 'Tis certain Mr. W——'s Supply was wonderful; and if this was not the real, 'tis at least a probable way.

*I am, Madam, your Ladyship's
most dutiful, most faithful,
and sincere Servant.*

LETTER II.

AT length, my dear Sister, (all transported with a fond Bridegroom's Joy) I may with assurance tell you, that I'm upon the point of being entirely blest; my charming Mistress has this Night consented, her Father has consented, to my unutterable Happiness; to Morrow makes me Master of my Desires; the Thought hurries me beyond myself: I could see my very Enemies with Joy; therefore to expect any thing but Rapture, to expect plain Sense from me at this time, is thinking below the Dignity of my Passion: Nor wants it any heightning, by looking back upon the dreadful Precipice

Precipice I've past, the Difficulties I have struggl'd with, the almost Impossibilities that I have vanquish'd, the Rack of Mind, the Obstacles of a rich and powerful Rival, and consequently the Reserve of Parents. Love alone was for me; my charming Mistress was all kind and constant; she help'd me to support my ardent Longings; for what can be more exquisite than delay'd Enjoyment? when two Hearts, mutually burning, mutually languishing for what Love and Nature boldly dictates, finds so many Bars to cross their Happiness?

Do not you (my dear Sister) join with the sordid World, in blaming me for preferring Merit to Riches; I look'd beyond it for my Happiness. The Hinge of Interest, upon which at present the whole Nation turns in their Marriages, makes so many of 'em unfortunate. 'Tis true, I could have had a Wife with an ample Fortune; but perhaps to me scanty in Charms, in that Harmony of Minds from which only Happiness arises. She whom I shall present you for a Sister, has a Tenderness for me beyond all other value. To please her, you must begin by me; should I frown, or be out of temper, her whole Frame would be in disorder: Then she has a Voice and Words that can cure Despair, can charm displeasing Melancholy. Oh! 'tis impossible to hear her speak, and know a Pain. How true, how noble is her Soul! How eminent her

Wit ! Her Sense, how solid ! How soft, how sweet her Love ! I figure myself returning home fatigu'd with Business, where I meet, with open Arms, this dear, this faithful Wife, who knows how to charm my Cares, how to time her Kindness, and even to wait for mine, and without Impatience to stay till those Sallies of ill temper be blown over which Disappointment have perhaps occasion'd. No Hours can e'er be tedious in her Company. This I speak not like a Lover, the whole World, that know her, will eccho this eternal Truth. When you've search'd the round of Conversation abroad, to be justly pleas'd you must return to her ; for in this point all agree is united whatever can be pleasing or instructive. None ever yet went from her pall'd or undelighted : I speak of those who have Sense to make a true Judgment of Things, and dwell longer on her Mind, into which I have conducted you, that you may know and value it. 'Tis upon that my solid Happiness is fix'd, that unalterable Beauty, which is known to flourish in its highest perfection, at an Age when but the memory remains, or scarce that, of outward Charms. I prepare you then, my dear Sister, to be ravish'd with the Beauty of hers, and believe so well of your Brother's Understanding, that he knows how to choose for Happiness. Cards, publick Conversation, Musick, the Play-House, Visits, and the business of Visits,

Detra-

Detraction and Ill-nature, are none of her Diversions; I shall be sure to find her always employ'd, always at home, careful of her Family, entertaining me when present either with reading, or her own more pleasing Conversation, or wishing for me when absent. Her Temper is like her Nature, perfectly good, free from vain Expences, my Interest her only pursuit, and all her Desires regulated by that; nay she so perfectly loves me, that I may answer for her Soul, she would choose common Conveniencies with me, rather than Place, Distinction, Title and Observance with another. Is there on Earth a Type of our hereafter Happiness or Misery? 'tis surely in the married State. What must he expect, that chooses only for Interest, a Woman haughty of the Advantages she brought you, seeking to be pleased rather than please? And where you take no other Consideration along with you, 'tis impossible to make one's Duty one's delight. Must I submit my Hours to the uneasy jangling of an impertinent, proud, senseless Woman, full of Noise and Vanity? Must I clasp her to my Bosom, and pay the Rights of Love with or without Inclination, or run the hazard of blowing up her weak suspicious Mind with jealousy that her Duties are bestow'd upon another? Must I, when I want one Companion, take a Legion? For so many will be her Gossips; Tea Tables and Chat, Detraction and Folly,

N n 4

which

which if but with a piece of Face I should seem to dislike, 'twere running the Gantlet thro' all the round of Tongues where she visits, and of whom she is visited; to set the whole Herd upon me, and at me. With such a Wife a sensible Man will be sure not to dispute; his best way will be to suffer in silence; and as a proof of his Wisdom, admit her Impertinence to govern. Then, if you strike at Forms, or pretend to retrench any of those vain Expences, of which she finds sufficient Presidents amongst her she Friends, as to Dress, Entertainment, stately Child-birth, and her whole Artillery of Follies, 'twill make her hate and wish you dead; for the first thing such a Woman thinks of after she's married, is how to become a Widow. Oh, 'twere endless to reckon you up all the Inconveniencies arising from Marriage made only upon the score of Interest. And what are their Advantages? what Enjoyments have you of 'em? Do you eat, or drink, or sleep more for being Richer? Are you not as happy with plain clean Cloaths, as if you were every night dress'd for the Drawing-Room? Ay, but some fancy a pleasure in hoarding Money. To a Man so weak, Reason will be lost, and therefore I shall not pretend to argue with him. And as to our care of Posterity, I have seen hundreds more considerable, with just enough to teach 'em how to live, than others whose Fathers have left 'em great Estates. Human Nature

ture loves Action; and, generally speaking, those who have not Business to employ themselves with, throw away their Time in Folly. To those whose Natures are idle and extravagant, Abundance does but heighten their Misfortune, and make 'em the more eminently Vicious. But how have I wander'd whence I first set out? But 'tis, my dear Sister, with design to make you approve my Choice; tho' 'twere but showing you my Wife, to make you entirely of my opinion; the sight of her would have saved me this labour, her Conversation have charm'd even you (all lovely as you are) to an envy of my Happiness, next to enjoying her myself. I'm impatient to present her to your Arms. I please myself with thinking what a harmony of Mind will arise between you; for in giving you her Character, she has but sat for yours; and were you not my Sister, next my Mistress, I could of all Womankind be only charm'd with you: Shew me in Nature two so fit for Esteem, so fit for Happiness. That Word recalls to Morrow to me: I conjure you, Sister, by our Friendship, in your Imagination, to time my Joys, when all transported I shall naked clasp her fair, soft, sweet, enchanting Body to my Bosom: Where, O where then must the Rapture carry me, when the bare Thought can give such Extasie to thy eternally loving and happy Brother! *Adieu.*

LETTER

LETTER III.

TO condole with your Ladyship for the loss of so good a Husband as Sir —, is the common business of every Visitor, renewing the Memory of Grief whilst applying to your Passions: My endeavours, in speaking to your Reason, shall be to suspend 'em; 'tis that I wou'd pretend to make my Advocate when I address to a Lady of your Excellence, or when I wou'd discharge the Duty incumbent on a Friend; and 'tis Reason must inform you (if you give your self liberty to consult it) that Self-love is a Weakness unworthy of you. Now when you mourn thus immoderately, it can be only for the Good you imagin'd to have lost; it is for your own sake, not for the deceas'd; for if in Heaven be *Fullness of Joy*, as by our Religion we are instructed to believe, how absurd is it to grieve for the early Happiness of our Friends? when by their good Lives here, and departure hence, they are qualify'd for Bliss before us. Holy *Job's* Wish envies the Portion of those Infants who die, from their Mothers Womb, upon the Knees of such who receive 'em. Length of Days is but length of Misery; at least, a suspension of Joy; for since in the Son of God we have a sure and certain hope of a better Life,

Life, can he be other than my Enemy, who envies, denies or defers me from the immediate enjoyment of that promis'd Happiness? Who wou'd not boldly plunge through a short uneasie Passage, when on the other side he is sure to find the end of all his Wants, his Anxieties, his Pains, his tormenting Desires; and, which is more than all, his end of Sinning? Wou'd he, think you, on any terms, tho' but for a Day, return from those Joys, tho' he was sure to feel as much Pleasure as he did Pain in his departure? It is not the least of Sir ——'s good Fortune, that he dy'd unknowing the inseparable disgusts or disquiets of Old Age, whose very Imaginations are frozen under the Snow of sixty Winters. Tho' perhaps this may seem to you a cause (however mistaken) for your greater Grief, when, looking through the wrong end of the Glass, you fancy him (by untimely Death) deprived of many Enjoyments. And were I not on so serious a subject, I wou'd say you were in the right; so far at least, as his Happiness concern'd the possession of so great a Good as your Ladyship. But (that excepted) there can be no other comparison than between finite and infinite; hence it is that upon no terms can you be suppos'd to mourn for him. 'Tis yourself then that you lament; and how unworthy is that Lamentation, to a Soul so reasonable, so capable of Philosophy, nay Religion? The latter you entirely offend

send, by repining, nay exclaiming against the Almighty pleasure of our great Creator, who in his Mercy has been pleas'd to call one of his Creatures earlier than Man's appointed Time, from temporary Pains and Sin, to the incapacity of Sin, and the possession of eternal Pleasures; against Philosophy and Reason, when you vainly torment yourself for what is in itself irrecoverable, placing Good and Evil in things outward, viciating the taste of those things you do or may possess, by an unjust Sorrow for that which you have no longer a title or hopes of possessing.

Thus, Madam, I wou'd pretend to remove your Grief, by shewing you, that you have no true occasion of it: For if, as I have told you, it be Self love, and that that is a Weakness unworthy of you, I must farther shew, that that very Self-love ought to rise in Arms against the continuation of your Sorrow, since it not only destroys your Quiet, but Youth and Beauty fly before it, and possibly may never return. For, how have the fairest Faces lost (by Grief and languishing Melancholy) the Lillies and the Carnation that made 'em lovely? A pallid hue succeeds that Bloom irresistible, incessant scalding Tears can furrow the smoothest Cheeks, continual Sighs blow the pregnant Cherry from the enviringest Lips; and when we wou'd speak of Reason, Eloquence, Wit, or any other branch of pleasing Conversation; 'tis so profess'd an
Enemy

Enemy to all in general, that none of 'em ever pretends to appear where that Tyrant Grief has once taken up its Residence.

Weigh well then, Madam, how ill a Bargain you have made; how many Excellences you barter for a thing no one in his Senses wou'd entertain; more than enough is already paid to Custom, and the unjust Opinion of the World. Re-assume your Courage, consult your Reason, throw hence your Sorrow, take to yourself that noble Fortitude which so well becomes a Genius exalted as your Ladyship's. Were it to the advantage of the deceas'd (or that by it we cou'd recal him to Life and you) myself wou'd club a Tear with you, be a constant Mourner at his Tomb, till our mingled Sorrows had their desir'd Effect. But imagining that by other Endeavours and Services to his lovely Relict I shall better express my late Friendship to your admired Husband, I reserve all the Powers of my Soul, and all my Reason, to approve myself, on every Occasion,

*Madam, your Ladyship's most
devoted, most obedient,
and most humble Servant.*

LETTER IV.

IN subduing the Will you command the Person, nor is it in my power to refuse the greatest Request you can make;
?twere

'twere vain to endeavour disobeying you. I am chain'd your Slave ; therefore know your own Power, and boldly name your Desires ; well may you exert that Authority where you are sure of an implicit Obedience ; I yield to every Wish your Soul can form ; you are entirely Absolute, unless you shou'd attempt Impossibilities ; amongst which, I reckon this as the greatest, for me to breath a moment without being (as I am) unalterably Yours.

LETTER V.

I Could not possibly, dear Madam, get intelligence where the fair pretended St. T—— lodges ; I don't wonder she that takes such Liberties, should be offended at the nice restriction of Inclination, and should blame swooning at a Shadow, who prefers the Joys of dying in the rapturing Arms of a substantial Lover, to all the ties of Duty and Religion. She who can't in the least pretend to any disgust, to justify her stolen Pleasures ; tho' the Colonel says they are intolerable, I find by him they are not unutterable. I dare not vindicate my Letter, but I think there is more Vertue express'd in the composition, than there was good Nature in showing it ; but 'twas an unhappy Truth which I need not have told ; tho' Vertue without Temptation
has

has no room to boast. 'Tis Sunday Night, and I am a little serious, and thence tempted to say a thousand things in the behalf of innocent Pain and reluctant sacrificing the most endearing Pleasures to Vertue. *Sure Crown* gave a true definition of rational Beings, when he said,

— 'Tis not easy to be bad or good,
Vice plagues the Mind, and *Vertue* Flesh
(and Blood.

Perhaps I cou'd have quoted *St. Paul* to the same effect. But no more of this. I will not seal my Letter till next Post, for I've thought of a Stratagem to be better informed, as you require; and assure yourself, I do my best to serve in every Command you shall honour me with. I hope to be in *London* in a Month's time, but am sorry you are so far from it, since nothing is of greater power to draw me thither, than your charming Conversation, for which alone I'd abandon all Society on Earth beside, and be more blest'd than if, for them I, were deprived of Yours.

LETTER VI.

Dear Madam,

THE fear of being troublesome stoppt my willing Hand, else your obliging Letter had been answer'd ere this, and
I shou'd

I shou'd have chid your Civility to Mr. —; for really I'm a sham'd to have my Letters seen by any Critick but yourself, whose good-nature, I thought, wou'd over-balance the severity of your Judgment, and make you forgive the Faults of one whose endeavours to oblige you with my Letters is without the least Vanity, or pretending to make my Thoughts intelligible, and letting you know how ready I am to serve the Person I so admire. I expect, amongst other Plays this Week, *Abraham Mule*, and *Liberty Asserted*. I hope Mr. D—is has not made Captain R—g—y the Heroe of his Play. I have been but little out of late, confin'd by Mr. —'s Illness, who has kept his Chamber this Month, where I have (as they say I am in Duty bound) attended him; so that I cannot so well give you information. I miss none of the Ladies near us, but my Lady —, and my Lady —. The first is a Widow, related to the T—, and comes down e're long; the other has been in Town the time you mention, with her superannuated L—d, which may perhaps be equivalent to a Traveller; they are expected next Week; but these Circumstances are too weak for a demonstration; I suppose her Verrue equals her Charms; don't take my Supposition for Oracle. I shall have the happiness of some better Conversation next Week, and then for Censure and Scandal. With you I don't fear a discovery. I had been
in

in Town e're this, but for my Spouse's illness, and am forced to abandon the Shades and Muses, for Hazard and Piquet in a Chamber. I have no desire of *London* for itself, were not the ever charming — there, whose Conversation will recompence the greatest Fatigue.

A nice informing Beau has just learn'd me, that the prettiest Lady near us, is Mrs. —, Wife to Sir T—T—'s second Son; she was a C——; and if it be so, must intrigue with her Relation, for by Marriage the Colonel is doubly so; his Sister having marry'd Sir T——T——'s first Son. She is at this present in *London*, without her Husband, and must be the fair Lady to whom the Heroe gives such intolerable Pleasure. Nor can we wonder at Colonel B——'s amorous Star, when his Father shot himself for love of a Grand-Mother. But that's old News to the World, if not to you. However, we may recollect the good-nature of the B—h—ps, those (not infallible) *English* Popes. She was his Wife's Sister, and scrupled to marry him without the dispensing Power. Mr. B——t had writ against their great *Diana*, and offended 'em so far, that they wou'd by no means consent to a Marriage within the Degrees forbidden. This caus'd him to shoot himself, unable to live without the Enjoyment of his Mistress. The dreadful Deed done, he yet liv'd a Fortnight. The good-natur'd P—l—tes relented, and allow'd

relates O o

low'd

low'd a Dispensation, tho' too late for our dying Lover to profit by it. So that still 'twas no more than in seeming Charity. Now, if it was once a Sin, it was always a Sin; and by consequence, they must be in the wrong one way or other, either in granting, or refusing. I beg you wou'd burn this Letter, for 'tis of such a nature, that I should be loath to venture it in any other but your fair and faithful Hand. You see how willing I am to serve you, tho' against my best natur'd Inclinations; nor can I justly complain, should I ever be discover'd in an Amour of my own, since so officious in discovering anothers: But my Innocence dare do any thing but disoblige you. I hope to hear if we have hit the Mark, and that you allow me the honour to assert myself always Yours.

LETTER VII.

Dear Madam,

I Shall not trouble you with my Adventures between this and London, only that it was more like a Voyage than a Journey; and having just left the agreeable hurry of the Town, this more than mid-night silence lulls me into an Insensibility; so that my Amusement is like St. Paul's Raptures, *whether in the Body*

or

or out of the Body, I can't tell. Perhaps out, for the sense of loss is very exquisite, and I believe by next Post I shall be able to prove there's a local Hell. Nor is there any Redemption, since 'tis impossible to forget your charming Conversation, my most agreeable Entertainment in Town, from which I am barr'd, for there is many a Gulf between us. My Spouse met me, tho' the Waters were out, with an Olive Branch; but had he made a *Helle-spond* of it, perhaps I had been rather a Hero than an Heroine. Dear Madam, pardon this Rallery, and, to be serious, let me hear I am still in your Favour; one Line from you will be a Bliss beyond Volumes from any other Hand; could my Expressions equal my Thoughts of your charming engaging Self, I should tire you with miriads of dear soft Things, and weary you with what no Lady ever was yet, her own Praises, &c.

LETTER VIII.

Dear Madam,

I Am pleas'd at your kind determination for two Months; and should be more so, could I hope such a Solitude would be any ways agreeable to you. Your Welcome to me will be like a Prince to a Peasant, where the sense of the Honour is

too much allay'd by that of Demerit. I have neither *Waller* nor *Dryden's* Fables, therefore they'd be welcom: But pardon me that I dare ask any thing with you, who are yourself more than all, from the great *Maro* down to *Garth*. I hope you'll honour our Country with some of your gayer Ornaments, since we shall quickly have, near my Lord *W——*'s, some Horse-Races, that will be adorn'd with some thousands of mounted Beaus, and Coaches; and 'tis in your power to make the *Beau monde* there. If you should not want room in the Chariot, I may perhaps be so happy to meet you. Pray, by way of Preparation, think what a dull Solitude you are approaching to, to wander in unfrequented Paths, no Musick but silly Birds, no Park, no Beau but a sacred Cynick, no Wit beyond a *Cambridge* Pun, old Gardens and Orchards instead of Spring-Garden, and an ancient Mansion-House in room of a gay Ruel; nay worse, must go to Church once a Week, (or be obliged to search for an allowable Excuse) and have Grace said every day over an ill dress'd Dinner too perhaps: But there is nothing shall not be made agreeable, as far as they are capable of amendment, by, dear Madam,

Yours, &c.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

Madam,

I Must acquaint your Ladyship with the Marriage of the young Lady ———, married to that old successful Lover of Sixty odd, my Lord ———, being upon a religious strain, and desiring Canonization hereafter (if Sufferings can make a Saint). 'Tis said, that she resolv'd to marry the two worst Husbands in *England*, that she might have her Mortifications and Punishment in this Life.

What has been the young Lady's inducement to this Marriage (unless Mortification) is hard to say. My Lord has long been look'd upon (however formerly successful) as a Piece out of use amongst the Ladies. Surely she wanted to be one Step higher in the Temple of Honour. If Death does not quickly separate them, they fear that Accidents may; for I hear there's a Provision made on my Lady's side for Jealousie, Ill humour, &c. and a separate Maintenance agreed on, in case they part within a limited time.

This Marriage reviving Passages of my Lord's former Life, an airy youngish Woman (who had had the pleasure to outlive her Reputation) told me, in Confidence, That upon the death of his last Lady it came into her head to try what Charm there was in this old Peer, that

still, where he pleas'd, made him successful. She had a pretty Strain in writing of foolish Love Letters, and began a Correspondence with him. He was so vain to believe a young Lady was fallen in love with him; and answer'd her again with as much Vanity and Fire, as if he had reckon'd no more than Two and twenty. They came to an Affignation. Our Heroine is pretty, genteel and gay, but was so ill satisfied with her Lover, that she cry'd out, he was all over Threescore: And when his Marriage Articles were in treaty, she sent a Letter to the Lady, to advise her to insist upon the Privilege of a Gallant, for to her knowledge she would stand as much in need of that as of a separate Maintenance.

I beg your Pardon, Madam, for giving in to the Airiness of this Creature so far as to presume to entertain your Ladyship with it; but if it makes you smile, I have my end; and being at too great a distance to see the Blush I have rais'd, I may the more easily hope Forgiveness for, Madam,

Your most devoted,

most obedient Servant.

LETTER

LETTER X.

Sir,

I Have been so fatigu'd with the impertinent Addresses of the Men, that I could not find time to answer yours before. I thank you for your Advice. 'Tis true I would marry, but not yet; 'tis time enough when I come to be a stale Maid here, to retire into the Country, and there take up with some graye Country Justice, where I may rule the Family and the Peace too. I fancy in five or six Years time I shall grow weary of the Town, but as yet the Gaieties and Gallantries of Love are very taking. You counsel me, Sir, against the danger of losing my Reputation by these Freedoms; but, Sir, you are mistaken; for the only way to lose that, is to be too solicitous about it. Scandals in the Country are pieces of innocent Diversions here; and one may as well pretend to live without *fine Cloaths*, as without an *Intreague*. I have half a score upon my hands at this time, and keep 'em all in suspense; give one a favourable Look, another a Smile, a third my Hand to kiss: But then, to keep them at their due distance, the next time I see 'em, frown on the first, rail at the second, wonder at the Sawciness of the third, if he attempt the same Freedom again. Oh, Sir, you know not how plea-

fant a sight 'tis, to see this Beau cring and screw his Body into an hundred Shapes in hopes to make himself appear amiable to me ; that Spark sighing, with a languishing dying Air, in hopes to make me sigh by Sympathy ; that Wit racking his Brains to write taking *Billet-douces* ; but Wits are the most dangerous Company a Woman can keep ; they are commonly vain-glorious, and brag of more than they can obtain. That which vexes me most, is, my Allowance is but small ; I have new Cloaths but twice a Year ; so that I am forced to turn and twine 'em, that I may not be known by them ; fine Cloaths have wonderful Charms with the Men ; and one had as good be ugly as ill dress'd. But, Sir, if you please, I will give you a Catalogue of my Lovers. I have a young Doctor of Physick that makes honourable Addresses to me ; but I think not that an equal Match, unless I could poison him as easily as he can me : I have a young Counsellor of the *Temple*, turnish'd with more Law than Sense : A young Merchant, finer than a *Covent-Garden* Beau, and more demure than my Chamber-Maid ; he courts me, not by *Billet-douces*, but by Bills of Exchange, and Stock Jobbing ; but I have no mind to venture myself on his dangerous Bottom. So much for my matrimonial Pretenders. I have another sort, who are for nothing but Love, and abominate the *Pagan* Confinement of Wedlock, as a Device of Interest in the Priest,

to stifle the free-born Joys of Love : Among these is a young Lord just arrived to his Estate and Honour, and wants only the Qualification of keeping a Mistress with greater Grandeur than ever he will his Wife. I receive his Lordship with the Air of Quality, blush at his Addresses, and seem pleased at his no Jest ; but never give encouragement to so scandalous a Motion. He's very handsome, dresses and dances well ; I should like his Company at a Ball, the Box in a Play House, in the Mall, or *Hide-Park*, if it were not for fear of being taken for his Miss ; but he's not at all fit for an Intrigue. Next I have a Beau of *Tom's Coffee-House*, a Man of War, he Swears much, Fights little, and Prays less, is an irreconcilable Enemy to Sense and Matrimony : I never admit him but when I am idle, or have no other Company, for he is a very nauseous Fop. Then I have a finical Courtier, monstrously in love, who swears if 'twere not for the Scandal of it, he has Passion enough to marry me : He's damn'd a thousand Fathom if there be any of the Maids of Honour comparable to me. But amongst the rest, there's an ingenious younger Brother to a certain Baronet of our acquaintance, who dresses neat and free from Foppery, a genteel and unaffected Air, a Tongue able to seduce a Vestal Virgin, tho' sure to die for yielding. This Man, I confess, Sir, has such an ascendant over me, that I wish he were not wild ;

wild ; I fear I have heard him say too much for my Quiet ; but by my own natural Gaiety, I endeavour to forget these serious Follies, and by the abundance of Noise and Fools I'm daily conversant with, I am now, Sir, perfectly tired with this Subject, and shall here only farther add the constant Esteem and Respect wherewith I am,

Your obliged bumble Servant.

LETTER XI.

Madam,

I Am ravished to hear we are like to have the pleasure of kissing your Hands at the *Bath* this Season ; you are the Life and Soul of Conversation, and ever inspire us with what is gay and shining. My Endeavours has been at length successful ; I have found the Lady's Riddle, which I need not tell you is interpreted a *Sigh*. A famous Poet has inverted the Subject in a manner not civil enough for your Conversation ; however, if it be Wit, you'll grant 'tis the worst sort, and that nothing is more easie than burlesquing the best things, tho none has succeeded in the way, nor ever will, I believe, like *Hudibras*.

A Riddle by the Author of the Verses
upon the Spleen.

I.

*Gentlest Air, the Breath of Lovers,
Vapours from a secret Fire,
Which by thee itself discovers,
E're yet daring to aspire.*

II.

*Softest Note of whisper'd Anguish,
Harmony's refinest part,
Striking, whilst thou seem'st to languish,
Full upon the hearers's Heart.*

III.

*Softest Messenger of Passion,
Stealing thro' a crowd of Spies,
Which constrain the outward fashion,
Close the Lips, and guard the Eyes.*

IV.

*Shapeless Sigh we ne'er can show thee,
Fram'd but to assault the Ear,
Yet e're to their cost they know thee,
Every Nymph may read it here.*

I have also sent you Dr. Coward's farther Thoughts upon the human Soul, with Dr. Taylor's, and Mr. Broughton's Answer to his *Second Thoughts*. The first appears to me to have done most justice to the Argument. The Doctor's Notion seems to insinuate the entire Mortality, under pretence of the Soul's sleeping till the grand Resurrection. 'Tis however certain,

tain, that this Doctrine is much older than himself. I have seen a small Treatise, Printed in the Year 1650, call'd, *Man wholly Mortal*; from whence he seems to have transcrib'd his strongest Arguments. Cou'd we but grant him that Point of *the Soul's passiveness till the Resurrection*, 'twou'd bid fair for its entire Mortality; since what can cease to be, tho' but for a moment, may cease for ever. Our Second Appearance (allowing the Doctor's Notion) may be more properly call'd a New Creation, than a Resurrection: Notwithstanding, the Body being still subsisting under several Transmutations, as into Worms, or a clod of Clay, &c. the Soul being an immaterial Spirit, incapable of any such Change, must fly off and dissolve into Air, and certainly cease to be, since you allot it no Repository; and that however the Body may arise the same, there must be a new Creation of the Soul, or Spirit, to animate that Body; unless you'll allow it can be likewise transmuted and subsist, tho' under the form of a tuft of Grass, &c. which is unworthy the dignity of so divine, so unalterable a Being.

*I am, Madam, with powerful
Inclination, your most sincere,
most devoted, and most humble
Servant.*

LETTER

LETTER XII.

THERE is nothing in all my late Follies and Disappointments that afflicts me so much as disobliging you; to injure you, is to lose the Favour of a Muse. Yet, Madam, I hope you will still be so good as to do me the honour you design'd me on *Friday Evening*; where you will inspire me with your Presence; for to you absent, I can say nothing; to you present, 'tis not Excellence to be Eloquent, for you are not only Author of all the elegant things yourself speak, but of all that others say to you,

I am, Madam,

Your obedient Servant.

LETTER XIII.

Madam,

I Am very unhappy in your silence to two Letters from me, nor know I whether to fear your want of Health, or my loss of your Favour; the latter Misfortune can be exceeded by nothing but the former. I hope I did not offend you in mentioning a Chymical Receipt; for who can talk to a Poetess and Philosopher, without speaking of the Arts in which she is Mistress? 'Twere as unreasonable

sonable to expect such a silence, as to desire my forbearance of celebrating your Person; you imprint yourself too deeply in all the Hearts you conquer, to exact an admiration without either complaint or praise of the lov'd cause of their Affliction. If this comes to your Hands, pray let me hear from you, and understand in what I have trespass'd; for tho' your Anger will be a very quick Sorrow to me, I think I can bear it much easier than your Indifference; for Resentment, tho' to one's disadvantage, has some regard in it.

*I am, Madam, your most
obedient, most obliged,
most humble Servant.*

LETTER XIV.

YOU have too much Generosity (if you do not rally when you say I deserted upon bad News) in letting me know the good. I congratulate your Success, and am heartily glad that Wealth falls into an hand which is as liberal as 'tis fair, and can give Bounty itself a new beauty. I sincerely think your Mind of the brightest Frame, and believe, were it in your power, your Liberality would be as universal as your Genius: You have, indeed, rightly compar'd the harmony of my Life to that of my Verse; but pray remember

remember both are oppress'd by Fortune;
and that I have a Midwife would spoil
the most hopeful Delivery upon Earth.
You know not the bottom of my Cares,
if you did, you'd wonder how I could
have the least of quiet, which indeed I
feldom have.

*I am, Madam,
Your most obliged Servant.*

LETTER XV.

Madam,

I Thank your Tenderneſs of me, in an-
ſwering my Impertinence with ſo much
Civility. You cannot imagine with what
Sorrow I receiv'd the News of Mrs. *Tem-
perance's* deceaſe; but if ſhe was ſuch a
growing Beauty, 'tis a bleſſing to her indul-
gent Father, who might have let her per-
haps have run the danger of ſuch Courſes
as brought her into the World. But ſhe
is gone, and methinks 'tis unreaſonable in
her Rhyming Pappa, not to give her an
Epitaph, tho' he could not a Funeral; but
he is ſo alter'd and reform'd to Vertue,
that he is now rather gueſſing where ſhe
is as an Immortal, than where laid as
Mortal; but you are ſo much a meer
Deiſt, that you inquire not whether ſhe
that came into the World guiltily, can
go out innocently. I believe your Fire-
man as well as mine is turn'd into Aſhes,
that

that you do not mention him in any of Yours. You never tell me any News: I have none but Love-toys; my Mistress again flies me, but I will understand no other but that 'tis to be pursu'd; for I make Love as I would lay a Siege; 'tis not my business to consider whether I shall win the Town or not; but I know it's my duty to lay my Bones there, or do it. I do not know what to talk to you longer, but know, I can't end till the end of the Paper. Let me hear how Love thrives in Town, and also how you are now employ'd, as to Business.

LETTER XVI.

Madam,

THE Post is just going out, but the Fellow waits for this to you, which he must never go without. Pray let me hear how the Fire burns, and what's become of your sooty Sage who you once seem'd to listen to. What was your business at *North-Hall*? Are it and — again Friends? Or has he that Place mortgag'd to him, or how? I am sure you never are out of an Intrigue, and I take it ill that I live in ignorance. I tell you all I am doing, which is following a wild, regardless, pretty Innocent, that is, a very Woman, a natural, artless Tyrant. There is an old Gentlewoman in these Parts rich enough

enough, would, I believe, have more pity on me, and fees (tho' in Spectacles) a broad Back; but there is so much Niter and Sulpher in the Mine, that I can't think of digging there. The poor old Lover attempts Fifteen at me; and I swear I am sometimes in the humour of deserting her that's frozen in Youth, to take her that's warm in old Age. The good Lady is hollow, but not false; the Girl's flippant, but not kind. I am divided between Horrour and Desire, and tremble with both: What will become of me? If this cruel Fair goes on, she will be the Death of me, throw me into my Grave the Matron, and bury my live Coals in her Ashes.

LETTER XVII.

Madam,

IT is an Hour since I writ my last to you, and two since I heard from you; you cannot imagine how much the dear Indulgence of my Chymical Creed has made me forget my present Calamities. But 'tis but an ordinary effect in you to dispel all things that don't move Joy and Rapture. I see you, Madam, I see *Venus* as busie in the Coals, as ever *Vulcan* was, and Riches affix'd at last to a beauteous Form and engaging Mien. I wish, Madam, the Charms of your Person as immortal as those of your Wit.

I am, Madam, your most obedient Servant.

P p LETTER

L E T T E R XVIII.

Madam,

I Have yours at the Seventh Instant, and am very proud of a place in your Memory: I participate heartily of the Philosophick Elevation, but am sorry the Operator has left you; I have all things here at my devotion, and lie in the noblest and most pleasant Lodgings I ever was in. There is a very convenient distant Farm-House, where I cou'd, methinks, work with a great deal of happiness and privacy, if I had any Receipt; but I fear I trespass in that Thought, and beg your Pardon for it. There is in no Poet extant so perfect a discription of a true Wood-Nymph, as my Mistress. I must dispatch two or three clumsy Rivals, besides a large Attendant Mastiff, that always follows her, before my access is easie. She has an excellent wild Beauty and Wit; and every thing that Nature only can bestow. I beseech you, if you see the Hag, (who is a perfect Night-Mare to my Dreams) not to tell her you have heard from me. Be pleas'd to write to me, for that fair Hand can impart nothing but Joy to,

*Madam, your most obedient,
most obliged, most humble
Servant.*

L E T T E R

LETTER XIX. ○

Madam,

YOU certainly believe me in love with you, or you would answer my Letters: I know it my Fate to be shun'd when it comes to that. We had yesterday a Funeral here, where my Fair one was a Bearer, and I led one of the Mourners. In the performance of that Office 'twas no small Diversion to the ill-natur'd Company to observe her skuttle toward the Grave to avoid poor me: But I assure her I'll follow her to it or my own, but we will lie in the same Bed. I should come to Town forthwith, but that my Colonel, the Governor here, is expected daily, and I stay to attend him in his Diversions and Retirement; in which we shall have many pleasing Entertainments for those that can taste 'em: But all those things to a Man in my Condition, are Landskips before a blind Man, or Musick to a deaf. If you do not answer this Scribble, I shall understand I am impertinent, and not trouble you till I have your Commands for it. I trust in Providence you will soon see my Condition alter'd for the better, and me at a better Light; for I assure you most of my Faults were Accidents of my Fortune: Then I will be just to that extream Hag, Mrs. S——

When you see her, say what you can for her

her Pacification, for she rides my Dreams.
 What's become of Mrs. ——— ? Does
 she still talk as loud as she talk'd of — ?
 Give her my Service, but let none know
 where I am. I write to you, I believe,
 from as beautiful a Prospect as any in the
 World ; and since my death in Love, I
 fancy myself after my departure in the
Elysian Fields, where Sadness is agreeable,
 and Sorrow has a gloomy charm above
 Joy. But there is nothing, even here,
 can divert my Eye, my Heart, or Hand,
 from any opportunity of expressing my-
 self, Madam,

Your most obedient Servant.

LETTER XX.

Madam,

MY having been a day or two out of
 this Island, prevented the receipt
 of yours till to day ; wherein you give
 me the exalted Station of lying at your
 Feet. Believe hereafter the call for Let-
 ters to be my Passing Bell, if you neglect
 writing : I cannot blame, tho' I hate those
 that interrupt you : For, who would not
 engross you ? The Verses I will imme-
 diately fall upon, and send you. Pray
 tell me seriously whether you are perfe-
 ctly assur'd in your Secret. I can depend
 upon what you approve : For tho' you
 have a great deal of Wit, there's no de-
 ceiving

ceiving you. I can't tell what my Lord's Intentions for me are, but am sure he has exceeded my Desert already. I know not but I may be hereafter in a Capacity to receive you here, and see this the fortunate Island. For if you do not redress, you make us forget our Misfortunes; and methinks I could ever thus delude the misery of your Absence by writing to you, but that I prefer your Satisfaction to my own, and return you to the Company that envy me a Line from you, to bribe 'em to give you leisure sometimes for a Charity to, Madam,

Your most obedient,

most humble Servant.

LETTER XXI.

Dear Sir,

I Give you this trouble to desire you'd do me the Favour of a Line or two, that I may not look upon myself quite out of your Thoughts when you come to an *Eugenia*. My implicit Faith deserves some Consideration; and when the Philosophick World is to be dispos'd of, I hope there will some Corner or other in it fall to my share. If you have any account of the most renowned Mr. W—, you'd extreamly oblige me to let me

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have

have it ; for I am passionately taken with his exemplary Sincerity, who gave me a Note of 100 l. and sent me word I should never have it. I wish I could learn whether he has been in Town of late, or not. If you'll answer this impertinent Paper, you'll do an action suitable to your good-nature and usual Friendship to, Sir,

*Your most obliged, and
most humble Servant.*

LETTER XXII.

Madam,

YOurs of the first was no small Satisfaction to me ; for I could not imagine the reason of your Silence ; but am glad to find you have been in the Country ; for I hope when I have next the happiness of seeing you, to be entertain'd with the effects of your Leisure. 'Twas impossible for that fair elegant Hand of yours to be unemploy'd when you were in the Seat of the Muses, and Rivers, Hills, Fountains and Fields were the charming Objects of your Imagination. I thank your very good nature for the kind opinion it makes you express of me ; and I assure you I have a very grateful sense of your Habile and useful Friendship to me. Pray, Madam, indulge the Weakness of thinking so well of a Man of so little Merit ;
for

for too much Good-nature is so beautiful a Fault, that 'twere Imperfection to want it. I expect to hear from you more at large than your last afforded me. All the News you have of any sort let me have ; for the minutest thing that concerns you, is of a very great moment to, Madam,

Your most obedient Servant.

L E T T E R XXIII.

Madam,

Since my last, there is come into my hands a Pacquet of such Letters as were left in Town at my Aunts for me : Among which I find one from you, my ready good Genius, to warn me of approaching Harms. How, Madam, shall I deserve, how shall I thank this unwearied groundless Goodness in you ? I profess to you I take no comfort in any Intelligence to this place but what I receive from your Letters ; therefore pray be so charitable as to send me a Line as often as you can. That which aggravates my Vexation is, that I have very fair Prospects could I be let alone, but fear the pursuit of senseless and merciless People will interrupt my Designs, even to their own disadvantage. I cannot forbear talking to you all my Soul, for you must be my Counsellor as well as you have been

P p 4

my

my Protectress in several Accidents. I cannot forbear having hopes in your Chymistry. The Verses I am this morning about, but shall not finish it against the Post, therefore keep it in reserve for another pretence to write to you. Dear Madam, let me know if you have any Chymical Medicine for Poverty; and if the matter be demonstrative to you, or not. There is nothing so acceptable to me as to read from you, no not the pleasure of talking to you, which I must leave off lest I never enjoy the other, as a just Judgment on the Impertinence of, Madam,

Your most happy Slave.

LETTER XXIV.

I Used to be pretty lucky in discovering Secrets, and I have now, Madam, found one worthy your Ladyship's Curiosity. A young Woman, with whom I diverted myself, did me the favour to go with me into the Country for a Week, during the heat of the Season: There ought to be a cessation of Pleasure, as well as Business, to make us the more eagerly to return to our Bent. One Morning I left my fair Lady in Bed; and rising at Five of the Clock, took a Book in my Pocket, and resolv'd to divert myself with walking farther than I could have done with my

my soft Companion. The Place we were at, was ———, twelve Miles from London. I cross'd over the Lanes and Fields, pleas'd with the irregularity of my Walk, for my design was only Exercise and the Air. I found myself, by Seven of the Clock, wander'd far from the place whence I set out, and some distance from any Road, but near a neat little Brick-House built at the extremity of a Field. I made up to it, with a design to rest myself upon a Bench that was placed at the Garden Gate, which had a Trillo that gave the Prospect of the Country. 'Twas open, and I found the satisfaction of viewing a very pretty Place, wonderfully neat, and adorned with Pots and Greens sufficient to give me an opinion of the Genius of the Person who was the Owner. I shut the Gate, because I was not willing to be seen by any from the House, who would perhaps have reckon'd me an Intruder, tho' I exceeded not the liberty of the Bench : Where resting myself, I was going to continue my Diversion of Reading ; but I had not been there twenty Minutes, when I saw, from the other end of the Field, a Lady advancing towards the House. She had on a white Silver Stuff Night-Gown, hanging loose, or lap'd about her, lin'd with a full Rose-colour Sattin ; a Waistcoat that, at the Bosom, shew'd a quantity of fine *Flanders* Lace, with a Shift and Cuffs of the same ; her Night Linen clean and fine as possible,
ty'd

ty'd with Cherry and Silver Ribbons, and over that a fine *Dutch* Straw-Hat, lin'd with Green, mounted with a Carnation Feather, and cock'd behind. Upon her Arm she had a little Basket, which held a Book, her Netting, and some few Orange, Lemon, Jassemin and Myrtle Sprigs, which she had (as I suppose) gather'd before she went into the Field. Her Hat being pull'd over her Eyes to skreen the Sun, she saw me not: which I took the advantage of; and before she gain'd the Bench, I slip'd to the turning of the Garden Wall, which was not ten Peces from the place where I had sat, she took the Seat I had quitted, and, it being shady, pull'd off that disobliging Hat which had hinder'd me from seeing the lovely Face. After she had rested a little while, she took the Greens out of the Basket, and made a Nofegay, which she fix'd in her Bosom; and then searching to the bottom of her Basket, pull'd out a Paper which I quickly perceiv'd (by looking over her Shoulder) to be a Song set to Notes, which promis'd me some Musick from my lovely Charmer: And indeed I was not deceiv'd, for in an enchanting Strain she sung *Rosie Bowers*. I was so bewitch'd with her Air and Voice, that I durst hardly breath for fear of interrupting her; tho' I dy'd with impatience to have a full view of her Face, which as yet I had not seen; but I trembled lest my appearance might cause the lovely Vision to vanish.

The

The Song was of a length sufficient to give me time to make many Reflexions, however chain'd my Senses were to the Musick of her Voice. I saw with wonder a Lady of her Air and Dress in so remote a place ; for I could not imagine (the Garden excepted) that the House promis'd any thing but bare Conveniences, and not suitable to the Dress of her who seem'd to be the shining Mistress of it. The Song ended, she took out her Netting-work ; at which Diversion she continu'd but a small time, when throwing it back into her Basket, as who should say, you are not for my purpose at this time, I heard her sigh more than once, and in no little romantick Tone, repeat these Verses from *Oroonoko* (for I remembred to have read 'em there):

*This place, this Spot of Earth is more to me [dom-
Than the extended Plains of my great Father's King-
Here we shall reign in Joys, to Power unknown ;
Your Love my Empire, and your Heart my Throne.*

Then, as if inspir'd by what she had said, (or the Thought that had occasion'd those Words) she rose up all of a sudden, and turn'd so short upon me, that I had not time to abscond far enough behind my Wall, she gave a great Screech at the Surprise of seeing an unknown Person there, and shew'd so much danger of Swooning, that it gave even my Modesty a just Excuse to run and catch that lovely Body in my

my Arms to prevent its falling upon the Grass. I may boldly confess to your Ladyship, that in that moment I felt more Delight than I imagin'd was in the power of the whole Sex to give me. I could not forbear pressing her sily to my Bosom, her Body yielding to my touches, being only guarded with a loose Gown and a Holland Waistcoat, (just as if risen from Bed) with one only Petticoat on, that all the lovely Limbs and Shape were to be discern'd, and the rest imagin'd. But long I could not enjoy the envied Pleasure, for reassuring herself, she gain'd the Bench, and then in an obliging fashionable manner, ask'd my pardon for her Surprise. But being so little used to Company, especially Persons of my Appearance, and at that early Hour, it might (if any thing could) be an excuse for the Disorder she had been in. Then continuing her Discourse, she ask'd me, with a charming Address, if I pleas'd to sit and repose myself, and tell her if I had any Commands there, or business with Mr. King, which she imagin'd, because that was no place for chance Passengers, like me, her little Cottage being directly out of any Road; and tho' it was her Husband's misfortune to be then at London, she would faithfully discharge any Commission to him. Whilst she was thus delivering herself, my whole Soul and Faculties were charm'd by her; but Wonder giving place to Memory, methought this lovely

lovely Unknown was no longer so to me :
*Good Heav'n ! (cry'd I out) is it possible
the charming Mrs. S——, who has been
dead to all the World for almost these three
Years, forgetful of her Youth, her Family,
her Charms and Fortune, can bury herself
in a place so unworthy of her ! ——* More
I could not say, but was forced to run to
the assistance of the afflicted Beauty. She
did now in reality what before she was
only like to do, and fell back on the Arm
of the Bench in a confirm'd Swoon. I
curs'd my indiscreet Discovery, rav'd,
beg'd, intreated her to return to Life,
wept upon her lovely Face, press'd mine
close to her, did all, but in vain, that
was necessary to recal her Senses. At
length, finding it to be no work of
mine, I had recourse to the Garden-
Gate, and knock'd so loud, that that a-
lone might have recall'd her. At length
a Gardner came to me, whose assistance
I desir'd, to help me convey his Mistress
in, who was there in a fainting Fit; we
brought her between us into the House,
and carrying her into a Room upon the
ground-floor, we laid her upon a Day-bed.
Presently a Gentlewoman and two under
Servants came to her assistance, one with
a Bottle of Harts-horn, and another with
fair Water; we threw some on her Face,
which, with the help of Spirits, recover'd
her; but her Memory did not so immedi-
ately return. At length casting her lovely
black Eyes upon me, they immediately
fill'd

fill'd with Tears, and in so vast a quantity, that they seem'd like Fire in Water, contending which shou'd have the mastery; silently upbraiding me for what I had discover'd. I must confess, I was so thoroughly enraged against myself, that had not her People been about us, I believe I shou'd have fall'n upon my Sword before her, to have aton'd that way for my Indiscretion. That Scene of silence cou'd not but give cause of Reflexion to all that were present. Grief and Surprize were painted to the life upon her Face; Remorse and Despair upon mine; Wonder and Respect upon the Servants, who seeing their Lady pretty well recover'd of her Illness, left the Room to us, that knew not how to improve the Opportunity, or where to begin the Discourse; Shame and Confusion had seiz'd us both. At length I thought it my duty to endeavour the reassuring of her Mind; so that putting one Knee to the Ground by her Bedside, *Can you forgive me, Madam, an innocent and unintended Crime? Fortune has had a mind to oblige me, by giving me an opportunity to shew the charming Mrs. S—— how true a respect and admiration I have for her; and how well I can keep her Secret. What has happen'd this morning shall pass untold, or like a Dream that in endeavouring to remember we but the more forget. I am neither of a Birth or Character for doing base or little things, my Name, Madam, is ——, which I*
hope

hope will in some sort reconcile you to that irrevocable Misfortune that has so lately happen'd. I give you my Word and Honour never to disclose it so long as you shall think fit to have any confidence in my Secrecy; a farther distrust will be as obliging as the opportunity of being acquainted with a Lady of your Beauty and Merit was charming. ——— I had thought (said that languishing fair One) myself so little known in the World, that I might without danger have almost ventur'd any where.

——— You forget, Madam, interrupted I her hastily, that Persons of your Form make not only swift but deep Impressions. You could not shine at the Bath a whole Season, and yet hope to be unknown: Then your vanishing from the Eyes of all your Noble Relations and Acquaintance, was a Theam as wonderful as melancholy.

——— What do they say of me in the World? interrupted she: I am contented to hear it. ——— Their Opinions were different, Madam, I answer'd. For, what could they imagine of a Lady of your Beauty and Fortune, leaving the latter untouched, and a Noble Brother who was passionately fond of a Sister so deserving? Leaving, I say, my Lord without knowledge or consolation for your departure? It was found that you were come to London to his Steward's House; but vanishing from thence, they could trace you no farther. That faithful Servant has discharged his duty to you as he ought; for my Lord
could

could never bring him to confess that he had any knowledge of the place where you were, or what course you had taken. There were not wanting those who gave him the glory of such a Conquest, and his being a married Man, might oblige you to concealment: But others, better acquainted with your Soul, said, you could never make a choice so unworthy of yourself; in which they were confirm'd by time, when no demands of Money were made, either by Letter or otherwise, from or in your Name. Others concluded you suddenly dead in some place where you were unknown, or that you had been murder'd. But all this was nonsense; for without some powerful motive, what could have obliged you to be unknown, tho' but for a day, and that motive might be doubtless still in force; therefore the most intelligible part of the World did not fail to guess some happy young married Man of Fortune, had had the glory of pleasing you at the Bath, and that with him (unenvying all other Delights) you were withdrawn to taste uninterruptedly the Sweets of mutual Love. — Here she turn'd her Face upon the Pillow from me, and fetching a great Sigh, we continued silent for near a quarter of an Hour. I very well saw I was a Guest that was no way welcome, and was (as in Wisdom I ought) going several times to take my leave, and retire: But chain'd by inevitable Inclination, methought it was doing myself a violence I could by no means consent to.

It

If ever any Person could be truly said to be suddenly wounded, it was me. I lov'd to a height of uneasiness, envy and jealousy, and was resoly'd to find and know this happy Mr. *King*, (as she call'd him) and dispute his Title to her. How often could I have thrown myself down on the Bed by her, and smother'd her with a thousand Kisses and Embraces! But Respect and Awe, the sure attendants of Love, had seiz'd upon my Soul, and methought it was more easie for me to die, than to displease her. Therefore that at length prevailing, I rose up to take my leave, and conjur'd her to believe, that her Secret was safe with me; nay so safe, that if I once distrust'd my power of keeping it, I would sacrifice myself before her face to secure her Fears. She could not chuse but receive this assurance (which I was not oblig'd to make) with a gracious Air; and after she had return'd me Thanks for it, ask'd me, from what place I came that morning? I told her, from—— How, cry'd she, that is eight Miles wide of this House: how could you wander thus? How do you propose to return? The Sun is of a great height; 'twill be impossible for you to walk without killing yourself with heat. I see, pursu'd she with a charming Smile, that you are intail'd upon me for some Hours; I can't without being inhospitable, thrust you out of my House till the Evening, then I have a Chaise at your service, which some

Q. q

times

times serves me to take the Air. In the mean time, I believe you will find some Refreshment necessary after your early rising and your great walk. Then reaching me her delicious Hand to help her from off the Bed, she call'd her Woman, and order'd her to bring in Chocolate, and the Fruit she had bid the Gardner gather in the cool of the morning. Guess you, Madam, how I was ravish'd with her Proposal: I needed not a second entreaty. During our Breakfast, she desir'd me to entertain her with the News of the Town; not only with what I call'd new, but what had pass'd for this last three Years; for to her that had been buried (in that little Solitude) all things were so. I did not fail to flourish as far as my weak Capacity permitted; upon what I thought would divert her. Good Manners carried her above any farther show of distrust or discontent of the morning's Adventure. She seem'd pleas'd at my Discourse, and ask'd me if I would give her leave to go into her Dressing-Room, to put herself in a Posture less capable of frightening me? And how would I dispose of myself in the mean time? She carried me into the next Room, and shew'd me a noble Library in glass Cases; if I thought fit to divert myself there, or endeavour to recover my Fatigue of Walking, by a little Sleep upon the Bed she had quitted? I chose the latter, that I might throw my Body upon the place her lovely Body had press'd.

press'd. She took her leave, and left me to my Reflexions, which were numerous and disorder'd. I began violently to love, without hopes of a return: I kiss'd a thousand times the Pillows on which her Head had rested; and where I imagin'd it wet with her Tears, I could almost have mingled my own with 'em. I was passionate, I was despairing, I was ravingly Amorous! In short, all that the feign'd Hero's of Romances are said to feel, I in reality was sensible on. Who was Mr. King, that happy Mr. King? I wanted much to know. The Furniture of that little Box was like a Cabinet, so fine, so clean, so well suited so fitted for Love and Solitude. In short, not able to obtain the intermission of a moment's Sleep, I rose and pass'd into the beautiful Garden. I was weary of myself, and long'd to see charming Mrs. King again. I found a Gardner at work, and ask'd him when he expected his Master home? The Fellow answer'd me, he had been gone but that morning, and he believ'd would not return till the next. Respect to my beauteous Angel hinder'd me from enquiring farther. I return'd to the House, surveying all the Windows, in hopes she would see that I was not asleep: 'Tis true I had a Book in my Hand, but with Thoughts wandring as mine were, that was of little use. I walk'd back to the Bench where first my Pain began. There I found the pretty Hat, and was such a Fool to kiss it over

and over, and talk to it of my Pain. In a word, I resolv'd if I could handsomly, to steal it as a Relick of my Saint; therefore brought it back and hid it in the Room under the Bed where I had lain. Two Hours (that is two Ages) had pass'd since her absence. How often did I curse the Invention of Dressing, nor did imagin that she could put on any more Charming than what I had seen her in. Restless every where, I return'd again to my Garden, my Eyes never off the Windows whence I believ'd my Satisfaction must come. The Shades were all up, but the Curtains down; at length I saw a lovely Hand (which by the Diamond on the Finger I knew to be hers) raise one of 'em, and she herself appear'd dazling beyond imagination. I immediately cry'd out War, and told her, she had maliciously been arming her Eyes and Form, to revenge upon me my presumption for treading that forbidden Ground. She smil'd at what she only believ'd a piece of Gallantry, and ask'd me obligingly, if I would come up, and she would send her Woman to shew me the way. I flew after my Conductress; but became immovable at the sight of that noble Air with which charming Mrs. King appear'd; so graceful, her Height so just, so commanding, her lovely Neck in all its due proportion, her Shape so perfect, her Hair so fine; in short, who says that a *Disshabile* can charm, when it conceals so many more Beauty than the Dress reveals?

Doubt.

Doubtless she saw the Impression she had made upon my Mind; and to help me out of my apparent Confusion, desir'd to know if she should entertain me at Piquet till Dinner. I was, you may be sure, all Obedience; but I watch'd her Eyes a thousand times more than the Cards. She laugh'd at my Play, and told me I minded not the Game, and that she should gain no honour by conquering. But what should I say? Alas! I was no longer myself, all I did savour'd of Distraction; and I am a thousand times wild at thinking how mean an opinion I must have given her of my Wit, in giving her so many proofs of my Love. Dinner staid for us below, I had the pleasure of leading her into a pretty Hall, floor'd with Marble, the sides hung with large *Indian Pictures*, and so high as the Chairs lin'd with *Dutch Tiles*, a Fountain in a corner of the Room joining the Buffet, wash'd and cool'd our Glasses; nothing could be better order'd than her Table. The first Service was in Plate, the second gilt, and the last China. Her Woman and two Girls of about 12 Years old (one of 'em a Black, habited after the manner of the Dancers at the Play House) were all the Attendants we had; other Servants, as I guess'd, waited without, to bring and receive the Dishes, &c. But, what was all that Feast to me? My Eyes and Senses were only fix'd upon charming Mrs. King. She obligingly carv'd to me;

when she saw I wou'd not help myself; all she cou'd get me to eat was a piece of a Melon cool'd with Ice, and some Sallad, which she told me was of her own raising. Nor is your Ladyship to wonder at my naming Ice; there were Reservatories, and, in short, all the convenience of a Palace in this little House. Our Wine was delicate, her Conversation charming, and had I had but liberty of improving my Happiness without constraint; and she kind, yielding, and pleas'd, the whole Creation cou'd not have furnish'd out such another Scene of Delight.

This little Country Entertainment put me in mind of *Erasmus's* Spiritual Feast; for Variety, I'll recite part of it to your Ladyship by way of Dialogue. She ask'd me (when we rose from Table) how we should pass the remainder of the Day? for Cards she did not see me fond of; Do you love fishing, Sir? We have a large Brook runs at the bottom of a Meadow, where we catch excellent Trout; the Bank is shady after twelve a Clock; and I believe I can't offer you a Diversion that seems better to suit your Temper; you may be as thoughtful and contemplative as you please, I shall be sure not to interrupt you, because that Employment never fails to have those Effects upon me. The Girls shall bring down our Fishing-Tackle, and wait at a distance fitted for Service, but not Interruption. Bring hither the Umbrella's, tho' we have no farther use of

em

'em than crossing the Meadow, and shall find it shady and cool upon the Banks. One of you run before with Cushions, and all things necessary for our Diversion. Have I not told you true, Sir? Cou'd you imagine any thing Pleasanter for the Season? There's your Rod, cast in your Line, and let us wager who shall catch the first or most Fish.

He. All you shew me, and all I have seen and heard to Day, Madam, are so wonderful, that I am doubting whether I am awake; or if awake, whether not Enchanted, and in some of those delightful Castles of Old, where every thing exceeds Imagination. Whilst we with our Lines and Baits are seeking to delude the poor harmless Fish, methinks it were not improper to begin a Discourse of that Passion you can so well inspire. I can make you no greater a Compliment, than putting you upon a Subject which I am sure you are the intire Mistress of. Is it possible, Madam, to find Sweets in Love, capable of recompensing the loss of all other Delights? And do not you think Friends, Relations, Cards, Plays, Balls; and, in short, every Diversion, proper for your Youth and Fortune, much underfold by this Choice that you have made? I do not reflect upon happy Mr. King's Charms; I know him not; but pardon me if I do not think any mortal Merit can deserve so great a Sacrifice, after the generous and hospitable Entertainment you have made me, and in good Manners I ought to wave any Dis-

course upon this Subject. But, Madam, I have a nearer concern for you than what relates to Custom and Ceremony. I wou'd argue you out of this wrong way you are in, restore you to your Family and Fortune; such a Beauty as yours was design'd to adorn a Court, not gild a Cottage. I judge what you are able to do upon others, by what I feel you have done upon me. Therefore it is that I wou'd have you thine where Fortune and your Birth seems to call you, and to leave this inglorious Solitude, where the best that can be said of your Pleasures, are, that they be not Pains, those excepted which you taste when your happy Lover is with you.

She. The Privilege you have taken in choosing such a Subject as this (however ungrateful it be to me) shall at this time be forgiven, because I believe you attempt the Argument out of Friendship; for I know you so true a judge of what is fit, that upon any other account you would not have been guilty of it; but whence is it that you mistake so far, to think I do not enjoy more Happiness than if I were in a Court? Those Diversions you have nam'd, are but Noise and Hurry, and may indeed please the Senses, but never the Mind, in *that* lies all our Enjoyment, 'tis there that we place all our most affecting Delights, our most ravishing Sweets; 'tis that only that can indear our Possessions to us; for shou'd the Mind be fix'd upon another Object, a Monarch with his Crown

Crown wou'd be but impertinent Ambition, and a Glory no more pleasing, than Vanity can be truly call'd Merit, or extreme old Age a Blessing.

He. And yet, Madam, was I not this happy Morning a witness how many ways you sought to delude those Hours that apparently hung upon your Hands? Solitude is doubtless sometimes good to those who have Souls capable of tasting it; 'tis the excess of it is only blameable. We naturally desire Conversation, and variety in Conversation; for being always confin'd to one, is but a degree beyond conversing with ourselves. Mistake me not, I do not argue against that enchanting Pleasure only to be tasted between happy Lovers, but wou'd learn from your Experience, if continuance and length of time does not take off the Delight, the transporting Ardours which are heightned by Difficulties, as much as it seems to me they shou'd be pall'd by too constant use, or too easie an accession of 'em.

She. I shou'd belye the Truth, Sir, or personate the Vertue of the *Stoicks*, did I pretend never to have found some Hours of Solitude burthensom; but how am I sure I shou'd not have receiv'd as much or more disgust from Conversation and the Business of the World? Are any thing more feign'd than your Friendships; more false than your Lovers; more impertinent than Gossips; more censorious than Relations; more dull than many that are call'd

call'd Wits ; or so insipid and tasteless as Conversation, when Love, Scandal, and Business are away ? Then, as for what you call Diversions from Balls, Cards, and Plays ; the latter can as well, with a little help of the Imagination, entertain me in my Closet or Garden, as if I were at either of the Houses. Balls are much disused, and were ever made upon some particular Design, and not always with too much Innocency. Cards are so dangerous a Diversion, that I should never have done, did I recount half the ruin and disorder they have occasion'd ; ev'n in my Solitude, I have heard what but the other Day happen'd upon this account. A young Lady of a good Family in the Country, and married to a Gentleman who will have a handsom Estate when his Father's Dead, came up to London, and fell into so ill Hands, and so great a lover of Play, that she quickly lost all her ready Money, and made away her Dressing Plate, Jewels, &c. for a supply ; that gone too, her last Stake was a pair of Diamond Ear Rings of my Lady — her Mothers, which she gave her to have new set ; she under pawn'd 'em for a great deal less than they were worth ; fifty Pound was the Sum she got upon 'em, with which she hoped to retrieve the rest, and turn the run of her ill Fortune ; but she quickly lost that too, if she had had a Million in the ill Hands she was in, 'twould have all flown the same way.

What

What shou'd she do? Her Husband was in the Country, her Mother severe and covetous, with two Daughters upon her Hands; their Father dying without a Will, they had hopes of no other Fortune but what my Lady cou'd save 'em out of her Joynture; therefore in all probability, she would be extreamly angry at this Extravagancy in her married Daughter. A mortal Melancholy succeeded: She complain'd to one that had been her Mother's Woman, a fatal Counsellor; who bid her be of good Comfort, 'twou'd be a strange thing for a young Lady, Handsom and Innocent, to want Money in a World like this. Then taking Pen and Paper, she thought her of offering her to my Lord of S—— at the Price of the Ear-Rings. The young Lady had seen him at a Race in her own Country, and consented at the expence of her Vertue, to be made a Sacrifice by that detestable Creature. But his Grace (who loves Money too well) refus'd the offer, unless he could first see the young Lady; nor wou'd promise then to like her, because he was already engag'd; tho' 'tis thought the Fifty Pieces were his Mistress. See then if any thing can be more pernicious than Gaming. I cou'd name you several Instances diverting enough to those who have no Friendship or Relation to the Unfortunate. I think the King of France had done well, if in forbidding Basset, he had also forbid all Ladies under

der Thirty, to play for above such a Sum of Money; and that other Governments wou'd do the same thing.

He. You almost argue me, Madam, out of my ill opinion of Solitude; not but if Conversation be an Evil, I dare holdly maintain, 'tis an Evil we cannot be without, and where the Good (notwithstanding all your Ladyship has said) surmounts the Bad; but this is but half of my Request, you have not answer'd me to that Part; Whether too easie, and unintermitting an Enjoyment, does not pall the Ardour and lessen the Delight?

She. You are very curious, methinks, and will let me catch no Fish; if we don't succeed, I can't tell what you will do for Supper, you have, as yet, eat nothing, and 'twill be barbarous to send you hence half starved; at this rate you wou'd have but little reason to boast of your Adventure. Ah! see I have caught the first, 'tis a lovely Trout: Oh poor Creature, how it struggles and pants now 'tis out of its Element. Here, *Myna*, take care of this poor Wretch; where's the Net to put it in? Oh don't hurt it. So, tie it close that it may not get out, bait my Hook again, and go to your Companion.

He. How happy are you, Madam, that can be thus amused, that is, so cheaply pleas'd? Ah, 'tis impossible that any great Passion can possess a Soul so serenely calm. I, who pretended all my
life

life to that happy Indifference, and who but yesterday cou'd have been as easily diverted, feel it otherwise now. I watch your lovely Eye instead of the Fishing-Line, and am caught myself, instead of catching others.

She. This Gallantry makes you Men so impertinent. Pray tell me, do you think we expect these sort of Courtships? It must certainly be so, else upon all Occasions, and to all Persons, you wou'd never thus promiscuously use 'em.

He. I cou'd easily convince you, Madam, that you are treated by me in a particular manner to what other Ladies are; but it wou'd be too great a presumption for a Stranger, till by my Services I may have merited the liberty of speaking. I wou'd begin by restoring you to the World, to your Family and Fame, which I must sincerely tell you, suffers all things by your unaccountable Absence. I shall appear rather a Divine than a Gallant in what I am going to say; your Friend I surely am, and wou'd shew what others perhaps may but speak. Answer me, Madam, to what I not long since ask'd you; it is possible that the Ardour of your first blames feels no decay. Upon that I ground my Proposition, if you please to be sincere, I shall be proud to think myself not Impertinent; otherwise upon this Subject I must be for ever dumb before you.

She.

She. You put me strangely to it; for if I assert my Constancy, you will be apt to call it Dissimulation; if I admit an Abatement, or what you call a Decay, my Principles will be taxed: But certain it is, were it to do again, I should prefer my Fame and Family before all things. But how can I return? What account shall I give of my Absence? Who will believe that I have been Innocent whilst absent? Relieve me from this Difficulty, and I will admit you to be the Friend you profess.

He. The matter, Madam, is not so hard as you imagin; if you'll depend upon my method, I'll engage to find you one that shall succeed. Pretend a change of Religion, retire yourself into some Catholick Country, Pension yourself in a Monastery, write to your Friends from thence, that you have seen your Error, and are willing to return to your Mother Church; Money can do all things, and that you need never want, without touching your own Fortune. We may easily make believe'd that you have been out of *England* these three Years, and that your Jewels have more than answer'd your religious Expences; but not finding that Satisfaction in your change which you propos'd, you design a return, contrary to your resolve when you went out of *England*; that the Grief you knew your Conversion would cause to my Lord, ——— and the rest of your Relations, was the only rea-

son that made you conceal not only that but the place of your Abode.

She. Is it lawful, think you, for our private ends to trifle with Religion, and make the greatest good a cover for our ill?

He. Not if Religion suffer'd by our Pretences; but, Madam, when all things are sacred to us that should be so, we ought not to scruple at small things: The good People of the Monastery, as we may order it, will certify that you have been there such a time, if they are but well paid for it: Tho' I do not think there will be any occasion for the Question, your Affair having pass'd already with that secrecy. Besides, 'twill be the interest of your Family not themselves to look too near, but to aid those designs that shall endeavour to restore you clear to the opinion of the World.

She. But my charming Solitude, my dearer, quiet, delightful Moments, how can I part with ye for ever?

He. Consider, Madam, you do but leave that which will inevitably forsake you: The time repeated that you have been here, (or long before) and all these Pleasures, will fly before you, even now (or I deceive my judgment) they appear but as the Ghosts of what they have been, when Desire was new, your Joys in their first bloom, and Fame, and Honour, abundantly less esteem'd.

She

She. Hold, do not wound me in that tender Part; there, I confess, I lie too open to your Assault: I would retrieve my Glory at the price of my Life; but Love is still beyond 'em both.

He. God forbid, Madam, that so elevated a Soul should be capable of so criminal a Weakness, especially after three Years possession. Consider, by your longer stay you will lose the opportunity of returning to your Fame and Family: Whilst Youth and Beauty are of our sides, all things will be the more easily believ'd. Let me conjure you to enter into yourself, and examin but your own Breast: Cannot those heroick Thoughts, the natural Companions to noble Birth, overcome a Frailty which custom and opinion has render'd the Scandal and Weakness of your Sex, and the Contempt of ours? Figure to yourself there may come a time (all charming as you are) when this happy Lover, this unknown Mr. King, may himself be weary of those Joys which he possesses with too great a calm: Foretell him, Madam, foretell the natural Inconstancy of our Sex, and shew that you dare boldly strike for Glory, tho' by it all your Delights are levell'd with common Pleasures.

She. I will consider deeply on what you offer, and in the mean time return you a thousand Thanks for what you have said: You must have friendly Care of me, or you would not have taken this
Pains

pains in my Conversion, but for the present let us wave this Argument, and only think how we shall pass the rest of the Day in Pleasures less severe than this Conversation? I thought, Madam, to have gain'd a mighty point in staggering her Inclination to Solitude, and that cou'd I but once draw her into the World, I shou'd have many opportunities (as being necessary to her Service) to insinuate my Passion, which every moment receiv'd addition by her lovely Person; her graceful Motions, her all commanding Glances, and ten thousand inimitable unscribable Graces. The rest of the Evening we spent in Gallantry; I told her all that I cou'd to divert and give her an opinion of my Conversation: Methought she seem'd to taste it with some Pleasure, and that however she profess'd herself a lover of Solitude, she was no real Enemy to Company.

She wou'd keep me to Supper; the Moon shone, and the Chaise, she said, wou'd quickly carry me eight Mile. I was transported at her Civility, and almost began to think, that Solitude being a Friend to Love, those few opportunities she had of conversing, gave her a higher Relish; and that it wou'd be no hard matter, by a Repetition of my Visits, to gain her Favour. I ask'd her not the permission, because those are things which by a Lover ought to be taken; and he is worthy to be deny'd who attempts to beg what he should boldly seize. When the Mo-

moment of Separation came, it was as if my Soul and Body parted; I kiss'd her Hand with a profound Sigh, telling her I carry'd along with me her charming Image, which wou'd continually play before my sight, and suffer me to have no other pleasure but Reflexion, till I repeated my Happiness by seeing her again.

All the time I was in the Chaise, I may very well say I knew not who I was, nor where I was going; but buried in a profound Contemplation, my whole Thoughts ran upon charming Mrs. King, and we were come to the end of the Town before I consider'd of it. There was no Foot-Man with me, so that the Chaise stopping, the Coachman alighted, and coming up with much Civility, told me, he hop'd I would not take it ill, for his Commission ended here, having no orders to go into the Town. This rous'd me from my Pensiveness; I in a moment found the fair Lady had been too cunning for me, that she had only kept me till, Night on purpose that I should not know the Road I was carried, nor any of those Villages we went through; and I may safely protest, that all pass'd as if it had been a Dream to me. However, I did not fail to obey her seeming Orders, and in quitting the Chaise, return'd my Thanks and Duty to the Lady; I guess'd 'twas vain to ask Questions of the Coachman. However, I cou'd not choose but curse my own folly. Had any one ask'd me of my Adventures,

ventures, all the account I cou'd give, was, that I had been in a pretty House, one Mr. King's, seated far from any common Road; but where or how the place was call'd, or any near it, I cou'd not tell, nor was it the least part of the Address of the lovely Charmer, by which I found my Vanity mortify'd, and myself deceiv'd. I imagin'd she tasted no Pleasure in my Conversation, since by this last Action she apparently shew'd, that she did not desire the continuance of it. Home I walk'd to my fair Maid, whom I had left behind. She imagin'd me lost (as indeed I was to myself) or that some Misfortune had befallen me. Her Questions and Kindness were both insipid and impertinent. I went to bed upon the pretence of weariness, to avoid her; where my last Adventure came fresh into my Mind, and during a short interval of Sleep, I possess the lovely Charmer in my Thoughts, all melting, full of Rapture and Delight. The Transport awak'd me, and soon made me sensible, not only of my Mistake, but of the cruel Separation we had so lately suffer'd.

The next Day I went to *London*, to endeavour, if possible, to divert in Company this new uneasiness of Heart. But in vain, I cou'd not hinder the bent of my Mind from returning to the Object that had charm'd it, nor my Person from being hurried by my Inclinations back to ———

I left my fair Companion in *London*, so

that uninterruptedly I cou'd taste the height of Melancholy and Contemplation. Early the next Morning, I rose, and dressing with a more than ordinary Care, I put myself upon repeating my former Adventure. I attemptd to find the way to Mr. King's House, cross'd over Lanes and Fields, but in vain. I believ'd, instead of eight, I went thirty Miles, here and there, wandering without a Guide, describing the House, and asking of all I met with for it, by his Name, but no Tidings cou'd I get. So that oppress'd and weary, I was forc'd to take into an Inn to refresh myself. There I eat what the place cou'd afford, and laid me down on a Bed to sleep; but that was a vain endeavour, to rest me then; whilst the heat of the Day lasted. That over, I began again my fruitless search; and by that time it was dark, found myself at a Village eighteen Miles from London, and fourteen from the place I had set out from. You may guess, Madam, that next Morning I was forced to search for some better Convenience for Travelling, than I had had the Day before. I procur'd a Coach for London; where I was no sooner arrived, than I order'd my Horses with two Servants to be brought. I mounted and return'd back to ——. From whence I again set out upon my Search, obstinate to find what seem'd so difficult. We took different Roads; and not to tire your Patience, sought almost over the whole Country before my Curiosity was gratify'd.

At

At length 'twas my own good Fortune to recover the House. I knock'd, but there was nobody to open, the Shutters were close, and not the least sign of any living Creature; I compass'd the House, and coming to the Garden-Gate, found the Windows of the Trillow close; I knock'd, but with no better Success. I try'd all the Lanes near the House; one led me to a small Village about a quarter of a Mile distance, where my Curiosity was referr'd to a little Ale-House on the right hand, near where Mr. King had liv'd. I was not long in finding it; I alighted and went to examine my Landlady; but alas! from her I gain'd but the confirmation of that Misfortune, which I before too justly fear'd. She told me they were gone away, (the Day of their removal I found to be the next but one of my Adventure) but where she cou'd not tell; the whole Furniture of the House being carried thence, it was not likely that they propos'd to return. I ask'd her, if she had ever seen Mr. King? She told me, often, and drew a Person I cou'd no way guess at. Then her Husband was call'd to help out his Wife's ill Painting; their Descriptions were not the same in any one Feature; next the Son and Daughter came under Examination; but not any of 'em agreed so much as in the colour of Mr. King's Perriwig; unless it were in that one Article, that neither he nor his Lady, in all the time they had liv'd there, were ever known to go to Church; that they were very proud Folk,

Folk, for they wou'd not be acquainted with any of their Neighbours, and carry'd their Heads very high, for all he was but a Mr. Tho' belike a Servant in a Livery calling to Drink one day at their House, and seeing Mr. King pass by in a Chaise, said, he was a Lord! my Lord, my Lord, of the Lord knows what; for they had forgot. How cou'd I have curs'd their happy Stupidity; what wou'd I not have given to have had 'em recal that one little act of Memory, that bare Word, that consequence of my Lord — the Lord knows what, my Lord, the Lord knows who; for thus in their proper Dialect did they think fit to seize me. I learn't from 'em that Mr. King had purchas'd that little House, and now they were departed, 'twas lock'd up without any intention of its being Let. There's a rare Garden (cries the Female Brute) and choice Fruit; I wou'd Roger wou'd let our *John* try to get over the Garden-Wall and gather Master some. I clos'd in with the good Woman, and got leave for our *John*, tho' my business was to have him open the back Gate; I wanted methought to wander in those Walks alone, where I had been once blest with my cruel fugitive. I cou'd have out-rav'd *Oroondates*, out-talk'd all the Heroes of antiquity, in complaining on my more abdurate *Statira*. To be short, our *John* succeeded beyond imagination, for whether thro' chance or forgetfulness, the Key was left on the inside the Door. When I
saw

saw it open to me, I thought myself as happy as if I were entering Paradise. But alas! that Joy was but of small duration; I found there no foot-steps of my lovely Charmer, nor a likelihood of her return; for all the fine Pots and Greens were gone, the Garden in great disorder and an apparent neglect of every thing. I ascended the Terrass, leaving *John* to the Fruit, and went to sit me down on a Seat rais'd with Turf, and cover'd with Camomile, at the extremity of the Walk, in that very place where once I had rested with my Charmer. I threw myself like a fond amorous Fool, at my length upon the Seat; I kiss'd, I talk'd to those happy insensible Vegetable, as if they cou'd have given me an account of my Loss; At length growing a little cooler, I gave my Thoughts and Eyes leave to consider upon a piece of Camomile, of about a Foot square, cub and cemented again. I took a Pen-knife from my *Etney*, and parting the Earth, follow'd the impression that had been made before; and quickly found it but a cover to a Hole that had been digg'd there. I continu'd to remove the Earth, till I discover'd and with little labour, took up a small *Indian* Trunk; by the lightness I guess'd there cou'd be nothing of value in it; I weigh'd long within myself whether I shou'd open it? I cou'd not easily (being so self-interested) determine whether it was a base Action or not. At length, all transported with Curiosity, I found a means, by the help of some of my Tools, to force the Lock; there was nothing in it but Papers; but what, think you were those Papers? Why indeed happy Mr. *King's* Love Letters, and her Answers; their was neither Name or Address to any of them; they seem'd as if they had all came inclos'd, so that my Curiosity was as much at a loss as before. However, I resolv'd upon that piece of Revenge, to bear 'em away with me; I
soon

The Lady's Pacquet broke open.

soon empty'd the Trunk, and return'd that to its Repository, cover'd it with Earth as before, and fix'd upon it the Camomile piece of Earth as I first found it. Away I carry'd my Treasure *Trovue*. Discharging our *John* and his Mother, I took two or three Peaches and Nestrins, mounted my Horse, and got me into the Road for *London*; but my Curiosity gave me no intermission till I had struck into a shady place, where alighting, I took out my fatal Cargo, and fell to reading those mortifying, transporting Papers. How did I envy the happy Fortune of that best unknown *Mr. King*. Oh what tender unimaginable softnesses were there in her Letters! the very Soul of Love, as if the God had took up his residence in her Heart, and from thence inspir'd those inimitable Lines. I shall not in the least speak maliciously, when I tell you, that my Rivals were much inferior; methought there was a poorness of Style, a meanness of Expression, a studied Passion in his; whilst hers were full of luxuriant Nature, rich in Love and Beauty. I read so long, till I almost lost the small remainder of my Senses, which had never been very perfect, since I had first seen *Mrs. King*. What shall I say? Thus have I remain'd, and am likely to do till I retrieve that adorable Wanderer. There is nothing, no means unessay'd by me to recover her, I have Embassies in every part of *London* and near it, to bring me the Description of all that are reputed Strangers; I could lavish with Joy my whole Estate upon the Search, had I but a certainty at last of succeeding.— Oh forgive me for thus long burthening you with my Misfortunes: I write for ease and consolation; there's not another Friend upon Earth who shou'd share this Secret with me; not that I conceive myself bound by any Promise of mine to *Mrs. King*, since she so ingratelously refus'd to confide in me; but Love and Respect makes me wish her Fault may for ever be a Secret to the World. Wrong not the Confidence (I conjure you) that I have in your Vertue and Silence; keep it inviolable, preserve it as you wou'd the Heart of your happiest Lover: So may you never know the anguish of a Disappointment; never feel the Pangs with which charming *Mrs. King's* unalterable Adorer asserts himself, *Madam, your most obedient,*

most humble, and most devoted Servant:

FINIS.



